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THE YEAR BOOK OF
AMERICAN AUTHORS



PREFATORY NOTE

STEP by step the author and compiler of this little book has measured the days of the year. Not a page has been written without a thought of the possible reader, and an earnest desire to meet the daily needs of daily life. Such subjects have been touched upon as are especially dear to the American people. The volume is not meant for the library shelf, but for the table and the desk, in short, for a daily companion in the home.

I S T



WASHINGTON IRVING

1783-1859



THE YEAR-BOOK OF AMERICAN AUTHORS



JANUARY

A DAY OF FRESH BEGINNINGS'

O H, dawn of a fair New Year, we stand at thy threshold with bright hopes and eager expectations, peering across thy sunlit skies with wistful wondering gaze. The hills of anticipation loom up before us, distant and mysterious, above whose lofty peaks we cannot see, across whose broadening chain we may not reach. Beyond, lurk our possibilities and opportunities. What a vast army! Could they assume the form of soldiers, what a countless multitude they would make, what grand battalions of love and mercy, what a cavalcade of mounted hopes and fears, what squadrons of failures and mistakes, what glimmering ranks of success, and what defeated hosts of pride and ambition! O Year, fling out your rosy banners of light, and screen the future from our view! Content will we stand looking towards the sunlight of this glad new day, leaving God to order all our ways. What lies *beyond* is His to know, our part to patiently wait His will, and trust in Him through good or ill, our faces ever towards the East — the sunrise City of the soul.

Janus am I, oldest of potentates!
Forward I look and backward, and below
I count — as god of avenues and gates —
The years that through my portals come and go

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

JANUARY SECOND

GOD alone knoweth the Future We cannot tell by
what has been, what will be We may not un-
ravel Heaven's mysteries or peer through the veil of
the coming years He who holds the key to the por-
tals of Time alone may unlock the dim unseen, and
reveal to us the wonders He has in store for us Then
let us leave it all to Him, nor weary to know His why
or when "For now we see through a glass, darkly,
but then face to face" What sweet surprises await us!
What treasures are laid away for us! What jewels are
being polished for our crowns! There we shall find
the "pearl of great price", and rubies of wisdom, and
gold tried by fire, shall add their brightness and beauty
to the King's Palace, where "the Lamb is the light
thereof" Oh, could One who dwells in such a beautiful
place fail to care for His own? Is not our future safe
with Him?

I would not seek the veil to lift,
Nor make that knowledge mine,
I still would leave all in His hands,
And trust His care divine

MARY K. BUCK.

Yet you and I
Must take our destiny as God has planned,
And as we lose our hold of earthly love,
Must seek to cling the closer to His hand.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold

MAY RILEY SMITH.

JANUARY THIRD

WATCH therefore for ye know not what hour
your Lord doth come — MATTHEW 24 42

Therefore be ye also ready — MATTHEW 24 44

I pray,
That quietly watchful, I may hold
The key of a golden faith each day
Fast shut in my grasp, that when I hear
His step, be it dawn or midnight dim,
Straightway may I rise without a fear,
And open immediately to Him

MARGARET J PRESTON

For unto you is given
To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the glory of our blessed Heaven,
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an early home,
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come

BARBARA M^{rs} ANDREW

And our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary feet a
guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the mean-
ing and the key,
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, — on it hangs the
Crucified,
And He answers all our yearnings by the whisper,
"Follow Me "

ABRAM T RYAN

JANUARY FOURTH

BE strong If you are on the right side, it is noble to endure Supposing your battle-ground to be full of nettles and thorns, the very worst kind of nettles and thorns,— people who never understand you!— meet your antagonists with good humor, turn aside their unsympathetic words with a smile, and keep fighting the enemy We must meet uncongenial people every day, those who misjudge us, and misunderstand us, and to whom we always show our worst side

We are at a disadvantage whenever we are with them, for we are conscious that they are criticising our words and actions, and we wish they knew how amiable and pleasant we can be under some circumstances, and with those who love and understand us It takes a braver man to fight these things than to stand face to face with an enemy in the cause of his country It takes a braver woman to bear the stings of an unkind tongue than to meet angry waters and a tempest, as did even the noble Grace Darling Heart and soul courage win great victories Be bold in doing your duty Go forward, don't stop to measure the distance you must climb to reach the heights of success Sin and temptation are everywhere, put on your helmet of salvation, and when you die let everything be said of you rather than that you died defeated.

Show me the way that leads to the true life,
I do not care what tempests may assail me,
I shall be given courage for the strife;
I know my strength will not desert or fail me,
I know that I shall conquer in the fray,—
Show me the way

ELLA WHEELER

JANUARY FIFTH

EVERY blade of grass casts a shadow No matter how tiny, how slender, or how insignificant, if the day-god seeks out that bit of green, somewhere there will be a little narrow gray shaft, to denote its influence and individuality Oh, it is marvellous, that our Father can so show forth Himself in His works! Is it not beautiful, His careful thought for such small things? What then must be our influence, if such minute specimens of His handiwork are not beneath His notice? He has told us we are of more value than His most beautiful emblem of purity, the lily of the field This He has clothed in spotless white, and filled with a perfume of rarest sweetness We are of more value than the sparrows, that build their homes in high places and soar among the clouds, coming to us on gladsome wings to proclaim the welcome tidings of Spring's resurrection Yes, of far more value are we, than they Made in the image of God, and sent into the world as His messengers of love and mercy, of peace and good-will, what an influence may be ours! Our influence may be a refuge for some weary pilgrim, or a screen for some one's faults, or a covert for a wayfarer blinded by sin and temptation, or it may be a pitfall of darkness to obscure the light of Heaven God grant we may set a proper value on our influence, and use it for His glory!

Through time and space our influence rups,
Though small it seems to be,
And Time's strange waves shall roll at last
To God's eternity

MRS J C FIELD

JANUARY SIXTH

LIFE is like a candle Often when it is at its
brightest, God sees fit to extinguish it, and some-
times when it seems most needed Yet the light that
does not shine for His glory would better be covered
by His shadow and set aside in silence and darkness

No one, when a light has been lighted,
Will hide it away out of sight,
But place it where all may behold it, —
Where all may rejoice in its light

So the Christian, illumined by God's Spirit,
And placed in a dark world of sin,
Is a lamp to enlighten the darkness,
And trophies for Jesus to win

ACHSA MILLS BROWN

Children of light, till the day-dawn appeareth,
God has commanded you ever to shine,
All the long night till the brightness, God-given,
Loseth its light in the glory divine

MRS R M WYLIF

Let us shine our very brightest,
Be our corner high or low

MRS. R M WYLIE

We look to Thee! Thy truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day

THEODORE PARKER.

JANUARY SEVENTH

THE world is no place for idlers. God has a mission for everything He has created. Nature's great, warm heart is full of life and purpose, and her highest aim is ever to reach upward and outward, to grow, to climb, to bud, to bloom, and to bear fruit for the glory of her all-wise Maker. So must we strive, body, soul, and mind, as we have wisdom and opportunity. If the body is weak and incapable of active labor, let the soul-garden have greater culture, let its leaves of thought spring into freshness and verdure every day, let its flowers of kindness and love blossom into sweetness and beauty and make glad the world's wayside, let its fruits of joy and faith and peace reach ripened fruition and crown a life spent in the Master's service. Oh, improve the time! Let every busy little moment have its weight with you. Be almost anything else, but don't be an idler. How many, many hours are wasted in thinking what we might have been, or in planning what we hope to be, instead of working ourselves up to what we ought to be. Opportunity is one of God's most precious gifts, take care of it.

To-day is the day of battle,
The brunt is hard to bear,
Stand back all ye who falter,
Make room for them who dare!

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

Awake to effort while the day is shining,
The time to labor will not always last,
And no regret, repentance, nor repining,
Can bring to us again the buried past

SARAH F. BOLTON

JANUARY EIGHTH

IT is well to have longings and aspirations, to have ambitions and desires, but Right should inspire them, Truth govern them, and Self-control keep them in check. Above all, let us hold fast to the hand of God, lest we go beyond His guidance, and forget that without Him no good is worth striving for. He will show us the right way, and help us to walk in it, if we only trust His guidance.

I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so,
I know He is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but He will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so

SAXE HOLME

The mountain-peaks that shine afar,
The silent star, the pathless sea,
Are living signs of all we are,
And types of all we hope to be

WILLIAM WINTER

I'm strong as the strongest in wishing,
In work the most remiss,
Oh! give me a heart that its longing
Means something more than this

NELLIE G. RICE.

So patiently I strive to stand and wait
Thro' all the glories of the changing years;
Wait till His hand shall lead me thro' the gate,
And change my sighs to songs, to smiles my tears

REBECCA RUTER SPRINGER

JANUARY NINTH

“THE race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong ”

Don't be impatient Often the best things come to us after the longest waiting Our soul's sweetest fruits are always watered with our tears, the discipline is severe, but in the time of ripened fruition, lo' what a harvest is ours! It is worth waiting for, worth striving for, worth hoping for, and at the end of it all there is a palm of victory, a robe of rejoicing, and a crown of glory What a recompense for a few brief years of patient toil and endurance! What a reward for the paltry tears we shed, and the little crosses we bore! At the first touch of our golden harps, we shall forget we ever carried a cross, heaved a sigh, or shed a tear When the melody of the Glad New Song goes ringing through the courts of Heaven, we shall remember our complaints and sorrows no more, and join our voices with the white-robed throng of redeemed ones, who, through patience, have run the race and obtained the crown “So run, that ye may obtain.”

Trusting in the love that can never, never fail,
Trusting in the name that forever must prevail,
 Patiently enduring,
 Till the day of rest,
 Sure that He who loves me
 Doeth what is best

M E SERVOS

Peace, lonely heart! Be patient Thou'lt see, waiting,
 How perfect sympathy and love may meet,
Be patient, praying all earth's discord grating,
 Will melt at last to love divine, complete

MARY CLEMMER AMES

JANUARY TENTH

WHATEVER it is, make the best of it. If your surroundings are not pleasant or congenial, just remember that there must be a change after a while. Nothing lasts long in this world. The cloud that hangs so low and looks so dark to-day will pass away in the morning. Perhaps it may obscure all the brightness for a while, but the sun is still shining somewhere. If the cares and burdens seem too heavy to bear, just give them into God's keeping, He is willing and able to relieve you of them all, and all He requires of you is to be content and wait. Somewhere there is a sweet surprise in store for you, if you will daily do your best. God does not forget to reward the faithful. Smile away your cares, take things as they come, and if circumstances are all against you, don't be discouraged. The only happy people in the world are those who, by the grace of God, can rise above vexations and worries, and mounting to the heights of His love learn the sweet lesson of being truly content.

A dear old lady once said, "I have nothing to wish for, and everything to be thankful for, and can say I am perfectly content." And yet she was old, deaf, and a paralytic! What was the secret of it? She was getting the best out of life, trusting in God, and leaving the future in God's hands. Now, she has "entered into rest," and has received her reward. Let us, like her, have a contented mind, which is, we are told, "a continual feast."

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And, to be noble, we'll be good

ANONYMOUS

JANUARY ELEVENTH

SWEET reflection! how welcome, how restful it is to body, mind, and soul We look forward and backward, outward and inward, and alone with silent Thought meditate on what we have been, what we are, and what we hope to be How sweet thus to hold communion with the past, to walk in meadows where once our young feet strayed, and feel again the buoyancy and carelessness of youth, to look into dear familiar faces separated from us by Time and Change, and to stand once more on the threshold of that old life, looking forward with eager eyes towards the mysteries of the life we call the Present Oh, it does us good to turn backward sometimes in our pilgrimage, to dream the old dreams over, and revisit the old places, and to call up loved forms, and listen again to the ring of the old laughter that has been like a silver chime in our hearts through all these changing years! Ah, Memory is like an oasis in the desert of our lives, she soothes us with her soft voice, woos us with her sweet smile and rests us with the bright pictures of our by-gone days

Oh, the voices of the Yesterdays! Time's melancholy
choir,
With the twilight singing minor and the dawning singing
air,
With the clouds of glory round
And their brows with garlands bound,
And a million golden minutes strewn like grain upon
the ground

BENJAMIN F TAYLOR

JANUARY TWELFTH

HE hath made everything beautiful in his time
—ECCLESIASTES 3 11

To him, who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language, for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth to me,
Yet here upon Thy footstool green
Content am I to be,
Glad, when is open to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of Thee

LUCY LARCOM

Though all the bards of earth were dead,
And all their music passed away,
What Nature wishes should be said
She'll find a rightful voice to say'

WILLIAM WINTER

Wise is Nature's plan,
Who, in her realm as in the soul of man,
Alternates storm with calm, and the loud noon
With dewy evening's soft and sacred lull

PAUL H HAYNE

JANUARY THIRTEENTH

INCLINATION or Duty! Why should we have to choose between them? How easy to follow the one, how hard to obey the other! Must we take the responsibility of a decision in our hands? *Must* we? What are our minds for but to reason out these things? What are our souls for but to follow God's commands? What are our bodies for but to be under subjection to our wills? Oh, Duty may be a hard task-master! but there is a peace that follows true obedience of His laws which Inclination cannot bestow. Pleasure to sway us, or Duty to weigh us — which? Pleasure is unsatisfying and disappointing, but Duty brings a calm assurance of well-doing, and a happiness that will not wear off with the glare of to-morrow's sun. "Colors seen by candle-light are not the same by day." The beautiful colors woven by Duty's children bear close inspection.

For Duty is a bright and glorious sunbeam,
That gilds the humblest lot with light divine,
For Jesus walked amid its narrow windings,
And made the lowliest aspects most sublime

MRS S C CLARK

Not Duty's measured tithes alone
Love lays upon her Master's shrine,
Lord, grant this gift, that all we own,
And all we are, be marked as Thine

ANONYMOUS

Shall life be spent in trifles,
While He waits the daylight through —
Waits for our hands to bring Him
The sheaves that are His due?

MARY A LEAVITT

JANUARY FOURTEENTH

WE are like a harp One broken string spoils the
harmony of the whole A soul out of repair
can only be tuned again by God, the Great Musician,
whose love is the key-note without which no music can
be complete

These lives of ours have rhythm every one
A little note of that great Anthem, *Time*,
Forever sounding down the world amain
Since fell the hammers swung by Tubal Cain
How grand the footfall ringing out sublime!
How grand to think that Anthem long begun,
Without our music never can be done !

Though David's crown was only rust,
Yet the stately step of his royal Psalms
Is as fresh as May in the fragrant dust,
And as grand as the winds in the palms
'Tis a bird in the sky !
'Tis an archangel nigh !
The whisper of God in the calms !

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand divine,
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine

HARRIET BEECHER STOW

God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of gladness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to Heaven again

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

JANUARY FIFTEENTH

WHAT would this world be without Hope ? It is the light in the darkness, joy in sorrow, and strength in weakness, without it, the world would be desolate indeed Its beams are like a great search-light shining in our hearts, and brightening up every corner, until we mount, as with wings, over difficulties and circumstances, and triumph glorious over the enemy, Despair

How about business in town ? Do the times look a little blue, and is there a greater depression in everything than our country has felt for years ? Well, don't croak about it continually, it won't last forever, and you are only worrying and fretting over something you can't help Look on ahead If it is night now, there is going to be a glorious sunrise by and by The whole world is getting ready for it "The darkest hour is just before the day," and the day that is coming for us may be full of more gladness and joy for you and me than any we have ever known before Hold on to the hand of Hope, look into her happy face, catch the inspiration of her smile and the sweetness of her song Keep trusting and praying, and looking on and up ! The bow of promise in God's sky has never failed yet

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden summer's bier,—
Take heart ! Thy buds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

JANUARY SIXTEENTH

IF you have never learned the lesson of thankfulness, begin now. Sum up your mercies, see what provision God has made for your happiness, what opportunities for your usefulness, and what advantages for your success. If you haven't done your best, it is your own fault. If you have done your best, under all circumstances, then you are not responsible for your failures. God does not require more of us than we can give. He measures us by our strength — physical, mental, and spiritual. He has said, "As thy day, thy strength shall be." If you are too ambitious and go beyond your powers of endurance, you are liable to be ill and suffer, but don't blame God for your illness. Be thankful there is a limit to your strength. Be thankful that God looks after you, and that His love has a restraining influence over you at all times. Let no morning dawn without thanking Him for His night-watch over you, and let no evening fade away without some grateful acknowledgment of His tender mercies to you individually.

Thank God for life! Life is not sweet always,
Hands may be heavy-laden, hearts care-full
Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days!
And dreams divine end in awakening dull
Still it is life, and life is cause of praise,
This ache, this restlessness, this quickening sting,
Prove me no torpid and inanimate thing,
Prove me of Him who is of life the spring,
I am alive, and that is beautiful

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

HOW restful is sleep! In the calm of silence and forgetfulness how sweet it is to drift away from all our cares and worries, far off into the land of dreams! Of all the thoughts of God for us, none is more tender than this. Like a tired child we may lay aside the world, its hopes and its fears, its perplexities and anxieties, its pleasures and its joys, and body and brain weary may sail in the boat of Peace, on the ocean of Sleep, and find there repose. Thank God for sleep, after the day's turmoil, how tranquil and how welcome it is! Night cradles the stars in her bosom, and gathers her cloudy drapery around her. She is crowned with a silver crescent, and "sits her blue throne with the pride of a queen." At her coming, earth is lulled to rest, and all humanity sinks into sweet repose. Silence and Sleep walk hand in hand, and Heaven watches over all.

And through the warm deeps of the sky
Steal faint star-clusters, while we rest
In deep refreshment, thou and I,
Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caressed

CELIA THAXTER

All sense of hearing and of sight
Enfold in the serene delight
And quietude of sleep!

HENRY W LONGFELLOW

My God! I thank Thee for the bath of sleep,
That wraps in balm my weary heart and brain,
And drowns within its waters still and deep
My sorrow and my pain

J G HOLLAND.

JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

BEWARE of the little foxes! They creep in among the tender leaves of our best natures, and destroy the sweetness of our temper, and turn aside our good intentions, until heart-sick and discouraged we are powerless to drive them out. See that there are no loopholes for them to break through, and no leaves and fruit within their reach. Prayer is a defence against the foxes of sin and temptation, of malice, and envy, and prejudice. Don't forget the little prayers! They are mighty fortifications against little sins. After all, it is the little things that make up our lives, and often small beginnings lead to great results.

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
His nimble shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above,
Till the pattern seems to bud and grow
As if the fairies had helping been,
And the little stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out,
And a weak place in the fabric stout,
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye,
By one small stitch that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may, or strive how it can,
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in an endless web,
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb,
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed,
And each life that fails of the true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

SUSAN COOLIDGE

JANUARY NINETEENTH

A DAY of memories' Take out the old musty life-book, con it over and over again Never mind the interlineations, they are often the most precious part Never mind the erasures, don't seek to decipher them, you would better not try to recall them, make the line over them a little heavier, blot them out, pass them over Doubtless they are things you ought to forget, and if there is anything unpleasant suggested by that old book pass that over too Happy memories elevate and gladden, unhappy memories depress and sadden us We have no use for anything that hurts our influence in this world, or makes us a stumbling-block to our neighbor Therefore, cling to all the sweetness and beauty, the brightness and goodness of the past, but turn down, cross out, and tear away the leaves that carry messages of gloom into your life Remember that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine "

Mighty in faith and hope, why art thou sad?
Sever the green withes, look up and be glad,
See all around thee, below, and above,
The beautiful, beautiful gifts of God's love

Mine be the lip ever truthful and bold,
Mine be the heart never careless nor cold,
A faith humbly trustful, a life free from blame,
All else is unstable as flax in the flame

And while the soft skies are so starry and blue,
And while the wide earth is so fresh with God's dew,
Though all around me the sad sit and sigh,
I will be glad that I live and must die

ALICE CARY.

JANUARY TWENTIETH

WAIT on the Lord be of good courage, and he
shall strengthen thine heart wait, I say, on the
Lord — PSALM 27 14

He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have
no might he increaseth strength — ISAIAH 40 29

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition
On a short day's,
Thou canst not come too soon, and I can wait
If Thou come late

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness
His own thy will,
And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness
Life's task fulfil

JOHN G. WHITTIER

Weak are our hands, but striving still
To bring Thy glorious kingdom near,
We work obedient to Thy will,
And claim Thy strength and feel no fear
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold! and everywhere — Be bold,
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect, better the more than less
TR BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

The faith that lifts, the courage that sustains,
These thou wert sent to teach

BAYARD TAYLOR.

JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

AND the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus — PHILIPPIANS 4 7

And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace — JAMES 3 18

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you — JOHN 14 27

God's angels have not such a boon possessed
As He hath granted to the human breast
"My peace I give," O heritage most rare! —
The deep repose of Christ Himself to share
All hail! Thou morning-star of day most blest,
O wondrous Peace!

JULIA H THAYER

As silently, as tenderly,
The dawn of Peace descends on me
Oh, this is Peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, or book to read,
A dear Companion here abides,
Close to my thrilling heart He hides,
The holy silence is His voice
I lie, and listen, and rejoice

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

O Christ! whose human heart remembers still
The pangs from which death only gave release,
Strange griefs, strange fears, our yearning souls must
fill

Withhold what else Thou wilt — but give us Peace!

JULIA C R DORR

JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

CHARITY should be the key-note to all our actions. We cannot expect to accomplish anything in this world without it, it is needful in every vocation of life, and yet many of us try to live without it altogether. Envy creeps into our lives, and eats at our hearts, because we lack charity. "Charity envieth not." Self-conceit makes us so great in our own eyes that we lose sight of the merits of others. "Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." We misjudge and blame our neighbor or friend, because we do not cultivate sweet charity. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind." It bridges over many difficulties, it will bind up a broken heart, and brighten a sorrowful life as nothing else can. This is what it means, I think, when we read, "Charity never faileth." And more yet, listen to this, "Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil." Let us not keep it shut up between the leaves of the Bible; the pages of our heart-book will be brighter and better with Charity written between the lines. Besides, it is a stepping-stone to Heaven.

Prophecies shall fail or falter,
Earthly knowledge fade away,
Tongues shall cease, and all things alter,
Charity shall ne'er decay!

MARY C. WILBSTER

Among the pitfalls in our way,
The best of us walk blindly,
So, man, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly

ALICE CARY

JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

TRUE nobility does not always exist among the
rich and great

God's noblemen are often found in dens of poverty,
where, like jewels in the mire, the lustre of their kingly
kindness, self-sacrifice, and gentle patience shines in
royal splendor There is no earthly crown or throne
for such a king as this Daily striving is his meed, but
with sweet content that sings in his heart, and an iron
will that bears and endures, God's true nobleman is
carving for himself an immortal name which shall be
wreathed in the laurels of Heaven

These are the great of earth—
Great, not by kingly birth,
Great in their well-proved worth—
Firm hearts and true

JOHN PIERPONT

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in Heaven's plan,
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man!

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

We rise by things that are beneath our feet,
By what we have mastered by good and gain,
By the pride deposed and passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet

J G HOLLAND

JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH.

A FEW good books carefully read are better than many lightly scanned. A thoughtful perusal of a little choice literature will give food for much solid thought. But the growing tendency of all countries is to crowd the mind with every surface-book that strikes the fancy. Such literature cheapens the taste for better things.

As we make a calm inspection
Of our library's collection,
What a host of printed pages
Represents the thoughts of ages,
What a world of wisdom rages
Through the jottings of the sages,
What a mighty tide of feeling
Surges through, their strength revealing !
Household friends in loving recesses,
Clustered shelves, and cedar presses,
How we cherish them and read them,
How we search them, how we bleed them, —
'Tis for mind and soul we need them,
Let us therefore wisely heed them

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

Books are the best things, well used, abused, among the worst — EMERSON

Of gifts, there seems none more becoming to offer a friend than a beautiful book — A. BRONSON ALCOCK

The world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto, and every man a word — JAMES A. GARFIELD

JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

HAS it been a day of perplexities, anxieties, and difficulties? Have the little annoyances left a seam in your forehead, a thread of silver in your hair, and a scar in your heart? Never mind, this belongs to your earth-life. Begin afresh in the morning. Look up, get a good start, take courage and press on. The time will come when these things will melt into insignificance among the more important events in your lives.

Yes, but you will say, they are mighty when they gather all their forces and weigh us down. True, millions of tiny snowflakes with their zephyr-weight and diminutive proportions can collect in one mighty whole, deep enough and heavy enough to bury a whole town. Ah, yes, but they are as nothing when the sun shines! Let the brightness into your hearts, and it will thaw these frozen walls of perplexities and cares, until they shall run away from your spirits in singing streams of joy. God's love is the best sunshine, open the gates wide, He has plenty to spare and enough for the whole world besides. Take some to give away, your neighbors want it, the poor need it,—yes, and plenty of the rich, too,—get a “good measure, pressed down and running over.” No one was ever known to gather too much sunshine. As the Israelites gathered manna in the wilderness, gather enough in the morning to last all day.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

HE that abideth in me, and I in him, bringeth
forth much fruit — JOHN 15 5

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul
All Heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown
HARRILT BELLCHER STOWE

Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell
in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed — PSALM 37 3

What *could* I do, O blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this
Still go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be.
While led by Thee?
SUSAN COOLIDGE

If I trust Him once I must trust Him ever,
And His way is best, though I stand or fall,
Through wind and storm He will leave me never,
He sends it all
MRS. FRANK TAYLOR

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
My soul is filled with light.
The Ocean sings his solemn psalms,
The wild winds chant
JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE
[32]

JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

SOME one has said, "Don't live your life alone without forming friendships and love, your nature needs love, you were made for it, and other natures need you. You are robbing yourself, you are robbing others, if you live like a hermit. Therefore, go out into God's world, and live your life for others." "No man liveth unto himself." He who says he can do without friends makes a great mistake. His life is a miserable failure. He misses the sweetest and best part of living — friendship.

But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write,
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart
There is no dimming, no effacement there,
Each new pulsation keeps the records clear,
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still

WEBSTER

Thank God for one dear friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in Friendship's crown above

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man, that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends — WASHINGTON

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

WHAT kind of a flag are you marching under? There is the blue flag of Truth, its colors are loyal, and its principles are good, why not join its ranks? There is the green flag of Hope, that is a grand old flag! Its defenders are ever looking forward to a good time coming, their hearts are loyal and their strength of purpose never falters. There is the red flag of Love, it leads to victory, and its followers have the charity that "covereth a multitude of sins." There is the yellow flag of Courage, they who carry this golden banner are firm, resolute, and dauntless. There is the black flag of Despair, the mud-brown flag of Malice, the gray flag of Discontent, the rosy flag of Happiness, and the royal purple flag of Kingly Kindness, while a little higher than them all floats the pure white folds of the flag whereon is inscribed Faith, Purity, and Peace.

Choose your flag, one, or more, belongs to you, your life-march is going on underneath it, and you are under orders, and keeping time to the music of its band. See to it that you have chosen the right color, and that your commander belongs to the King's great Army.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part, —
I give a patient God
My patient heart,
And grasp His banner still,
Though all the blue be dim,
These stripes as well as stars
Lead after Him

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

AND that which fell among thorns are they, which, when they have heard, go forth, and are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection — LUKE 8 14

Cares, riches, and pleasures' how they absorb us Think of actually being choked by them The good word we might speak, the kind smile we might bestow, the benevolent deed we might do,—all choked by cares, riches, and pleasures No one ever intends being intemperate in these things, it is like the moderate drinker, who indulges merely to be social, and thinks there is not the slightest danger of his ever becoming a drunkard The things of this world often engross us to the peril of our souls They are like a whirling maelstrom, and when once encircled in their embrace there seems no way of escape Cares may become lighter, if we meet them with a brave heart and sweet submission Riches may make for us a crown of glory, if used aright Pleasures may become blessings if we give them to others, and lay aside the gratification of Self Then shall we indeed bring the fruit of our good deeds "to perfection "

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win,
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within
Be Thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
The happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command

LOUISA M ALCOTT

JANUARY THIRTIETH

WATCH ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong — I CORINTHIANS 16 13

Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise —
HEBREWS 10 36

'Tis bitter to endure the wrong
Which evil hands and tongues commit,
The bold encroachments of the strong,
The shafts of calumny and wit,
The scornful bearing of the proud,
The sneers and laughter of the crowd

And harder still is it to bear
The censure of the good and wise,
Who, ignorant of what you are,
Or blinded by the slanderer's lies,
Look coldly on or pass you by
In silence, with averted eye

But when the friends in whom you trust
As steadfast as the mountain rock,
Fly, and are scattered like the dust,
Before misfortune's rudest shock,
Nor love remains to cheer your fall —
This is more terrible than all

Yet even this, and these — ay, more,
Can be endured, and hope survive,
The noble spirit still may soar,
Although the body fail to thrive,
Sorrow and want may wear the frame —
Thank God! the soul is still the same

ANONYMOUS

JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

ONE month of the New Year has slipped away, and Time is hurrying us on. Thirty-one opportunities have been yours and mine, and what shall be their harvest,—wheat or tares? Time is merciless, he gives us but one choice, and that must be made quickly. With his sickle, he stands ready to mow what we have sown, for the seed springs up at once—the coming harvest of the Eternal Years. Let us keep step with Time, nor forget that a lost day can never be reclaimed.

Every day is a possibility
Of doing things for Christ,
Every hour is an opportunity
Whose value is unpriced,—
Every moment a mighty potency
Which underlies our will,
Every second a gift of destiny
God's glory to fulfil

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

Labor and wait! the summer of the Lord
Runneth the whole round year. The "tree of life"
Hath not one month, alone, to drop its fruit
And is it hard? aye, and it is not hard
The yoke is easy when it fits the neck,
The burden light upon the willing back

AURILLA FURBER

Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present: it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart. — HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



OR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY



FEBRUARY FIRST

'TIS winter, yet there is no sound
Along the air
Of winds along their battle-grounds,
But gently there
The snow is falling, — all around,
How fair, how fair!

RALPH HOYT

Clothed as with a garment of ermine, hung with crystal fringes, February is King! Crowned with diamonds, and spangled with glittering snowflakes, how bright is his apparel in the beauty of a winter sunshine! He spreads his fleecy counterpane over the mountains, valleys, and plains, and the world stands dressed like a young bride, whose veil is woven by the skilful fingers of the Frost-artist. How soft is the step of this royal newcomer, for oh, underneath him lie folded buds and blossoms, and the time is not yet for their glad awakening. Speak gently, O King February! for they are sleeping but lightly, and the bosom of Mother Earth shall cradle them only a little longer.

Under the snowdrift the blossoms are sleeping,
Dreaming their dreams of sunshine and June,
Down in the hush of their quiet they're keeping
Thrills from the throstle's wild summer-swung tune

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD



HENRY W LONGFELLOW
1807-1883

FEBRUARY SECOND

CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee, He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved — PSALM 55 22

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by the load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road, —
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

There is no calm like that when storm is done,
There is no pleasure keen as pain's release,
There is no joy that lies so deep as peace,
No peace so deep as that by struggle won

HELEN GRAY CONE

Be trustful, be steadfast, whatever betide thee,
Only one thing do thou ask of the Lord, —
Grace to go forward wherever He guide thee,
Simply believing the truth of His word

ANONYMOUS

We tell Thee of our care,
Of the sore burden, pressing day by day
And in the light and pity of Thy face,
The burden melts away

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Thus watched and guarded, every step
Is under His control,
The children of the Lord are safe,
Though worlds in conflict roll

SUSAN V ALDRICH

FEBRUARY THIRD

DO not allow a day to pass without taking a step forward. The world is moving, why not you? Build for eternity. Begin with the sure foundation, Jesus Christ, and your structure will stand the storm and shock of Doubt and Temptation. Let "no foot-steps backward" be your motto. Look up, take courage and press on. Do not expect too much of yourself, be content to take one step at a time, and leave the result with God. If we push on and up, we will grow into the light of God in His own good time.

As the rivers, farthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth,
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth,
As the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace,
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE

Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy,
Out of self to love be led
And to Heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

FEBRUARY FOURTH

YOU mean to be true, but once your truth sleeps
on its guard, and the Edomite is over the valley,
and the lie is right in the very midst of your well-
guarded truthfulness — PHILLIPS BROOKS

Yes, we “mean to be true”, we are hurt and disappointed if a *friend* deceives us, and if we lose faith in humanity, but how about *ourselves*? Circumstances make us what we are, we say, by way of apology, and how ready we are to lay the blame on anything or anybody, so that we may escape censure. Some people are truthful, strictly so, but they do not possess tact and delicacy — they are continually wounding or offending those around them, when if they seek to be considerate and kind, as well as truthful, they would save many a cruel thrust and heart-ache. Truth is a grand thing, but it is even grander to know how to speak it.

Appear I always what I am?

And am I what I am pretending?

Know I what way my course is bending?

And sound my word and thought the same?

ANONYMOUS

Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye
will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric
thrill

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Prose is truth looking on the ground, eloquence is
truth looking up to Heaven, poetry' is truth looking
upward toward God — HENRY WARD BEECHER

FEBRUARY FIFTH

KINDNESS is the heartsease of the heart Don't be too quick to see faults in other people correct your own, and you will find little time for criticising those around you Better seem to be a neglectful friend than an unkind one Keep your friendship unimpaired, and let some one else pick the flaws If it is necessary for you to assume this unpleasant duty, ask God to show you the best way to do it, and let it be done with a sense of delicacy, and in a manner so gentle and courteous that your friend may be neither hurt nor offended The character most closely resembling Christ's is the one that rules by kindness

Words of kindness fitly spoken
Fall like sunshine on the heart,
Breaking up its frozen currents,
That new life it may impart

Perfect, says the Holy Bible,
On which we for life depend,
Is the man whose tongue is governed,
And whose lips do not offend

ANONYMOUS

Unto the one who labors,
Fearless of foe or frown,
Unto the kindly-hearted,
Cometh a blessing down

MARY F TUCKER

Oh, blest are uneventful lives,
Of whom small story we can tell,
But which, when all the page is writ,
Breathe out like heartsease, "It is well."

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD

FEBRUARY SIXTH

GOD'S care for us' how tender, how watchful, how
sheltering it is We are never away from His
thoughts for a moment, go where we will, He follows
us, stay where we are, He abides with us — constant,
vigilant, and steadfast, oh, how true and loving He is!
He never forgets His own, they are safe with the One
who loves them best

Dear tired heart by ills oppressed,
Fly to the shelter of God's breast!
What can hurt thee or alarm,
Within the circle of God's arm?
Never mind earth's stormy weather,
God and His own are close together!

MARY F BIGELOW

Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above
His own

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

When clouds gather round us He makes the way
bright,
He fills us with joy, with love and with light,
Oh! whatever befalls, we never need fear,
Since in joy or in sorrow He ever is near

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD

God is not far above us, bending low
His gracious head, our human wants to know,
Our prayers to hear,
But He is omnipresent, and my cry
Need not be wafted far beyond the sky,
To gain His ear

ALICE M ADKINS

FEBRUARY SEVENTH

“AND be not weary in well-doing” With what pleasure and satisfaction we review a day spent in well-doing God’s peace steals over us like a benediction, when we can lift our eyes and hearts to Him, and truthfully say, “Father, I have done my best”

It is not the well-doing, but the ill-doing, that wearies us most the consciousness of a misspent day is like a “thorn in the flesh,” that rankles and tortures us, often, far into the still hours of the night But we lie down to pleasant dreams, assured of the approval of our Lord, when we have spent a day in earnest, faithful well-doing Let us make every vocation a blessing, every duty a labor of love, and the homeliest task a stepping-stone to Heaven

You must live each day at your very best,
The work of the world is done by few,
God asks that a part be done by you

Have a purpose, and do with your utmost might,
You will finish your work on the other side,
When you wake in His likeness, satisfied

SARAH H BOLTON

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him, there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will,
And blessed are the horny hands of toil

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

If, when the Master comes to view my work,
And lay it in His balance to be tried,
I find that others were enriched thereby,
I shall be satisfied

A FULLER

FEBRUARY EIGHTH

ABOUT the most disagreeable people on the face of the globe are those who make the assertion, "I always speak my mind" Such people take unwarranted liberties with your faults, criticise your actions, dictate to you regarding family and business affairs, and feel themselves privileged to offer any suggestions they may deem necessary, simply because they have formed the disagreeable habit of "speaking their mind" There is always a sting in their words, and many a sensitive heart is wounded by their unkind remarks, in the course of a day They think their motives are right, perhaps they are, — but they usually do more harm than good, no matter what their intentions are How much more do we love the friend who speaks to us tenderly and gently of a fault, who ventures to suggest, not because he is "plain spoken" and fancies he is privileged to do so, anything for our good, but approaches us through the simple words, "because you are my friend" The liberty of a true friend is very different indeed from that of one who apologizes for hurting one's feelings to gratify a desire to be "plain spoken"

I pray the prayer of Plato old, —
God make thee beautiful within,
And let thine eyes the good behold
In everything save sin

JOHN G WHITTIER

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen, that when
We climb to Heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men

ALICE CARY

FEBRUARY NINTH

WHAT lies under the snow? There the secrets
of God are hidden away, awaiting the sound of
His voice, to be revealed, and the touch of His hand,
to spring into life and gladness Into what purity,
beauty, and fragrance they shall soon unfold, and
dewy and fresh from their sweet silence and sleep,
shall rise and sing and bud and bloom and shine
His birds, on lightsome wings, shall praise him in
meadow and grove, His flowers shall swing censers of
rare perfume to sweeten all the air, and His sun shall
warm and glow and brighten and kiss the frozen lakes
and streams, until they break into singing waves of joy
O the mysteries of His love! What surprises are in
store for us hidden under the snow! what glories are
in readiness for us when Life's winter is past, and we
stand waiting for the morning of God's Eternal Spring!

Still lie the flowers in their cold, winter sleeping,
Pulsing with life in the darkness below,
They shall be brighter by far for their keeping,
Guarded so tenderly under the snow

They shall be watched with a loving protection,
They shall awake when Spring's trumpet shall blow,
Breathing the joy of the glad resurrection, —
They shall be glorified, under the snow

We, like the flowers, shall wait for Spring's morning,
List for the summons God's chosen shall know,
Then shall His glory, our spirits adorning,
Brightly transfigure us, under the snow

I S T

FEBRUARY TENTH

HALF of our worry and anxiety arises from allowing ourselves to shoulder the burden of responsibility and care that we have never yet possessed. We look forward to the future and dread its uncertainty and imagined ills, exhausting the strength that belongs to the present time alone. Each day has its trials, why not bear them, nor seek to rob to-morrow of its share? This is why we grow old before our time, because we crowd to-morrow's burdens into to-day's. The man who carries a lantern on a dark night, does not attempt to light the length of his entire journey at once, but contents himself with enough radiance for a single step at a time. Let us use the strength allowed for each day, and we will find it sufficient for our wants. God is always generous in His measures, He does not stint us, and is a better judge of our needs than we.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow

Strength for to-day — in house and home
To practise forbearance sweetly —
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely

Strength for to-day — that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to the set of sun
On a strong and sure Foundation

MRS M A KIDDER

As thy days, so shall thy strength be — DEUTERON-
OMY 33 25

FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

ACCENT is the strength of poetry It throws into
grace and harmony the sentiment and metrie, and
versifies thought

The accent of life is *purpose* An aimless existence
is an insult to our Maker, who has created us for His
glory and the good of mankind The poetry of our
being loses its rhythm without purpose, we become
dull and prosaic, and lead a colorless life Purpose is
an artist whose harmony of color makes radiant our
sunrise, and glorious our sunset

'Tis thine, O Work — the joy supreme of thought,
Where feeling, purpose, and long patience meet,
Where in deep silence the ideal wrought
Bourgeons from blossoming to fruit comple'te

MARY CLEMMER WILKS

Enthusiasm — holy power! best alchemist art thou.
Kindled from soul to soul, and sped from radiant brow
to brow,
Changing to joy all duty, and on transfiguring heights
Showing us all the shades of earth fair with celestial
lights

LOUISA P. HOPKINS

Oh, sweet to feel, beyond all speech,
That most and best of human kind
Have leave to live beyond the reach
Of toil that tarnishes, and find
No tongue but Envy's to impeach!

J. G. HOLLAND

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

WE need more faith This is why we are discouraged and disheartened so often, why life looks so gloomy and why Hope hides her face from us We are not willing to let God lead us, we would rather walk alone, and trust to our poor blind eyes, and our weary, faltering feet to find the way Home Instead of putting our hand into God's hand, and cheerfully believing in Him, we toil on and on, over hills of difficulty, down valleys of shadow, and into pitfalls of temptation There is no need of all this, it is only making trouble for ourselves Instead of singing and smiling and trusting as we go, we are groping about for the light, when there is a Light just within our reach, and a refuge ever nigh Oh, for the faith of the snowdrop and the violet! They never question why they are shut up in silence and darkness, they only trust and wait, and in His time they will bloom in humble faith because it is their mission

Surely if His mysteries are hidden from us for a time, if we are strong in faith and trust, our souls shall blossom into gladness, "when the mists have rolled away "

Blind Love, who could not see beyond the mould
And watch the new life quicken from decay,
Who could not trust the Lord who rules the night
To bring the blossoms of some fresh spring day

MARIE B WILLIAMS

Just as Thy providence unfolds,
Life's path we'll meekly tread,
If we may only see the bow
Of promise overhead

EMILY P WILLIAMS

FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

THOU hast girded me with strength unto the battle
Thou hast subdued under me those that rose up
against me — PSALM 18 39

Though daily life's warfare your spirit may try,
Go manfully onward, to fail is to die,
Go, girded with valor, and courage, and strength —
Your Captain's approval shall crown you at length

I S T

In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given, —
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven
JOHN G WHITTIER

Life is a battle! How these sayings trite
Which school-boys write — and know not what they
write —
In after years begin to burn and glow!
What man is here that has not found it so?

Ah, ye recruits, with flags and arms unsustained,
See by what toil and toil the heights are gained!
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Forward shall be our watchword,
As weeks and months revolve,
Forward in earnest purpose,
And in each high resolve

MRS M A KIDDER

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

O H, day of loves and loving! Isn't it a blessed thing to know that young or old, great or small, we are, every one of us, a Valentine to somebody? Throughout the wide world to-day, rosy little Cupids are flying back and forth on gladsome wing, bearing messages of love to happy waiting hearts, and we, you and I, catch the inspiration of their joy and smile because there is love within us, about us, and above us God Himself is love, the world is love, and we are akin to God, and a part of the world, therefore we love Him and His works, and one another

Love's the essence of all things,
'Tis from Love that beauty springs,
'Twas by Love creation first
Into glorious beauty burst
Spirit sweet, — all else above, —
Love is God, since God is love!

ANONYMOUS

Love is enough Why should we ask for more?
What greater gifts have gods vouchsafed to men?
What better boon of all their precious store
Than our fond hearts that love and love again?
Old love may die, new love is just as sweet,
And life is fair, and all the world complete
Love is enough!

ELLA WHEELER

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch,
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much

ANONYMOUS

FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

BUT where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?

Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living

The depth saith, It is not with me and the sea saith, It is not with me

It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire

The gold and the crystal cannot equal it, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies

The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold

Whence cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof

And unto man He saith, Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom and to depart from evil is understanding — JOB 28 12-28

Mount up to the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low,
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know

Be faithful to thy mission
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward

ANONYMOUS

FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

FIND the best things in life, and appropriate them
Get all the happiness you can as you pass along,
and then share it with some one who has less than
yourself Do not cling to worldly pleasures, they
cannot last Set not your affections on riches, they
"take wings and fly away " Establish no idols in your
household to worship and bow down to there is but
one God only, let Him have no rival in your heart
Search for the good, the true, and the beautiful, but let
them always belong to God and Eternity Hold fast
to such things as shall benefit your soul

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of Doubt,
Where the anchors that Faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path,
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff

MAY RILEY SMITH

Thousands of years ago were chance and change,
Thousands of ages hence the same shall be,
Naught of thy joy and grief is new or strange
Gather apace the good that falls to thee'

'Tis all in a lifetime'

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

DON'T forget to pray Go to God for things you need, and ask in simple faith for temporal and spiritual blessings God is abundantly able to give He is generous, He is willing, why not tell Him your wants? He is your Father, you are His child, and it is your right to confide in Him, to believe on Him, and to be dependent on His bounty You cannot see Him, but His inward peace assures you He is near You cannot hear the sound of His voice or footsteps, yet in the hallowed silence when you lift your heart to Him, you feel His sacred Presence, and cling to His promises by faith Commune with Him in the dewy dawn of the morning, gather from Him strengthening manna for the day, let a little prayer run upward to Heaven during your busiest moments, and seek again the Throne of Grace when the curtain of night is hung over the sleeping world O there is no time that you do not need prayer!

What'er the care which breaks thy rest
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer

ANONYMOUS

Press not thy purpose on thy Lord,
Urge not thy erring will,
Nor dictate to the Eternal mind,
Nor doubt thy Maker's skill

True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

O H, the sweetness of sympathy! It dries our tears,
soothes our aching hearts, and pours balm on our
sorrowing spirits A pleasure is only half a pleasure
when not shared by some one else Nature's great
warm heart is full of sympathy, and we may learn daily
lessons from her When the sun rises in the morning,
and his bright, jolly face peeps over the distant hills,
the streams leap up and rejoice, the birds pour forth
melodious notes of gladness, and the flowers unfold
their silken leaves, and open their little sensitive hearts
for his warm, loving kiss The dewy grass trembles
with happiness, the leaves whisper together, and the
groves are astir the whole world thrills with joy, and
Nature has not a discord in her morning hymn of praise
So are we in harmony with our fellow-beings, when
warmed and gladdened by the sunlight of divine Love

Weep o'er one another's sorrow,
Prove thy grief in loving deed,
Earth is fickle, thy to-morrow
May find thee in sorest need

Sing o'er one another's gladness,
Praise with harp of sweetest tone,
Earth hath full enough of sadness,
Joy should never sing alone

ISADORE G. JEFFERY

The lightest care, while yet concealed,
Lies like a mountain on the breast,
The heaviest grief, when once revealed,
Is lulled by Sympathy to rest

MARION H. RAND

FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

HAPPINESS is the sunshine of the heart Its rays dispel the clouds in life's sky, and drive away tempests of doubt and storms of despair If the heart is full of sunshine, it brims over in the eyes, and flows from the tongue like liquid silver Happy words are ever welcome words, and blessed is he whose earthly mission is to make cheerful and bright those around him There is always a corner in every household for the happy guest the guest who is contented with everything, who demands little, and whose sunny presence is reflected in every face into which he looks He has a courteous way of smoothing out little difficulties, and of smiling down impatient words, and of seeing the best side of everything Blessed are the happy-hearted, would that earth had more of them'

Do not look for wrong and evil,
You will find them if you do,
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while,
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile

ALICE CARY

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us
above ourselves — MRS L M CHILD

Surely happiness is reflective, and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence — IRVING

FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

CONSCIOUS of purity and worth,
You may with calm assurance wait
The tardy recompense of earth,
And e'en should justice come too late
To soothe the spirit's homeward flight,
Still Heaven at last the wrong shall right
ANONYMOUS

There is always a recompense for the faithful Often
it is a long time coming, but it is always the sweeter
for the watching, the working, and the waiting The
patient heart will see its dreams fulfilled, the weary
hands will find their rest, the tired feet end their pil-
grimage, the dim eyes regain their vision, and look
into the sweet Country which they have yearned so
long to see,—all this, and more, shall be our recom-
pense Then toil on, dear fellow-worker, the reward
will be yours, in God's beautiful Sometime

Fellow-workers are we hour by hour,
Human tools are shaping Heaven's great scheme,
Till we see no limit to man's power
And reality outstrips our dream
Toil and struggle, therefore, work and weep,
In God's acre ye shall calmly sleep,
When the night cometh'

EMMA C EMBURY

I thank Thee for my dreams, which loose the bond
That lies beyond the boundaries of sense,
When I shall wash away the stains of time
In floods of recompense

J G HOLLAND.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

SOMETIMES we are so sensitive to a word or a look that our hearts cry out for tenderness. Perhaps the day's trials have been too heavy, or the night-watch too long. Then we hunger for tenderness and sympathy, and with what restfulness do we turn to the true, fond hearts that know and understand all our needs, and give us the comfort for which we long. But sweeter than all earthly tenderness is the tenderness of God. His promises are like balm to our wounded souls, and His peace "passeth all understanding."

The lives that seem so poor, so low,
The hearts which are so cramped and dull,
The baffled hopes, the impulse slow,
Thou takest, touchest all, and lo!
They blossom to the beautiful

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Not unto every heart is God's good gift
Of simple tenderness allowed, we meet
With love in many fashions when we lift
First to our lips life's waters bitter-sweet
Love comes upon us with resistless power
Of curbless passion and with headstrong will;
It plays around like April's breeze and shower,
Or calmly flows, a rapid stream, and still
It comes with blessedness unto the heart
That welcomes it aright, or — bitter fate! —
It wings the blossom with so fierce a smart,
That love, we cry, is crueler than hate
And then, ah me, when love has ceased to bless,
Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness!

ANONYMOUS

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

WHEN a deed is done for freedom, through the
broad earth's breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east
to west

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Washington's birthday! day dear to every American heart! What school boy or girl, what man or woman, does not gladly hold in remembrance the twenty-second day of February? It brings to us the thought of one whose motto might have been, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re* — gentle in manner, but resolute in deed! With what feelings of pride we refer to him as the Father of his Country — *our* Country — America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave"! All over the vast universe to-day shall the name of Washington be spoken with love and reverence, and grateful hearts shall sing his praises and read again and again the story of his grand achievements. Oh, you who are longing to be something and do something in the world, reflect upon the character of Washington! Emulate his nobility of mind, his fixedness of purpose, his heroism and valor. Such attributes will fit you for responsibility and trust, prepare yourself for a place, and God will prepare a place for you.

No arch nor column, in courtly English or courtlier Latin, sets forth the deeds and the worth of the Father of his Country, he needs them not, the unwritten benedictions of millions cover all the walls [of Mount Vernon]. No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam, but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine — EDWARD EVERETT

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

FOR God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life —
JOHN 3 16

Isn't it wonderful that God should have loved us so? Is it not beautiful to feel and know that His love goes on from day to day, just as it did in the days when He gave His dear Son for us, aye, and before that, when He created the earth for our abiding-place, and lighted it with the sun, moon, and stars. How tender is this love that enfolds us, encircles us, and overshadows us at all times! It is sounded through the ages, engraven on the rocks, and chanted by the "everlasting hills." The ocean, in its ceaseless flow, seems eternally singing, "The love of God! the love of God! I voice the wondrous love of God!" Almighty Maker of Heaven and earth, teach us to know and feel Thy deep, Thy boundless love!

We are the mariners and God the sea,
And though we make false reckonings and run
Wide of a righteous course and are undone,
Out of His deeps of love we cannot be

ALICE CARY

What meanest thou to ask me why I sing,
And seem all day as happy as a king?
Need I repine,
When God each moment proves to me His love,
And the bright home of happiness above
Is promised mine?

ALICE M ADKINS

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

AND we hear the tread of the years move by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills

RICHARD REALF

So old Time keeps up his march — tramp' tramp'
tramp' on, on to Eternity There is no backward
movement, no pausing by the way, but ever the same
steady, forward sweep — as the tide rolls in from the
sea What a burden he carries, joys and sorrows,
gains and losses, hopes and fears, smiles and tears, all
are given into his keeping to be bound into a pon-
derous volume Your deeds and mine are there, and
they will stand opposite our names when the Recording
Angel reviews the work Time has wrought Will they
hide under a cloud, I wonder, or stand out clear as the
sunlight, in the dawn of God's Heavenly Morning?

And while to one engulfing grave,
By Time's swift tide we're driven,
How sweet the thought that every wave
But bears us nearer Heaven!

WILLIAM GOLDSMITH BROWN

All outward wisdom yields to that within,
Whereof no creed nor canon holds the key,
We only feel that we have ever been,
And evermore shall be

BAYARD TAYLOR

But firmer than the pillars of the sky,
Thou standest ever by a power Divine,
Thou art endowed with immortality,
And can'st not perish — God's own life is thine!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

WHERE shall we begin to praise God? How shall we thank Him for all His goodness to us? Oh, were we to begin singing now, and to keep on singing until the end of time, we could never voice His praises enough! The very air that we breathe is an invisible proof of His love to us, the light, the shadow, and the darkness, though we may not touch them, are each a thought of our great Creator. Let us praise Him for life, for health and for home, for food and for raiment, and for every season's blessings, for daily mercies, and for the promise of life everlasting. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Sing, heart of mine, oh, praise His name
Whose loving care hath blessed our store,
With glad thanksgiving praise His name
Whose care surrounds us evermore

SYLVIA BROWN

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept

W D HOWELLS

Leave me to the humming
Of my little hive,
Glad to earn a living,
Glad to be alive!

LUCY LARCOM

FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

IF we would reach the top, we must climb Anything
worth having is worth striving for Did you ever
scale a mountain? If so, what difficulties you encountered,
what briers and thorns and tangled shrubbery obstructed
your path! What hollows and upheavals were before you—
hollows where the mountain-streams had trickled down,
upheavals where the swollen earth had burst her green-mantled
sod—all tending to make your ascent difficult, and discourage
and dishearten you! But with what eagerness you turned
your eyes to the top, where the great vernal heights stood
towering up into the fleecy clouds! It made your journey
less wearisome to catch a glimpse of the grandeur above
you, and the thought of reaching your goal was of itself an
inspiration. And when you stood beneath the shadow of the
pines on the mountain-top, and gazed far down into the valley,
with what a sense of triumph you viewed your tiresome journey!
All that is beautiful, good, and true lies at the top, and we
must climb to attain it. God is the grandest and most
majestic height which all progressive souls are striving
to reach, and to rest at His footstool and beneath the
shadow of His wing will be victory indeed

On the heights we are near to Heaven,
It is far to the plains below,
So far it is dim and hazy
And loses its glory and glow,
Until a mirage we deem it,
Between the Above and Below

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD

FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

GOD has granted you an extra day in which to count the mercies of past years. Sum them up, if you can, and you will say He has given you "good measure, pressed down, and running over." Surely your cup of blessings is more than full. A good way to appreciate your mercies is to think of the ills you have escaped. Every trouble, disappointment, and sorrow which you have been spared is a blessing every calamity which has touched others and passed you by gives you reason for fresh thanksgiving, and if you were half as grateful as you ought to be, you would sing for joy all day long.

What if there have been shadows? Do not shadows intensify light? What if there have been disappointments? Have there not been sweet surprises as well? Don't forget the unexpected blessings that God has showered upon you every day, don't take them as a matter of course, but remember they are especial gifts from Him, and should be thankfully received by you. Though so unworthy, we are all the daily recipients of God's bounty, love, and care, and as such, our hearts should continually praise and magnify His name.

My Father' what am I, that all
Thy mercies sweet like sunlight fall
So constant o'er my way?
That Thy great love should shelter me,
And guide my steps so tenderly
Through every changing day?

ANONYMOUS



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

1811-1896



OR THE MONTH OF MARCH——



MARCH FIRST

WITH rushing winds and gloomy skies
The daik and stubborn winter dies,
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise,
March'

BAYARD TAYLOR

A lesson hath March — if a teacher stern —
A lesson 'twere well for the heart to learn
If the sky is daik and the winds are cold,
If the snows are deep on the moor and wold,
If the brown buds lie in their cells asleep,
And the clouds come only to frown or weep,
If the spring be late in her warm embrace,
She comes at last with laughing grace,
With flowery banner, with rush and shout,
She will put all the legions of Frost to rout
Ah' thus if life is a weary March,
We pass to joy through a victor's arch

HELEN H. RICH

Ah, March' we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets'

HELEN HUNT

MARCH SECOND

AH, patience! Ere we dream of it,
Spring's fair new gospel will be writ

LUCY LARCOM

Another spring has dawned, and down the avenues of Time our winter has silently stolen away. Now the furry catkins begin to unfold their downy buds, and early flowers are peeping from the leafy mould and swelling into beauty and fragrance. The maple's heart pours out its nectar, and the honied drops gush forth at every outlet. This is the year's resurrection, when out of the ashes of Winter, glad Spring awakens, and soars, as with wings, up into the new life and beauty of God's gracious sunshine. O heart of man, sleep no longer, but rouse into action! Leave behind thee the winter of dead hopes, and put on the beautiful resurrection-robes of immortal Spring.

The sunlight fills the trembling air,
And balmy days their guerdons bring,
The earth again is young and fair,
And amorous with musky spring

EDMUND C. STEDMAN

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again

HENRY TIMROD

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

MARCH THIRD

“**B**LESSED are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God ” Oh, sweet mission of the peacemaker, it is blessed indeed! I think it is a natural inheritance, and yet we may all cultivate peace-making, to a certain extent. It sometimes develops very early in a child. You have doubtless noticed several children playing together, and after a time they would chance to disagree, just as their elders do, and perhaps angry words and tears would follow, until into their midst came one sweet child, who dispersed the clouds, settled the difficulty, and brought a smile to every little troubled face. God bless these rays of sunlight!

Oh, blessed forever the “peacemakers” are!
They shine for the Lord like a radiant star,
Diffusing a lustre to gladden life’s way,
They carry His sunshine wherever they stray—
Yea, blessed indeed is the path they have trod,
For they shall be known as “the children of God ”

Dear Lord, I beseech Thee to grant me this grace,
That I may be welcome wherever my place
This sweetness of manner, whence discord shall flee—
Oh, grant that a maker of peace I may be,
That I too an Heavenly kinship may claim,
A child of the King and an heir to His Name!

I S T

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease,
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace

J G WHITTIER

MARCH FOURTH

INAUGURATION Day! The fourth of March will ever be held in remembrance by all loyal Americans. Since first our good and great Washington stood at the head of the affairs of the nation, America has, on this eventful day, witnessed the accession to the presidential seat of many noble men, whose names have been an honor to her, and whose deeds have been written with pride in the annals of our illustrious nation. Long live the good men who are entrusted with our public welfare! and may the memory of those who have been called to their reward ever dwell in our hearts.

May the white page of the future,
Waiting for the sons of men,
To enroll their names upon it
With a clean, untarnished pen,
Stand emblazoned in God's sunshine,
Till its records fair and pure
Shall be traced in deeds immortal,
With a strength that shall endure!

May the rulers of our nation,
Following the good and great,
Have at heart the rise and progress
Of Columbia's future state,
And with nobleness of purpose
May it ever be their aim
To uphold our country's honor
And enhance her glorious fame!

I S T

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise.
The queen of the world and the child of the skies!

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

MARCH FIFTH

SOME one has hurt your heart and made you grieve,
The day has been too dark without the sun,
Something has been too hard, but oh! believe
Others have suffered just as you have done

MARGARET ROX

Do not be suspicious, or too sensitive, people often
suffer through imaginary causes Allow no little
shadows to cloud your day Bear sweetly the seeming
unkindness,—do not magnify it into something great
Often a little misunderstanding at morning is like the
mists it melts away at noonday, and leaves the sky
of your heart clear and bright Christ knows how to
sympathize fully with you in the smallest happenings
of the day, confide in Him Trust His guidance in
all things, and do not fear to unburden your heart to
Him

Fret not, poor heart, the sorrows sore
That crush thy life thy Saviour bore
Once for thy sake, yea, this and more
God's way is best,
Then trust and rest

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD

Build a little fence of Trust
Around to-day,
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay

Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow,
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow

MRS F M BUTTS

MARCH SIXTH

DEAR Father, may sweet thoughts of heavenly grace
Flow through the hours of this new day for me,
Through moments glad or troubled may I trace
The lines of love that link my soul to Thee,
In happy trills along their golden length
May I know quickly Thy most holy will,
And, leaning hard upon their cords of strength,
Feel ready to press onward or be still

EDITH G SERAN

Do not drift through the day, do your part, and
take hold of the duty that claims your attention
first Know that God will help you, no matter how
hard it is, and that the path cannot be too rugged for
Him to walk with you Look up! the Day-Star is
shining above you, and if you despair not, but keep
bravely on, there will be a glad recompense awaiting
you when you reach the end of the way

Wayworn and weary, each succeeding day,
We walk in weakness — walk, and wait, and pray
For strength to wend aright our toilsome way

Dark drifting clouds hang thick about our path,
Freighted with winds and gathering storms, each hath
The unwrought elements of angry wrath

Thus passing on through anxious toil and strife,
The years, anon with joy, anon with sorrow rife,
We wend our way towards Everlasting Life,

Towards Life Eternal, each succeeding day,
We wander on, and well, if thus we may
But find our path leads up the shining Way

CLARK W BRYAN

MARCH SEVENTH

DEEP feeling is contagious Words poured forth from burning hearts are sure to kindle the hearts of others Hearts that can stand everything else are often melted by a tear Let the heart palpitate in every line, and burn in every word — ANONYMOUS

We need more heart, we do not care enough for our neighbor's welfare, we concern ourselves too little about the cares and responsibilities, the sorrows and sufferings of others There are depths within us that have never been sounded, feelings that have never been touched, sympathies that lie dormant Oh, for the heart to feel and love as we ought! Let us cultivate a deeper interest in humanity, and our influence shall kindle other hearts, and quicken other spirits, and the world will be the better for our having lived in it

Do naught but good, for such the nobler strife
Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to wait the recompense above,
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak

GEORGE W BETHUNE

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe,

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,—
No fond voices answer to thine own,
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone

HARRIET WINSLOW

MARCH EIGHTH

WE are in no condition for good work of any kind when we are fretted and anxious in mind. It is only when the peace of God is in our hearts that we are ready for true and really helpful ministry. A feverish heart makes a worried face, and a worried face casts a shadow. A troubled spirit mars the temper and disposition. It unfits one for being a comforter to others, for giving cheer and inspiration, for touching other lives with good and helpful impulses. Peace must come before ministry. We need to have our fever cured before we go out to our work. Hence we should begin each new day at the Master's feet, and get His cooling, quieting touch upon our hot hand. Then, and not until then, shall we be ready for good service in His name — J R MILLER

Peace, troubled heart, beyond these bitter breezes,
Mid Isles of Paradise, in airs of balm,
Where cruel wind or word ne'er wounds or freezes,
Thou'lt gain at last the everlasting calm

MARY CLEMMER AMES

Didst thou ever feel the load of a heavy, toilsome burden, an anxiety which almost broke thy heart, and crushed thy spirit? Then, when thou wert suddenly and unexpectedly relieved of it, the restfulness that followed was inexpressibly sweet. This is the way God comes to His beloved. In the midst of life's storms and tempests, He speaks but a single word, and all is tranquil within. May His peace abide with thee!

Peace, sweet peace, is ever found
In her eternal home on *holy* ground

EMMA C EMBURY

MARCH NINTH

MAN, made in the image of God what is he? He cannot be equal with God, but he may be like unto Him, so far as humanity can resemble divinity. He may be pure-hearted, philanthropic, sympathetic, and kindly, and filled with a yearning desire to aid, ennoble, and uplift his brother-man. He may be honest and true, and his influence may beautify and enrich the world long after his life has measured its brief span.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel-heart of man

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The soul of man
Createth its own destiny of power,
And as the trial is intenser here,
His being hath a nobler strength in Heaven

NATHANIEL P WILLIS

Manhood at last! and with its consciousness
Are strength and freedom, freedom to pursue
The purposes of hope — the godlike bliss
Born in the struggle for the great and true!
And every energy that should be mine,
This day I dedicate to its object, — Life!
So help me Heaven, that never I resign
The duty which devotes me to the strife

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

Man is the jewel of God, who has created this material world to keep His treasure in — THEODORE PARKER

MARCH TENTH

UPWARD! O Heart, what sweet lessons God has
for thee to learn from the beautiful things with
which He has adorned His world! Now, while March
is pushing upward and onward day by day, why
shouldst not thou make swift progress too? Sing as
thou goest, scatter about thee brightness, and make of
thy surroundings a halo of happiness

In the tassel-time of spring
Love's the only song to sing,
Ere the ranks of solid shade
Hide the bluebird's flitting wing,
While in open forest glade
No mysterious sound or thing
Haunt of green has found or made,
Love's the only song to sing
Though in May each bush be dressed
Like a bride, and every nest
Learn Love's joyous repetend,
Yet the half-told tale is best
At the budding — with its end
Much too secret to be guessed,
And its fancies that attend
April's passion unexpressed
Love and Nature communing
Give us Arcady Still ring —
Vales across and groves among —
Wistful memories, echoing
Pan's far-off and fluty song,
Poet' nothing harsher sing,
Be, like Love and Nature, young,
In the tassel-time of spring

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

MARCH ELEVENTH

IT is faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at — OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Have faith in your fellow-men Do not allow yourself to be misanthropical, because you are deceived in one man, it is no reason why all others should be false Because one friend disappoints you, it is not a foregone conclusion that every friend you have is to be doubted Keep your faith in God and man faith in God, first of all If you are true to Him, He will be true to you, let your faith in God be genuine, unyielding, and steadfast

I will not doubt, though all my prayers return,
Unanswered, from the still white realm above
I shall believe it is an all-wise love,
Which has refused these things for which I yearn

ELLA WHEELER

And Faith's banner, pure white, unfold to the breeze,
For she marches beside us at night,
She leads through the desert our faltering feet,
And sings in the darkness her litanies sweet,
Of deliverance, triumph, and sight

MRS HERRICK JOHNSON

O for that faith whose voice can still
The doubts that vex the soul,
And seek to know no other will
But God's supreme control

EMILY P WILLIAMS

Faith is the anchor, to which if a soul is fastened, it shall not sink no matter how rough is life's sea

MARCH TWELFTH

BURY all ill-feelings, all errors, and wrong-doings
beneath the winter of the past Start afresh,
forget and forgive Let only the memory of what is
pure and beautiful remain

Let us forget

The memories that bind us fast
To our mistakes, outgrown and past
The trust betrayed, the tarnished name,
The look of scorn, the blush of shame,

Let us forget

Let us forget

That once we strove for selfish gain,
Regardless of another's pain
The vain remorse, the sense of loss,
The burden of our self-made cross,

Let us forget

Let us forget

The sighs, the stings, the anguished tears
That marked the paths of bygone years
The bitter cup, the deep despair,
The one dark hour which none might share

Let us forget

Let us forget

All but the love, the grace, the light
That bore us to our present height,
And haunting ghosts of grief and care,
The guise of angel hosts shall wear

Let us forget

IDA WORDEN WHEELER

Remember only the best things

MARCH THIRTEENTH

SO this dreamy life is passing — and we move amidst
its maze,
And we grope along together, half in darkness, half
in light,
And our hearts are often burdened with the mysteries
of our ways,
Which are never all in shadow, and are never wholly
bright

ABRAM T RYAN

Our lives are shrouded in mystery, we cannot see a
step before us In front of us stretches the dim un-
known, from which God shall unfold our future life
We walk in a tangled path of shade and sun, and yet
why should we fret ourselves because we cannot see
the workings of our Father's plans, or because we can-
not know why He has allowed us to have darkness as
well as light? Let us not dream away our chances, but
let us be ever watchful for the beauty within as well as
without, and allow nothing to pass us by, which will
serve to awaken and bring to light hidden powers
which God has given into our keeping

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle
suggestion is fairer,
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that
clasps it is rarer,
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes
it is sweeter,
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-
mastered the metre

RICHARD REALF

MARCH FOURTEENTH

THERE is no time like the present in which to obey
God does not countenance delays How many
sweet little birds of opportunity have sung wooing
songs into our ears, and yet we have turned persistently
away, and God has taken our chances and given them
to another Don't you believe this? Then why do
you sometimes say, "I could have done so much better
had I tried, but it is too late now and some one else
has the praise while I have only the regret"? Your
opportunity has been transplanted in another garden,
and lo, it has blossomed 'and borne fruit'

Said one unto himself "I would
That I might wield some power for good,
That I some wondrous tongue could learn
To speak the thoughts and words that burn,
That I could marvellous colors mix,
Wherewith on sacred walls to fix
The glimpse of Heaven, the holy dream,
That should from sin men's thoughts redeem,
And, oh, that some rare gem were mine
Whereon to carve the face divine!"

Another took the self-same words
We use each day, —
The words wherein we chide or bless,
We curse or pray, —
And with them sang a song, that through
The wide world rings,
And slumbering souls that hear it wake
To nobler things

For those who long God's work to do,
Ways are not scarce nor chances few

VIRGINIA B HARRISON

MARCH FIFTEENTH,

I WILL pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of truth — JOHN 14 16, 17

Truth be your guide at all times'

What a man sees only in his best moments as truth,
is truth in all moments — JOSEPH COOK

Truth is the apostle before whom every cowardly
Felix trembles — WENDELL PHILLIPS

When all is lost, one refuge yet remains,
One sacred solace, after all our pains
Go lay thy head and weep thy tears, O youth'
Upon the dear immortal breast of Truth

J T TROWBRIDGE

The grave's dark portal
Soon shuts this world of shadows from the view,
Then shall we grasp realities immortal
If to the truth within us we are true

EMMA C EMBURY

Keep bright the jewel that lies hidden in thy breast,
polish it, and let it be clean enough to reflect in it the
light of Heaven Truth is a God-given gem, therefore
dare not to dim its lustre with falsity, but let each day
find it shining more and more brightly Seek the
truth in others, associate only with those who are the
lovers of truth, then shalt thou reflect added beams,
and the jewel within thee shall glow with new radiance
Take for thy guide He who is Himself the divine Truth,
and He shall teach thee how to walk in the Spirit of
truth

MARCH SIXTEENTH

FOR ye are the temple of the living God — 2 CORINTHIANS 6 16

March is a good time to build The birds are busy making their little nests where they can have safe shelter from wind and storm, new houses are springing up around us, wherein dear ones are to be gathered and surrounded by the loving influence of home But there are other temples being bulded which are growing steadily and silently day by day,—they are your temples and mine Without hammer and nails, without mortar and bricks, without so much as a sound to tell the story, up and up they go, rising out of self, being established for Eternity Oh, let us build them well, that they may be fit abodes for the “living God”!

Bring woman's work, bring manhood's strength,
Bring childhood's helping hand,
Build well and wisely, that your work
To coming years may stand
Your Lord, — He gave His all for you,
Give back your very best,
Your best is all too poor to give
To Him, the Ever-blest

It may be through your temple fair
The Lord shall walk some day;
It may be His Shechinah light
Shall rest with you alway,
And prayers accepted rise to Him,
And blessings freely fall,
While each to each, across the fane,
To holy watchers call

ELLEN MURRAY

MARCH SEVENTEENTH

THERE are some hearts like wells, green-mossed
and deep

As ever Summer saw,
And cool their water is, yea, cool and sweet, —
But you must come to draw

CAROLINE S SPENCER

How the sympathy and kindness of some hearts cheer and comfort us! Whenever we are near them we seem to be strengthened and refreshed, — I think they must live very close to Heaven, they seem in touch with the divine life, and there is a beauty and harmony and peace about them that makes their influence very sweet and restful. Why is it that they have the happy faculty of carrying sunshine wherever they go? I think it is because they have gathered the blessed teachings of Nature and God, and filled their spirit's cup to the overflowing. "Go thou, and do likewise."

What the mind guesses,
Day after day,
Through dim recesses
Groping its way,
What the moon answers
In silver speech,
What of joy reaches thee,
What thy pain teaches thee,
That do thou teach

Let thine inspiration,
Thy wisdom, be
What all God's Creation
Calleth to thee

DANSKE DANDRIDGE

MARCH EIGHTEENTH

AFTER all, it is the divinity within that makes the divinity without — WASHINGTON IRVING

If you carry a great deal of soul-beauty within you, it is bound to shine through somewhere. It will either break through your eyes in kindly gleams, through your voice in cheery words, or through your heart in loving deeds, it must have an outlet. Human sunlight is too bright to be hidden away, God made it to *shine*, and if you have any within you, it will come to the surface and illumine your whole nature.

Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer,
Shine on earth's sadness till ills disappear —
Souls are in waiting this message to hear

Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile,
Often it shortens the long, weary mile,
Often the burden seems light for a while

Send out the sunlight — the Spirit's real gold!
Give it out freely — this gift that's unsold,
Shower it down, on the young and the old!

Send out the sunlight, you have it in you!
Clouds may obscure it just now from your view,
Pray for its presence! Your prayer will come true

ELLEN DARE

Beauty is but the sensible image of the Infinite —
Like truth and justice it lives within us, like virtue
and the moral law it is a companion of the soul — BANCROFT.

MARCH NINETEENTH

THERE is no brotherhood of man without the
Fatherhood of God — H M FIELD

Whoever in prayer can say "Our Father" acknowl-
edges and should feel the brotherhood of the whole
race of mankind — TRYON EDWARDS

How closely are they akin, — the brotherhood of
man, and the Fatherhood of God! If our hearts are
filled with love to God, we cannot help having more
love for all mankind, we feel that we share one com-
mon destiny, and that we belong to one common
family, whose head is God, the Father and Maker of
us all Oh, that our hearts may be quickened and that
we may treat all mankind as brothers!

If 'mid the restless faiths and troublous fears,
Which surge like billows on the ocean's breast,
Our race could find one rock on which to rest,
One central truth which in the passing years
Remains unmoved alike 'mid smiles and tears,
What blessed peace 'twould bring to human hearts
In home, and in the place of toil, in marts
Of trade, and where each age its temples rears

Oh, yes, one truth, if only deep, profound,
And all embracing in supernal good,
Would calm all souls That truth is Fatherhood!
Then make it known wherever man is found,
Say, say the reigning God all Father is,
And more than full of helpful sympathies
With Father, God, we need not fear the rest,
But trust the all to His most kind behest

H G MCARTHUR

MARCH TWENTIETH

NOTHING will do us more good than to spend a little season with thought Let us get away from the world for a while, let us enter into our hearts and close the doors, shutting out all intruders The year is young yet, we have not gone far in our twelve-month journey, and spring is just beginning Let us unfold our best natures, let us not only think, but *act* Oh, then shall our thoughts be the unfledged birds of our soul, that shall take wing, and fly upward, and sing as they go May God be with you to-day, and give you pure and beautiful thoughts whose music shall nevermore be silent!

Like pearls that lie hid 'neath the ocean's broad breast,
Where its waters unceasingly roll,
Are our beautiful thoughts — our sweet unexpressed,
That are lost in the depth of the soul

W F FOX

The burning thunderbolt of human Thought
Sends the living light of Truth abroad,
And dashes down the towers of Force and Fraud,
And awes the trembling world like oracle of God!

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE

Is there a sweeter thing on earth
Than pleasant thoughts, I wonder,
Or a happier man than he
Who has the greatest number?

GEORGE HINES GORMAN

The greatest events of the age are its best thoughts
It is the nature of thought to find its way into action
— C N BOVEE

MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

A SPRING goes singing through its reedy grass,
The lark sings o'er my head

WILLIAM W STORY

Oh, tell it again, the sweet old story,
The oft-told story of dawning Spring,
When cometh the first real hint of glory —
The first glad day when the year takes wing,
The pulse of Nature is quicker thrilling,
The lark is singing, the grasses sprout,
And the maple-trees their sweets are spilling,
And eager bees from the hives fly out,
The wayside brook that was frozen over
Begins its longings to wander again,
And Hope is ever a gay young rover,
Who flits about in the hearts of men —
There's a fresh green leaf, springing now and then,
Where she drops her seed in the hearts of men

I S T

And while Hope's leaves are pushing outward into light and gladness, and while all Nature is doing its best, let us with renewed strength and vigor begin to grow better, and to take on fresh life and color. The smallest thing that God has made has a mission, and why not we?

The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

ON either hand lies the proof of the living God
We cannot look about us but we are reminded of
Him, and of His love and care for us His voice
speaks in the winds that blow, and His beauty is re-
flected in the sun by day, as well as the moon and stars
by night His majesty still moves on as the seasons
dawn and fade, He rests not, nor wearies not, He is
"the same yesterday, to-day, and forever" Let us
honor and obey Him, and let us make our hearts accept-
able unto Him

The hand of God
Has written legibly that man may know
The glory of the Maker

HENRY WARE, JR

For God is God no finite thought
Can touch the utmost starry rim
Of that great purpose planned and wrought
In days that were alone with Him
Cycles that His vast presence filled,
Ere breath or pulse or motion stirred
The awful waiting silence, thrilled
With dread expectance of The Word'

EMMA ALICE BROWNE

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me — the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

LET us live to-day as if it were our only day
What if, for us — you and me — there should never
be a to-morrow? What if our life should go out with
the sunset, or slip away at the quiet midnight hour, or
in the hush of the still gray dawn? Let us, then, give
some of our sweetest and best thoughts to immortal
things, and do or say nothing to-day that shall be
remembered against us with sorrow and regret

Not merely what we are,
But what we were and what we are to be,
Make up our life — the far days each a star,
The near days nebulae

Ay, what were all days worth,
Were there no looking backward or before —
If every human life that drops to earth
Were lost forevermore?

But each day is a link
Of days that pass and never pass away,
For memory and hope — to live, to think —
Each is our only day

COATES KINNEY

We should waste no moments in weak regret
If the day were but one,
If what we remembered and what we forget
Went out with the sun,
We should be from our clamorous selves set free
To work or to play,
To be what the Father would have us be
If we had but a day

MARY L. DICKINSON

MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

THE disposition to give a cup of cold water to a disciple, is a far nobler property than the finest intellect — HOWELLS

If you were to toil up a weary hill
 Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still
 Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,
And each one passing by would do so much
 As give one upward lift and go their way,
Would not the slight reiterated touch
 Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

There is no little and there is no much,
 We weigh and measure and define in vain
A look, a word, a light responsive touch,
 Can be the ministers of joy to pain
A man can die of hunger walled in gold,
 A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
 Some little thing which tells for life or death

SUSAN COOLIDGE

A little kindness is never forgotten by the one who receives it. It sometimes brightens a whole day, it goes far often towards lifting a heavy burden, and comforts an aching heart, and makes it forget for a time its misery. You may not be able to do great things, but surely you can be kind, and sympathetic, and helpful. If God has blessed you, be a blessing to others!

It is good for us to think that no grace or blessing is truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us — PHILLIPS BROOKS

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

WHAT joy lies around us! Let us drink it in to-day, thankfully, appreciatively God is pouring out blessings upon us in abundant measure Ah, have we not time to give Him praise? Let us stop in the midst of our daily duties, as we pass to and fro doing the innumerable things that need to be done, aye, let us stop long enough to *be glad* Or, let us with lifted hearts go on with our task, and go on being glad as well Our gratitude is what He wants, let us sing, smile, speak, and *act* it out a joyful heart makes a cheerful countenance and a light step Do not hide away your gladness, let others share it

“Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy ”

Not by my need the measures from His store,
The daily gifts my daily prayers implore,
His full supply no narrow limit knows,
For my delight His bounty overflows

'Twere much that He had taught my hand to bring
Sweet sounds from echoing reed and quivering string
So my weak songs of praise might swifter rise,
To mingle with the heavenly harmonies

But lo! such strains as mock my highest skill,
For my delight a bird's soft bosom fill,
Soar through my skies, on dusky wings upborne,
And wake my soul to rapture with the morn!

O Love Divine, that folds my being round!
O deeps of tenderness I cannot sound!
That He whose thoughts eternities employ,
Should touch creation's chords to give me joy!

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

YOU make a hard life for yourself when you allow your tongue to get the better of you. Not only this, but you make it unpleasant for others as well. He who learns to curb his spirit, and to keep back the quick words that wound and hurt others, has gained a noble victory,—the victory over Self. Learn forbearance, it will help you all through the journey of life. Avoid contentions, they only make hard feelings, sharp words spoken in the morning will mar the happiness of a whole day, don't say them,—they always leave a regret behind them. It is noble to keep silent when the utterance of words would create a discord. To be monarch of Self is far more desirable than to rule a kingdom. It is the gentle word that wins, it is the "soft answer" that "turneth away wrath."

Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell

DAVID BATES

Kind words can never die,
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Lodged in the breast

ABBY HUTCHINSON

May you still be given
Strength for each day in house and home
To practise forbearance sweetly,
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Trusting in God completely

ANONYMOUS

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

WHAT a vast difference there is in faces! Watch the various expressions in a crowd as you pass to and fro, and you can read a great many unwritten histories there. Those who carry heavy burdens look tired and old, Youth has been banished before his time, and Care has set his seal on cheek, and brow, and mouth. Even the eyes have a care-worn look, and your heart aches that such things must be. O weighed-down humanity! It is the lot of all to bear burdens, but why can we not learn to laugh care away, and go on our way singing, instead of sighing? May this be your resolve, — to give into God's keeping the burdens that are too heavy for you, and not allow yourself to be troubled or cast down.

Now our wants and burdens leaving
To His care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving,
At His touch our burdens fall

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

Men do not avail themselves of the riches of God's grace. They love to nurse their cares, and seem as uneasy without some fret as an old friar would be without his hair girdle. They are commanded to cast their cares on the Lord, but even when they attempt it, they do not fail to catch them up again, and think it meritorious to walk burdened — H W BEECHER

We tell Thee of our care,
Of the sore burden, pressing day by day,
And in the light and pity of Thy face,
The burden melts away

SUSAN COOLIDGE

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

THE heart that is warmed by the cheery fire of love
is never cold or indifferent The chill winds of
March cannot rob it of its sunny glow, for the light
that comes from within burns steadily on forever Love
your fellow-men, do not simply have a passing interest
in them, but cultivate a genuine affection for them
Commence loving them now,—it will be a beginning
for you, this life is only a preparation for the life to
come You are to go on loving through all Eternity'

Oh, the riches love doth inherit'
Oh, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange'

RICHARD REALF

There's a spirit abroad through the waking earth,
A wondrous living power,
And the sons of men confess its worth
In every trying hour
'Tis a joyful thought, a cheering word,
A song with a glad refrain,
A message in every nation heard
To bless mankind again

Spirit of love! O sweetly come,
Like the breath of summer flowers,
And breathe upon each heart and home
In this sinful world of ours,
Convince, control, and permeate
With wisdom from above,
Make all the earth one happy state,
One paradise of love

WILLIAM HOYLE

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

OH, there is need that on men's hearts should fall
A spirit that can sympathize with all'

PHOEBE CARY

The lightest care while yet concealed,
Lies like a mountain on the breast.
The heaviest grief, when once revealed,
Is lulled by sympathy to rest

Relieve a bursting heart,
And pour into some loving ear
Each bitter thought, each chilling fear,
How soon will all depart'
And words of love like healing balm,
Will gently soothe and sweetly calm,
Till reason's almost fading ray
Resumes its firm and wonted sway,
And though thy burden be not less,
Thou wilt not still be comfortless

MARION H RAND

Be not chary of thy sympathy while so many hearts
are hungering for it Let it be fresh as the morning
dew, and ever ready to be bestowed on those around
thee Oh, thou knowest not how many there are
about thee who would be glad for a sympathetic look
of thine that was genuine and sincere Look around
thee' Is there no one who needs to be comforted to-
day? Perhaps it is one of thine own household who
needs thy tenderest sympathy, and thou hast been too
blind and selfish to be aware of it To-morrow may
give thee another opportunity, — do not neglect it; if
thou art poor in all else, be rich in sympathy, — thou
canst always have plenty of that, and to spare

MARCH THIRTIETH

TO every one God has given a talent Have you never found out what yours is? Ask God to show you Have you been saying all these years you had no talent? Ah, that is not right, God would not give to others and overlook you The trouble is, you have kept yours hidden away, while your friend, or your neighbor, has been making use of his or hers Because your voice was not tuned to song, or because you have not an artist's eye for form and color, do not say you have no talent If you have the gift of making home happy or of adding to the pleasure of those around you, have you no talent? Is it possible you can so underrate His gifts? Your talent was born with you,—an inheritance from God If you have only been sparingly endowed, you will have little to account for, but if liberally, how great will be your responsibility, "for to whom much is given, much is required "

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code,

By love inspired,

Of him on whom much is bestowed

Is much required,

The tuneful throat is bid to sing,

The oak must reign the forest's king,

The rushing stream the wheel must move,

The tempered steel its strength must prove,

'Tis given with the eagle's eyes

To face the mid-day skies

ANONYMOUS

Our field is the world, and our work is before us,

To each is appointed a message to bear,

At home or abroad, in cottage or palace,

Wherever directed, our mission is there

FANNY J CROSBY

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

LET the month go out in tranquillity! If all the winds and gusts of these blustering days are over, why should we not look for a succeeding calm? May it not only bring peace to the elements, but to your heart and mine as well. That we may bear malice towards no one, that we may cherish no anger, feel no envy, nor harbor any resentment, — this is my earnest prayer to-day. If our heart-gusts have ceased blowing, then shall follow the inner calm too deep to be measured

Heart-free from a thought of malice,
All envy behind us thrust,
Oh, may we with tranquil spirits
Be gentle, and pure, and just
With ever a calm of manner,
We'll watch life's storms sweep by,
Then, earth shall look up and marvel,
And smile in our soul's blue sky!

I S T

This outward calm is an emblem
Of the hope and joy within,
Of a soul at peace with its Maker,
Of a world redeemed from sin

ANNIE R FOLSOM

So in the morning twilight of the soul,
Would I keep silence, O my God! to Thee,
That thus some starry promise may unroll
Its beauty and its brilliancy for me,
And from my mind, with all its various powers,
Shall rise sweet incense as the breath of flowers,
Till God's own glory gilds the glowing hours!

ANNA LENTHAL SMITH



OR THE MONTH OF APRIL——



APRIL FIRST

HEY for leaves and buds and flowers,
Opening fast through April hours!
All along the wayside places
Pink spring beauties lift their faces,
And happy children soon will look
For violets beside the brook
Hey for leaves and buds and flowers,
Opening fast through April hours!

ANONYMOUS

This is our day Look how the world brightens, for
it is now the beginning of a happy time to come! The
avenues of Time stand open, and we look backward
over the long line of Aprils that have passed away,—
yes, they are all filled with tender memories Those
were bright, happy days, but ah! are they so sweet as
the present April with the golden promise of a summer
yet to come? Dear heart, let us be glad to day, and
let us look trustingly on and beyond us, knowing that
God has in store many folded buds for love and happi-
ness that shall awaken in His sunlight and bloom for
us

“The days of April,” they are fair, so fair,
With precious promise in the budding flowers,
Promise of days all radiant, fresh, and rare,
Mellowed by gentle dews and fleeting showers

ISABEL GORDON



ALICE CARY

1826-1871

APRIL SECOND

GOD is waking His tiniest messengers to praise
Him, and to carry sweetness into all the world

It is very strange that our pulses thrill
At the sight of a voiceless thing,
And our hearts yearn so with tenderness,
In the beautiful time of Spring

N P WILLIS

O violets hiding in the green,
O violets sweet and shy,
You have the sweetness of the earth,
The beauty of the sky!
No fairer blossom blows
Till Summer brings her rose

ANONYMOUS

Violets,—with all their sweetness and humility,—
it seems to me, are linked with more tender memories
than any other flower. One withered violet often
speaks volumes, and the odor of these little blossoms
will awaken thoughts that have long been sleeping, and
recall sorrows and joys of by-gone days

O, faint, delicious, springtime violet!
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's ward to let
A thought of sorrow free

WILLIAM W STORY

Its grateful influence haunts me still,
Grant me, I pray, the violet's part,
To catch enough of joy to fill
The calyx of my thirsty heart

JANE M READ

APRIL THIRD

SEE, all of Nature's children are growing and progressing, for April days are thriving days, and new beauties are opening every hour. Each blade of grass is busy doing its best. What tiny things help to make a world, don't they? If you are only an atom in the great mass of humanity that makes the immortal part of the world, you are never lost sight of or forgotten by your Creator. He has given you this beautiful growing April day, and surrounded you with examples of patience and progress. Are you pushing out into the sunlight of newer hope and gladness, and leaving behind your dead self of doubt and discontent?

Awake to effort while the day is shining,
The time to labor will not always last,
And no regret, repentance, nor repining
Can bring to us again the buried past

SARAH F BOLTON

Look not without for blame or praise,
Look upward and within,
And through the swift revolving days,
With each thy task begin
And lo' as grows the kingly tree
By force of kingly might,
Thy life to those around shall be
Majestic, strong, and bright

ALICE C JENNINGS

Robins in the tree-tops,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass

T. B ALDRICH

APRIL FOURTH

KEEP up a brave spirit, things are never quite so bad as we imagine they may be. God always lets in the sunshine somewhere. Hope on, no matter how dark the way seems, it is better farther on. Do not be discouraged, if business is dull, if troubles overwhelm you, if you have losses and crosses, or if you are deceived and disappointed, go on hoping and trusting, there is a good time coming for you! Take hold of the every-day duties, and if they are not to your taste, and of your seeking, honor them, anyway. By doing these things well, you shall be found worthy of greater ones. Work and hope, your Better Day will dawn.

We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well
Faith can sing, through days of sorrow,
All, all is well

MARY B. PETERS

O wondrous day that's coming,
We hail thy herald beams!
Thy rising beauties far outshine
Our fancy's fairest dreams

MRS. LANDON

O day long looked for, oft foretold,
Best theme of prayer and song,
When Truth and Right shall judgment hold,
In triumph over Wrong!
Young lives wear out 'twixt hope and doubt,
Young hearts grow cold and numb
But God's day is our promised day,
And that is sure to come

LEWIS J. BATES

APRIL FIFTH

HAIL, sweet April morn' I hear the bells ringing
to usher thee in, for surely thou art to be a glad
day for somebody

They are tolling in the tower
For another day begun,
And to hail the rising hour
Of a brighter, brighter Sun'

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE

This is a glory of a new day, may it be a day of
peace and blessing to you! Surely, methinks, some
days are like some lives, — born to carry joy and sun-
shine May this day be a messenger of happiness to
your heart, and may you go through the world dis-
tributing happiness to others This is your royal birth-
right, and what nobler mission could you have than
this? Oh, pure heart-happiness is a crown of glory to
its possessor, and if this is your gift, how fortunate you
are! Keep looking on the "bright side," and gather
all the gladness you can find

So, my friends, let's choose the bright side,
Just the happy, glorious right side,
Which will give us health and spirits just so long as
life shall last,
And the sorrows that roll o'er us
Shall not always go before us,
If we keep a watch for blue skies and will hold its sun-
shine fast

ANONYMOUS

I wish for thee not only a happy life, but a blessed
Eternity'

APRIL SIXTH

CONSCIENCE is merely our own judgment of the right or wrong of our actions, and so can never be a safe guide unless enlightened by the word of God
— TRYON EDWARDS

A disciplined conscience is a man's best friend It may not be his most amiable, but it is his most faithful monitor — AUSTIN PHELPS

Dare to do right ! dare to be true !
You have a work that no other can do ,
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell

Dare to do right ! dare to be true !
Love may deny you its sunshine and dew
Let the dew fail, for then showers shall be given ,
Dew is from earth, but the showers are from Heaven

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR

In ourselves is hid
The holy spirit-land,
Where Thought, the flaming cherub, stands
With its relentless brand ,
We feel the pang, when the dread sword
Inscribes the hidden sin,
And turneth everywhere to guard
The paradise within !

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH

Keep thy conscience clean , guard it well, for it is a hidden treasure, which, if exposed too much to the world, will become tarnished and callous It is the pearl which God hath shrined in thy breast , let it not lose its purity, nor its tenderness

APRIL SEVENTH

DO not hurry,
Do not worry,
As this world you travel through,
No regretting,
Fuming, fretting,
Ever can advantage you
Be content with what you've won,
What on earth you leave undone,
There are plenty left to do

ANONYMOUS

Look at the records of great men who have passed away from this earth, you wonder how we could afford to give them up, but yet the world goes on just the same without them, and so will it be with you. If you feel that you are of the utmost importance, just remember this. Those who have reached the pinnacle of Fame,—men of deep, thoughtful minds, heroes in battle, great inventors and scientists,—these have finished the battle of life, and have left the world as busy and as absorbed as ever. Of what did it avail them to hurry and worry so? I do not mean that it is right to idle away your time, but that you should not employ it in fuming and fretting about unnecessary things. Do not put off the things that make for your soul's welfare!

The day that we dream of comes at length,
When tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,
And wait and watch as the day wanes on,
But the angels we meant to call, are gone!

MARGARET J. PRESTON

APRIL EIGHTH

NO stars shine brighter than the kingly man,
Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,
Who grandly conquers, or as grandly dies,
And the white banner of his manhood bears,
Through all the years uplifted to the skies

JULIA C R DORR

God bless the "kingly man"—he whose manhood
is his crown, he who is a nobleman by nature, he
who honors God, and is honored by Him In resist-
ing temptation to do wrong, in overcoming evil, in
doing each duty earnestly,—ah, therein lies his title
to his crown Life is worth your best effort, your
noblest endeavor, therefore let no day go by without
taking a step upward

No man is coward who beholds the truth,
Who simply guesses what is God's great thought,
Or hears His awful voice in thunder blast
He must be noble, must be brave, forsooth,
Who strives for prizes which His hands have wrought,
And as a victor sovereign reigns at last

MARY A RIPLEY

"Look forward,—and not back!" Each lost en-
deavor

May be a step upon thy chosen path
All that the past withheld, in larger measure,
Somewhere in willing trust the future hath
Near and more near the Ideal stoops to meet
The steadfast coming of unfaltering feet

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE

APRIL NINTH

IN all intercourse no armor is so becoming and so protective as a gentlemanly demeanor, and when we think how intimate, diversified, unavoidable, indispensable, how daily and hourly are our relations with our fellow-men, we cannot but become aware how much it concerns us, for our pleasure and our profit, and for a deeper satisfaction, to be affable and gentlemanly, and arm ourselves with a bearing that shall be the expression of self-respect, purified by respect for others

— GEORGE HENRY CALVERT

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy'
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers, —
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe

JAMES T FIELDS

— Gentlemen are bound, as are the stars,
To stoop not after rising

N P WILLIS

Be courteous to all, it is ennobling to yourself and others. He who is a stranger to courtesy and gentleness is inspired with a longing to be something better than he is, if you treat him with deference and respect, no matter how lowly and humble may be his station. It costs very little to be civil and polite, and in no way can a man show his true manhood than through acts of kindly courtesy. Pray remember this. Cultivate a spirit of thoughtfulness, and do not forget how much depends upon being genuinely polite, the true gentleman is always thinking of others

APRIL TENTH

AND have we not all our ships at sea? You have yours, and I have mine, they are sailing, sailing far away, and we are waiting to hail the day that brings them safely back again. When shall they come, and how freighted, I wonder? with love? with gladness? with wealth, or health? With sweet contentment, or careless pleasure? with pain, or sorrow, or vain regrets? Our Father knows! We may safely trust Him to guide and speed them through wind and storm. Though heavy laden with gay good wishes when first we launched them, we cannot tell if He shall send them again to greet us, still buoyant. That yours may come with flying sails, and bring you peace and winsome joy, — this is my dearest wish for you to-day!

Whether of high or low degree,
All men and women have ships at sea,
Some are speeding over the main,
And will never return again,
Some that have sailed the world around,
With precious freight are homeward bound;
Some are tossed where the breakers free
Leap over the wrecks down into the sea

G W BUNGAY

White in the sunshine her sails will be gleaming,
See, where my ship comes in,
At mast-head and peak her colors streaming,
Proudly she's sailing in,
Love, hope, and joy on her decks are cheering,
Music will welcome her glad appearing,
And my heart will sing at her stately nearing,
When my ship comes in

ROBERT J BURDETTE

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ROBERT J BURDETTE

APRIL ELEVENTH

DO you count the mercies? Every day you have them showered upon you from God's lavish hand. Do you take them as a matter of course, and forget to be thankful for them? Oh, how wrong this is! God is so good and so kind to remember all we need, and to abundantly supply our wants, then how sadly ungrateful we are if we fail to appreciate our blessings. Every ill we are spared, every danger from which we are protected, every sorrow which passes us by, — are not these mercies? It is the common every-day benefits, that are showered upon us from sun to sun, that we are not grateful enough for. Let us begin anew, let us teach our hearts to praise God, "who daily loadeth us with benefits."

Dear Lord, are we ever so thankful,
As thankful we should be to Thee,
For Thine angels sent down to defend us
From dangers our eyes never see,
From perils that lurk unsuspected,
The powers of earth and of air,
The while we are Heaven protected
And guarded from evil and snare?

Are we grateful, as grateful we should be
For commonplace days of delight,
When safe we fare forth to our labor,
And safe we fare homeward at night,
For the weeks in which nothing has happened
Save commonplace toiling and play,
When we've worked at the tasks of the household
And peace hushed the house day by day?

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

APRIL TWELFTH

ONE day at a time, — this is enough Do not look
back and grieve over the past, for it is gone, and
do not be troubled about the future, for it has not yet
come Live in the present, and make it so beautiful
that it will be worth remembering

Only one day at a time, dear heart,
 Only one day at a time,
One day's sorrows and cares and joys
 To weave into soulful rhyme
One day's journey along the way,
 Toilsome and rough and drear,
Courage, dear heart! soon cometh the night,
 Then will come rest, don't fear

Bright and cheery the sun may rise
 Over the morrow's way,
Turning the rocks to nuggets of gold,
 Chasing the shadows away
Give thyself to its cheering power,
 Gather its shining gold,
Store it away for a darker hour,
 When sunny skies grow cold

One day's burden thy hands may bear,
 Nay, 'tis enough, dear heart!
Borrow not aught of to-morrow's care,
 Cheerly bear thy part
Strength shall be given thee, hour by hour,
 With movement slow or fast,
One by one they will glide away
 Into the shadowy past

MARY MORRISON

APRIL THIRTEENTH

HEART-CONFIDENCES are very sweet, when trustingly given, and faithfully kept Surely we may give our dearest and best secrets into God's keeping and know that He will tenderly guard them There is no want for the day but He will be glad to know, and no joy or sorrow but He would willingly share Let us, then, whisper into His listening ear our hopes and wishes for the day, and in this quiet hour of peace seek guidance, strength renewed, and light to lead us onward, through life's way

If in our thoughts, by Thee made calm and clear,
The brightening image of Thy face we see,
What hour of all our lives can be so dear
As this still hour with Thee'

LUCY LARCOM

Ah, 'tis quiet hours like these
When we wistfully look above,
And see the works of the great, good God,
And think of His tender love,
That helps us brave to be
And strengthens us on our way,
Till the night of life is merged at last
In eternity's perfect day

CHARLOTTE L. SEAVER

And yet He smiles upon us in His grace
Our glad hearts thrill, and say,
"He is not far away"
His love streams round us like the sunrise ray,
Though far above us, past the azure sky,
Yet, with the love we long for, He is nigh

JANE MARIA READ

APRIL FOURTEENTH

THE spirit of resurrection breathes on all around,
 may thoughts of Christ and His resurrection fill
your hearts to-day! The gloom of winter has passed
and gone, the chilling winds have taken flight, the
snows have melted, and where was once frozen, barren
ground, now lies the velvet sod and springing flowers
Oh, if your heart has been cold and unyielding, may it
awake and blossom too, and many sweet and tender
thoughts outbreathe in words of truth and goodness!

The solemn Lenten bells have merged in joyful chime,
They ring out full and free the song of Easter time
The passion-flowered cross no longer tells of death,
A resurrected life speaks in the lilies' breath

The censer flowers exhale their perfume pure and sweet,
And while their odors rare our quickened senses greet,
Let all our souls await in reverent hope and love
The Spirit's brooding care descending from above

May all our votive hearts be alabasters white,
Which, breaking to our Lord, in consecration's rite,
We gladly give Their perfume shall be hope, this
 hour,
And faith, which ends in deed — love's perfect-petalled
 flower

So for us all no real death shall be, though riven
The silver cord, or broke the golden bowl, since, given
By Christ, immortal life is ours For us no night,
Since Heaven, our other home, is white with during
 light

LOUISE S BAKER

APRIL FIFTEENTH

LINCOLN MEMORIAL DAY

"With malice toward none, with charity for all"

THERE are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals and immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the pulsations of the Infinite Through such a time has this nation passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted that martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the Republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men — JAMES A. GARFIELD

O Slavery, Abraham Lincoln, the brave,
Reached out in his pity our nation to save,
He struck the fell blow that was death unto thee,
That blow, praise the Lord' made America free
And Freedom, the dignified daughter of Peace,
Each year shall his merited praises increase,
The sun shall turn cold and its light fade away
Ere the world shall forget him we honor to-day

How modest, forgiving, and gentle he was,
How slow to condemn, without heaviest cause,
How ready to succor the helpless and weak,
In deep provocation, how careful to speak'
How honors became him' nor did he once boast,
Though placed at the head of America's host

We'll crown him with laurels, will honor his dust,
Our Abraham Lincoln, the noble and just'

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

APRIL SIXTEENTH

GOD gives us our conscience as a guide, we stand alone, and are at liberty to obey or disobey its whispers. Each one is left, in a measure, to follow the promptings of his own will. We are expected to live a true, honorable life, and to cast around us an influence for good over others. This is what we should strive for,—to climb up as near Heaven as we can, and to take our fellow-men with us.

If it be true — and this I surely know,
That I shall reap the very kind I sow,
That I must stand alone — not for another,
And answer for myself — not for my brother,
Then should I waste my life in fruitless care,
For what another's conscience has to bear,
Save, if I may, to bear some humble part
To lift the burden from an aching heart?

JAMES W BARKER

I pray to live,
Though small the circuit given,
In earnest zeal, to bless and give
My best to other lives — to live
Approved by truth and Heaven!

MARION DALANA DANIEL

If we work upon marble, it will perish, if we work upon brass, time will efface it, if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust, but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, — with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, — we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity — DANIEL WEBSTER

APRIL SEVENTEENTH

WHAT God and your better nature tell you to do, arise and obey Not with dilatory manner, and slow, lagging steps, but with the gladness of cheerful, ready obedience, and as one who goes forth to meet a welcome guest If the duty is irksome, still go forward and obey If there are obstacles that obstruct your path, do not stand back God never exacts obedience to impossibilities, the way will be opened, if you only trust and obey The trouble is, too many of us are trying to go forward in our own strength, and do not seek to be guided by God and Truth We turn a deaf ear to the Divine whisper, and this is why we make so many failures First listen, and then obey

O God, my flesh may tremble
When Thou speakest to my soul,
But it cannot shun Thy presence blessed,
Nor shrink from Thy control
A joy my spirit cheereth
That cannot pass away
Speak, for Thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey

Thou biddest me to utter
Words that I scarce may speak,
And mighty things were laid on me,
A helpless one, and weak
Darkly Thy truth declareth
Its purpose and its way
Speak, for Thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey

JULIA WARD HOWE

APRIL EIGHTEENTH

HOW perfect is the plan of Nature! The earth lies richly dressed to-day in the beautiful garb of blossoming Spring What an awakening! what a jubilee! Everything is sprouting, and pulsing, and reaching out into the light O Dreamer, dream no longer, thou hast a work before thee Push up into the light of a nobler existence Let the secret workings of the spring-time begin in thy soul, through the dull earth-life of Self arise and plume thyself for flight Mount upward, — no longer dream, but *act*

I have done, at length, with dreaming,
Henceforth, O thou Soul of mine,
Thou must take up sword and gauntlet,
Waging warfare most divine
Life is struggle, combat, victory, —
Wherefore have I slumbered on
With my forces all unmarshalled,
With my weapons all undrawn?
Oh, how many a glorious record
Had the angel of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted,
Had I warred instead of wept!

Yet, my Soul, look not behind thee,
Thou hast work to do at last,
Let the brave toil of the Present
Overarch the crumbling Past,
Build thy great acts high, and higher,
Build them on the conquered sod
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,
And thy first prayer rose to God

CAROLINE A BRIGGS

APRIL NINETEENTH

“ASSOCIATION begets assimilation,” is an old-fashioned motto, but nevertheless a very true one. We are naturally more or less affected by the company we keep. If we would be gentle and refined in manner and conversation, let us choose our associates among those who are cultivated and pure, those who have learned, not merely the grace of outward composure, but who possess the gentleness of mind, as well. Let us remember, too, that our influence is of no small account. If we would be surrounded by refinement, we must be pure and refined ourselves.

And men are polished, through act and speech,
Each by each,
As pebbles are smoothed on the rolling beach

J. T. TROWBRIDGE

Cast my heart's gold into the furnace flame,
And if it comes out thence refined and pure,
I'll be a bankrupt to thy hope, and Heaven
Shall shut its gates on me

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY

True refinement is not mere outside polish. It is purity, gentleness, and grace in the heart which, like the perfume of a flower, breathe out and bathe all the life in sweetness. It is not mental culture, there is often true refinement where education has been limited, where, in the speech you may detect faults and errors. On the other hand, there is sometimes high intellectual training and furnishing without any true refinement. That which really refines is purity of mind and heart — ANONYMOUS

APRIL TWENTIETH

IT is much easier to arm ourselves to face a great battle, than to be able to meet the little daily thrusts from the enemy. It is the little things that make or mar our life, that sweeten or embitter our disposition, and that prepare or unfit us for Heaven. We look at disappointments and trials very differently. While one may use them as stepping-stones to some great good, another will frown and fret and grow irritable under them, often, though we cannot see it at the time, these same disappointments have resulted in our happiness. The discipline was severe, but how much better it is to bear it patiently and trust to our dear Heavenly Father to bring out of it a blessing, than to chafe under it and think our lot too hard to bear. Be patient, it is the oft-repeated thrust that is far more trying than the one great blow. Make a pleasure of every duty, and do not allow the little worries to rob your temper of its sweetness.

We call him strong who stands unmoved —
Calm as some tempest-beaten rock —
When some great trouble hurls its shock,
We say of him, "His strength is proved"
But, when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then Life's little things?

ELLEN P. ALLERTON

The little touch may hurt the most —
A harsh or kind word spoken
May light another's darkened way
Or pierce a spirit broken

MRS J. C. FIELD

APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

REMEMBER that what you believe will depend very much upon what you are — NOAH PORTER

In the destiny of every moral being, there is an object more worthy of God than happiness. It is character. And the grand aim of man's creation is the development of a grand character, and grand character is, by its very nature, the product of probationary discipline — AUSTIN PHELPS

Oh! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike, let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE

Not in rewards, but in the strength to strive,
The blessing lies, and new experience gained,
In daily duties done, hope kept alive,
That Love and Thought are housed and entertained

J T TROWBRIDGE

Love, Truth, and Justice are good foundations for a strong character. Build well, for the eye of the Infinite is watching, and the world is watching too. Aim high, lofty aspirations are vastly important in character-building.

A man is what he is, not what men say he is. His character is what is before God. That no man can touch, only he himself can damage it. His reputation is what men say he is. That may be damaged. Reputation is for time, character is for eternity — J B GOUGH

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

MAY this be a happy day to thee' Be thou a blessing to thyself, and thou shalt then prove a blessing to others Some one has said, "The best receipt for the year's happiness is summed up in one word kindness Kindness to others, unselfish giving, doing good as the opportunity is afforded, will make a life, not happy merely, but blessed " Thou hast, perhaps, many noble qualities of mind — thou art true and faithful in thy affections and duties, and conscientious in word and deed thou art kind too, it may be, but there are many ways of being kind there is the kindness for humanity's sake, and the kindness for Christ's sake As Christ is the King of humanity, I wish for thee the triumphant joy of being kind for His sake As soon as thou hast attained to this, thou shalt possess true happiness

Look at him

Who reads aright the image on his soul,
And gives it nurture like a child of light,
His life is calm and blessed, for his peace,
Like a rich pearl beyond the diver's ken,
Lies deep in his own bosom He is pure,
For the soul's errands are not done with men,
His senses are subdued and serve the soul

N P WILLIS

Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray,
Oh, touch the sceptre ' win a hope in Heaven,
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away'

WILLIS G CLARK

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

YOUR text for to-day, — “God knows ” What if you do make mistakes? Never mind them, so the motive was right you meant to do your best, and it was the wrong thing, after all And now you are discouraged and disheartened, and feel, perhaps, that your life has been a miserable failure Oh don't feel so! Just remember that if others do not understand, God does

O tired heart,
God knows!
Not you nor I,
Who reach our hands for gifts
That wise love must deny
We blunder where we fain would do our best,
Until a-weary, then we cry, “Do Thou the rest ”
And in His hands the tangled threads we place,
Of our poor, blind weaving, with a shamèd face
All trust of ours He sacredly will keep,
So tired heart — God knows — go thou to work or
sleep

O tired heart,
God knows,
Where we but guess,
Of unknown future years,
Their joys or bitterness
For we are finite, limited, enfurled,
His vision in its sweep reaches from world to world
Our hidden, complex selves, His eye doth see,
And with exceeding tenderness, weighs equally
O wisdom infinite! O love naught can o'erwhelm!
Rest, tired heart — God knows, give unto Him the
helm

HANNAH CODDINGTON

APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

THERE'S a mighty temptation, the growth of the
age,
Deep set in the life of to-day,
There is falsehood, that staineth the world's printed
page,
That leadeth in dishonor's way
To be true to the best that lies in our power,
To be true to the right, is the need of the hour

ELLEN DARE

Oh, if the world would only be "true to the right"!
It is because they reach out after false doctrines and
ideas that the need of the hour is so great. Get into
the good old paths of Truth and Right, they are safe
roads, and lead to a safe abode. Keep clear of the
side-tracks, you only lose time by walking in them, for,
although they may allure you for a while, you will soon
long for the old tried paths your fathers trod. Oh, the
need of the hour is to be strong and true, and to follow
Right, as closely as we can!

Man should dare all things that he knows are right,
And fear to do no act save what is wrong,
But, guided safely by his inward light,
And with a permanent belief, and strong,
In Him who is our Father and our Friend,
He should walk steadfastly unto the end

PHŒBE CARY

What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,
For God and Man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth
To life's mid span?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

THERE is no journey of life but has its clouded days, and there are some days in which our eyes are so blinded with tears that we find it hard to see our way or even read God's promises. Those days that have a bright sunrise, followed by sudden thunderclaps and bursts of unlooked-for sorrows, are the ones that test certain of our graces most severely. Yet the law of spiritual eyesight very closely resembles the law of physical optics. When we come suddenly out of the daylight into a room even moderately darkened we can discern nothing, but the pupil of our eye gradually enlarges until unseen objects become visible. Even so the pupil of the eye of faith has the blessed faculty of enlarging in dark hours of bereavement, so we discover that our loving Father's hand is holding the cup of trial, and by and by the gloom becomes luminous with glory — THEODORE CUYLER

O my Father! Thou hast made me —
I have life, and life must have its way,
Why should love and gladness be gainsaid me?
Why should shadows cloud my little day?

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

I'm walking in the shadow,
But lo! the morning breaks,
And with its glad returning,
My hope renewed awakes

MRS F C VAN ALSTYNE

May God clear away all shadows from your sky, and fill your pathway with the wondrous light of His love, and may you walk heavenward with Him!

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

GIVE words, kind words to those who err ,
Remorse doth need a comforter
 Though in temptation's wiles they fall,
 Condemn not — we are sinners all
With the sweet charity of speech,
Give words that heal, and words that teach

LYDIA H SIGOURNEY

It is the charity of speech that we all need We are ever too ready to condemn and misjudge others So often we are deceived by appearances, and we allow ourselves to be prejudiced against our neighbor, then we speak a little unkind word, or make a little slighting remark, or perhaps it is not even this much, — it may only be a mere look of disapproval or a disdainful shrug Oh, how un-Christlike this is! Let us try to find excuses for the faults of others

You may whisper words of comfort
 That will hope and faith renew,
You may drop a gentle warning,
 That will keep a whole life true ,
You may touch a soul by mildness,
 And by words of love and cheer,
That would never yield or soften
 'Neath a cruel scoff or jeer

Like a heavenly benediction
 Falling softly from above,
Thrills the sympathetic kindness
 Through the words of hope and love

MARTHA C OLIVER

APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

AND now from field to field the patient sower
wends his way, and scatters carefully the tiny
seed, when he has ploughed the yielding sod The
sun, by day, looks down and smiles, all glad and
warm, the moon and stars, by night, shine radiant
and clear, while shower and dew and freshening winds
all bear a willing part to wake to life the hidden germ
that lies beneath the soil As thou dost go, O child
of man, upon the pilgrimage of earth, cast forth thy
seed with lavish hand The Heavenly Sun shall add
His beams, the Light celestial downward shine, the
showers of mercy shall on the waiting seed descend,
till lo' in fields of Love and Truth shall wave the har-
vests thou hast sown, to feed the hungry heart of man

Our field is the world ' let us forth to the sowing ,
O'er valley and mountain, o'er desert and plain ,
Beside the still waters thro' cool meadows flowing ,
O'er regions unblest by the dew and the rain

Let us scatter the seed, tho' in sorrow and weeping ,
Tho' fields should be verdureless, wint'ry and bare ,
The Lord of the harvest hath still in His keeping
Each seed as it falls, and will guard it with care

Then each for his reaping, and each for his mourning,
Shall sometime rejoice when the harvest is won,
And know, in the flush of eternity's morning,
The toil, the reward, and the glory are one'

MRS J C YULE

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

DOUBT not, dear troubled Heart! Hast thou been deceived and disappointed? Hast thou grown cold and distrustful? I beseech thee do not let these things take away thy joy and peace Who cares for the birds in the brooding winter days? God shows them where to go, and they trust in Him, and go singing So shouldst thou, O Doubter, fly to the summerland of His love, when cares are heavy and losses are great He will never forsake thee, then doubt no longer!

Doubt, like a shadowy shape of wrong,
Pursues — appalls me, but I hold
A little leading thread of gold,
Therefore, O doubting heart, be strong

MARY A LATHBURY

O, children beloved, will you not understand
'Tis the doubt in the heart that unnerves the hand?
To the arm of the child, that would trust Me all,
With never a doubt of what would befall,
I could give the strength and the courage and skill
Of the mightiest angel that does My will

MARIA LOUISE EVE

God grant that all who watch to-day
Beside their sepulchres of Loss
May see the great stone roll away —
May see, at last with vision clear,
The shining angel standing near,
And through the dimly lighted soul
Again may Joy's evangel roll —
The glory of the Cross!

JULIA H THAYER

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

ISN'T it strange what a variety of happenings falls to our lot? You think your life uneventful, commonplace, monotonous, but this is really not so. It is as full of changes as a summer sky. One moment you are all sunshine, the next all tears, one day you are buoyant with hope, the next despondent with fear. Anger sometimes takes entire possession of you, and then melts away to give place to forgiveness. Joy tunes your lips to song, but in the midst of your gladness grief lays her cruel hand upon you, and you are plunged into blackest despair. Yes, there are shadows and sorrows, but, thank God! there is always light beyond, and you have only to lift your eyes to see it shining full and clear—the radiance of an eternal Hope that shall never be lost.

Thou shalt have sun and shower from Heaven above,
Thou shalt have flower and thorn from earth below,
Thine shall be foe to hate and friend to love,
Pleasure that others gain, the ills they know, —
And all in a lifetime

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

The winds of God shall sweep the clouds
Away across the sky,
And all the shades shall be dispelled
That in the valleys lie,
And though these shadows linger still,
The heart with rapture thrills,
That while we wait and work and pray
The light shines on the hills!

ELIZA O PIERSON

APRIL THIRTIETH

I KNOW not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

Let God choose the pattern for your work You would only confuse the colors and begin it all wrong He sets the threads even and true, and gives the shuttles into your hands that you may do the work yourself And how often you have grumbled and envied some one else their task and their surroundings Be willing to be guided by the Master-hand, it makes no mistakes Your part is but to take the place appointed, and follow your pattern, and to lose no time in doing your best April is slipping away, and leaves you with the unfinished weft of your life-work in your hands Trust God to show you how to weave each thread for Him

I leave my life with Thee, my Lord,
I dare not seek to know
What pattern Thou hast set for me
To work, as on I go

SUSAN V ALDRICH

I cannot tell, but gladly leave
All in my Father's hands,
Assured that, as the past has been,
The future still shall be,
Each day will bring its needed grace,
Its needed strength to me

MARY K BUCK



OR THE MONTH OF MAY——



MAY FIRST

HAIL, bonny May! we welcome thee to earth once more April's gates have closed behind her, and left only the sweet remembrance of her presence, mildness, verdure, bird-song, and quickened life are evidences of her visitation, and the earth is still sprinkled with her little violet children. And now it is May-day, the lilacs are nodding their purple and white plumes, and the sweet-breathed cherry blossoms are hourly opening into new white stars. In full, symmetrical globes of bloom stands the stately gelder-rose, lifting her crown of purity up into the blue sky, — and all the earth rejoices and praises God.

Around the May-pole, hand in hand,
The merry children dance,
And make of earth a fairy-land
Of beauty and romance,
As in and out they swiftly glide,
Adorned with flowers gay,
And fling their garlands far and wide
To greet the beauteous May!

I S T

O listen! the Jubilate
From every bough is poured,
And earth in the smile of the springtime
Arises to greet her Lord!

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.



DONALD G MITCHELL

1822

MAY SECOND

THE world is wondrous fair to-day There is beauty and fragrance all around us the orchards are steeped in perfume, and there is a fluttering of rosy-tinted wings against the soft blue sky with every passing breeze Millions of airy butterflies seem flitting past, and yet they are not butterflies at all, but the silky petals of the blushing apple blooms May God keep your heart as pure and guileless as the blossoms of the apple-tree, and grant that the influence of your life may shed a perfume on all other hearts around you that shall sweeten them as long as life shall last

The apple-trees are laden with blossoms to-day,
White blossoms as pure as the snow that fell
From Heaven, and clothed all the slumbering trees
In robes that would grace the fair angels as well

ISABELLA W MC CONIHE

Heart! yield up thy fruitless quest,
Beneath the apple-tree,
Youth comes but once, love only once,
And May but once to thee!

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

The apple-tree blooms, and forgets that she has ever been fragrant and beautiful She lays aside her delicate attire, and, screening herself in leafy shadow, begins to make preparations for harvest Thou too, if not beautiful, canst at least be *dutiful*, that thy soul's harvest may be abundant If thou doest noble deeds, be forgetful of them, and, like the apple-tree, go quietly on doing the work God appoints for thee

MAY THIRD

IF we keep pace with Nature and the times, we must not be content with what we are. The mind and soul within us are hungering to be fed. To feed the body is not enough, the intellectual and spiritual part of us needs a far greater storehouse than the temporal. We are like the little stream that trickles down the mountain-side, gathering new force from smaller streams, we reach out for something to help and strengthen us every day, for we are all rushing onward to join the great sea of Eternity. We may be content with our outer surroundings, but to be satisfied with self and the inner life makes of our existence a complete failure.

No man may say at night
His goal is reached, the hunger for the light
Moves with the star, our thirst will not depart
Howe'er we drink 'Tis what before us goes
Keeps us awearry, will not let us lay
Our heads in dreamland, though the enchanted palm
Rise from our desert, though the fountain grows
Up in our path, with slumber's flowing balm;
The soul is o'er the horizon far away

JOHN JAMES PIATT

O, laggard soul! unclothe thine eyes —
No more in luxury soft
Of joy ideal waste thyself
Awake, and soar aloft!
Unfurl this hour those falcon wings
Which thou dost fold too long;
Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze,
And sing thy loftiest song!

FRANCES S OSGOOD

MAY FOURTH

NO matter what may come, be assured that God loves you. It is such a sweet, comforting love, such a full, boundless love, such a pitying, protecting love. Oh, the love of God! it is broad enough to cover the whole wide world, and all Heaven besides! It has neither beginning nor end, and it will go on, and on, and on, forever!

Of this I'm sure if sorrow waits,
God's love is waiting, too,
I'll lean my weakness on His strength,
And He will bear me through

MARY K BUCK

And so through this weary world we go,
Bearing our burdens of needless woe,
Carrying hearts that are heavy and slow,
Under their load of care,
When, oh, if we only, only knew
That God is tender and kind and true,
And that He loves us through and through,
Our hearts would be lighter than air

ANONYMOUS

Bid Christ's unceasing love and boundless power
Light for each problem, strength for duty bring,
Cleansing for sin, till Heaven's own glorious hour
In sweetness shall dissolve each bitter thing

ALICE C JENNINGS

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay

SUSAN COOLIDGE

MAY FIFTH

A DAY WITH MEMORY

WHO does not enjoy taking a little backward look sometimes? Walk out into the May sunshine, breathe the sweet pure air and smell the fragrance of spicy woods and opening flowers. Is there anything that does not remind you of some long-ago time? The same blue sky once smiled on you when you were just beginning life's happy journey, just entering manhood or womanhood, and the sweet young faces that were grouped about you in a certain bright May-day years ago come back again to greet you now, and to laugh and to talk just as they used to do. And that robin's song, do you remember when the robins sang so blithely in your childhood about the dear old home? It was just such weather as this when you watched them flying back and forth, lighting on a twig here and there, to pour forth a gush of melody. Ah, how it all comes back to-day, and how many changes have occurred since those glad days of youth have vanished. Yonder is a bed of flowers, think a moment,—don't they remind you of the old garden that mother loved? Columbine, phlox, rosemary, lavender, "love lies bleeding," clove pinks, and mignonette,—they are all sweet perfumes of the past, little things, you say, but powerful enough to draw you, by their subtle fragrance, "down the dim avenues of time," and into the old haunts of Memory.

But future years may never fling
A treasure from their passing hours,
Like those that come on sleepless wing,
From Memory's golden plain of flowers

JAMES G CLARK

MAY SIXTH

YOU are never to complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships,—never to fancy that you could be something if only you had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands His own plan, and He knows what you want a great deal better than you do. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities — HORACE BUSHNELL

O Father! help us to resign

Our hearts, our strength, our wills to Thee,
Then even lowliest work of Thine

Most noble, blest, and sweet will be

HARRIET M. KIMBALL

Do not allow yourself to complain. It makes you irritable and unhappy, it drives away your friends and robs life of half of its beauty and attractiveness. A man who is always complaining, frets away the very sunshine, he never sees any good in anything.

Why need we complain? Each setting sun
Is somewhere, in truth, a rising one,
And whether it be in your world or mine
That stars shall gleam, or sun shall shine,
What does it matter? The fact holds true—
It's daytime somewhere all the year through.

In spite of all the fret and despair,
A song is always borne on the air,
And, somewhere, the world is spanned with blue,
And earth is bright with roses' hue,
Then leave your stormy, cheerless heather,
And live in a world of pleasant weather.

LETTY BIGELOW

MAY SEVENTH

A WORD — and the skies would brighten,
A word — and the clouds would fly,
A word — and the soul find healing,
And hurt hearts cease to sigh

Oh, word ere too late, be spoken'
Let the threshold of silence be crossed,
Ere the thread of thy fate be broken
And thy chance forever be lost'

MARK F GRISWOLD

Don't wait to say the needed word, or to do the
needed kindness Life, at the longest, is only a brief
span, therefore don't let its chances pass you by
Give not only the kind and friendly word, but the
encouraging and helpful one, as well Commenda-
tion, when it is deserved, will make many a burden
lighter

If you've anything good to say to a man,
Don't wait till he's laid to rest,
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
Is an empty thing at best

MICHAEL JOSEPH DONNELLY

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me to speak the little word
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing

ANONYMOUS

MAY EIGHTH

OH, the beauty of humility! How rare it is to find people possessing some gift, who do not boast of it and hold it up before others as a wonderful thing, which should be much talked of and noticed. Every talent we have is a gift of God, we have nothing to do with it except to cultivate and take care of it and to thank God for it. It is right that we should be aware of His especial favor to us, but not to be boastful and conceited over it.

Do good, do all the good you can
Go forth and all your treasures scatter,
And still regard the fame thereof
A trifling matter

Whene'er the nightingale pours out
A song, the listening vale surprising,
It does not give itself at once
To advertising

Whene'er a rose in perfect bloom
Outvies the glory of the morning,
It does not go and boast thereof,
Its fellows scorning

Whene'er a tree in garden fair
Perfumes the breeze with blossoms tender,
It does not cry to all who pass,
"Behold my splendor!"

Ah, no, the nightingale sings on,
The rose and tree just do their duty,
Content though few have knowledge of
Their wondrous beauty

GEORGE W CROFTS

MAY NINTH

UP, Heart, and sing! The birds make music, why
not thou? From woodland and hillside a thou-
sand merry warblers send their praises through the
skies The meadow-lark, while on the wing, outpours
a glorious tide of song, and blue-bird, thrush and
whippoorwill and bob-o-link and martins all are piping,
calling, whistling clear in shady copse and leafy grove

The air is full of whirring wings,
As if a thousand, thousand Springs
Swept earthward, — heavenly whisperings
Of gladness to impart,
Oh, list, harmonious music rings!
Each bird a sweet hosanna sings,
And each from God a message brings
To cheer the human heart!

I S T

Up to the clouds the lark has sprung,
Still trilling as he flies

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The sweetest sound our whole year round —
'Tis the first robin of the spring!
The song of the full orchard choir
Is not so fine a thing

EDMUND C STEDMAN

O blue-bird up in the maple-tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you, — tell me true!

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT

MAY TENTH

SOME of our sweetest blessings are born of sorrow
If your heart aches to-day over some grief or loss,
and the world looks dark and cold to you, look up to
God, and be warmed and comforted'

They tell me I must bruise
The rose's leaf
Ere I can keep and use
Its fragrance brief

They tell me love must bleed
And friendship weep,
Ere in my deepest need
I touch that deep

Must it always be so
With precious things?
Must they be bruised, and go
With beaten wings?

Ah, yes! By crushing days,
By caging nights, by scar
Of thorn and stony ways,
These blessings are!

SAMUEL W DUFFIELD

It is said that gardeners, sometimes, when they would bring a rose to richer flowering, deprive it for a season of light and moisture But when every leaf is dropped, and the plant stands stripped to the uttermost, a new life is even then working in the buds, from which shall spring a tender foliage and a brighter wealth of flowers So, often in celestial gardenings, every leaf of earthly joy must drop before a new and divine bloom visits the soul — MRS H B STOWE

MAY ELEVENTH

LET the good seed in thy heart go on growing'

The words which thou hast utter'd
Are of thy soul a part,
And the good seed thou hast scatter'd
Is springing from the heart

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Let us be filled with right aspirations, looking ever toward Heaven, our final goal, and toward Christ, our perfect pattern Let us leave behind us all that hinders our progress Godward Let us shut the doors of our hearts on covetousness, envy, and all such things that tend to drag us down, but with faith in the Divine Life, with spiritual strength, and unflinching courage, let us grow every day in wisdom and knowledge and mount upward towards Heaven

Mount up on high' as if on eagle's wings,
Catch inspiration from the arching skies,
The soul with more seraphic music sings,
As nearer to her bright'ning home she flies

EDWIN H NEVIN

Oft have I brooded on defeat and pain,
The pathos of the stupid, stumbling throng
These I ignore to day, and only long
To pour my soul forth in one trumpet strain,
One clear, grief-shattering, triumphant song,
For all the victories of man's high endeavor,
Palm-bearing, laurelled deeds that live forever,
The splendor clothing him whose will is strong

EMMA LAZARUS

MAY TWELFTH

ANYTHING worth having is worth striving for, worth waiting for. Suppose the gardener did not prune his roses, but allowed them to grow rank and wild, what would be the result? They would, in a few years, run out, and die of neglect. Suppose you neglected the cultivation of your mental garden or field, will any good grow out of it? Oh, you must work if you would have anything worth having! No matter if your pathway is dark, and you think your seed is all blighted, *despair not*, God never forgets, and His recompense is sure to come.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years!
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears

JOHN BURROUGHS

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night,
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Forever from the hand that takes
One blessing from us, others fall,
And soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

JOHN G. WHITTIER

A faith, a life that overcomes —
A warfare unto victory
And then, reward!

MRS HERRICK JOHNSON

MAY THIRTEENTH

NOW is a good time to pull up the weeds. Begin this very morning, and don't stop until your heart is free from everything that retards the growth of the flowers of peace and good-will to all mankind. Don't cherish unkindly feelings towards the man who cheated you yesterday, because his nature is small and mean, should yours be revengeful and unforgiving? Because your rival in business took advantage of you last week, should you plan to take advantage of him next week? Don't allow these weeds to take root in your heart. Let it be your daily prayer that you may overcome all temptations to think evil thoughts and do evil deeds. A good question to ask is, "What would Christ have done?"

Flinch not, faint not, time will tell,
Heaven keeps its reckoning well

Faileth heart and fadeth hope,
As the shadows eastward slope
Last the uproar dies away,
Then like music "Only they
(God in wisdom willed it so),
Overcome, that undergo!"

HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

"For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcome, and am set down with My Father in His throne."

MAY FOURTEENTH

LET this be to you a courageous day Do not lose heart, but be strong to endure whatever may be given you Remember it is but for a day, and if you live this day well, you will be better prepared to face to-morrow

If the day's brief pain and passing care
Have seemed too much and too hard to bear,
If under its trivial press and smart,
Thou hast failed in temper and lost in heart,
If the undiscouraged, journeying sun,
As it sinks to its rest with its travail done,
Leaves thee all spent with trouble and sorrow —
How shalt thou face the harder to-morrow?

If the things familiar daunt thee so,
How shalt thou deal with an unknown woe?
If conquered by every passing dole,
How build the sinews of thy soul?
To stand and shiver on the brink
Of each recurrent task, and shrink,
Will never harden thee to abide
The waves of the turbulent Jordan tide

So, if the now seems cruel and hard,
Endure it with thoughts of the afterward,
And be sure that each task that is clearly set
Is to brace thee for other tasks harder yet
Train the stout muscles of thy will
In the daily grapple with daily ill,
Till, strong to wrestle and firm to abide,
Thou shalt smile at the turbulent Jordan tide

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

MAY FIFTEENTH

CULTIVATE a taste for the beautiful Train your eye to distinguish the lovely harmonies in nature, get into the spirit of the season, whatever it is, and always find something worth seeing and remembering Surely God never meant that any of His wonders should be overlooked, the smallest flower that blossoms, the tiniest seed that sprouts, is His handiwork The more you study His creations, the nearer you should be drawn to Him No matter what your calling is, get as near to the heart of God as you can through it If He has given you an artist's soul, how thankful you should be, then you are indeed blest, because you can be a blessing to others If you can put on canvas a reflection of earth's loveliness, you have been chosen by your Heavenly Father to do a special work for Him by using your gift for His glory

Immortal Arts' where'er the rounded sky
Bends o'er the cradle where thy children lie,
Their home is earth, their herald every tongue

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not The best of beauty is a finer charm than skill in surfaces, in outlines, or rules of art can ever teach, namely, a radiation from the work of art of human character —

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The Past shall re-appear

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

MAY SIXTEENTH

WE look too high for our daily needs,
God trusts them not to the faithless air—
Our truest blessings are those within
Our closest reach, and are everywhere
The infinite heavens refuse to hear
Our cries, and the silence that bids retreat
Should send us back with humble hearts
To our own good world, here, under our feet
JULIA H THAYER.

We are ever crying out for something beyond us,
while we walk blindly over the very blessings that our
neighbor has longed for, perhaps, all of his life We
shut our eyes to the glories around us, or strain them
to see so far beyond that nearer things are lost to view

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it,
And many a tone for the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaleth

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given

MRS M A KIDDER

MAY SEVENTEENTH

LET us keep as near to God as we can, thou and I
When we attempt to walk alone, we stumble and
fall, His hand is strong to guide and uphold us, and
there are no dangers through which He cannot safely
lead us. Communion with Him makes us purer and
truer, and better in our daily life. He is always the
essential part of our life, for "through Him we live and
move and have our being."

Closer to Thee! Safe, safe in Thee to hide,
There let me dwell, whatever may betide,
No other strength or refuge standeth nigh,
Thy love alone can every need supply

I S T

Nearer to Thee each day
I fain would be
Be Thou, O Lord, my way,
And lead Thou me

So close the dawn to dark,
Why need I fear,
If I Thy voice can hark
And know Thee near?

In every stormy stress
Be Thou my stay
If Thou the night dost bless,
I ask not day

When I to doubt would yield,
On Thee I call
Thou art my sun, my shield,
My life, my all

LUELLA CLARK

MAY EIGHTEENTH

“WHY stand ye here all the day idle?” In the highest sense no one can say “No man hired me” Every human being is called for in the service of the man Christ Jesus Faith is service, love is service, and all that our hands find to do And there is much for our hands and feet to do All—all can be a service to Him And until we realize this we are missing the joy of service — MARGARET BOTTOME

Labor is life' 'Tis the still water faileth,
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth,
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth
FRANCES S OSGOOD

To refuse the work God gives you is equal to a denial of Him If you do not obey His commands, you do not recognize Him as your Master Will a faithful servant turn a deaf ear to His lord? What right have you to a place in the Vineyard if you are idle? God does not want idlers, He wants *workers* Seek His will and obey it let there be daily, loving service for Him of heart and hand Toil will be sweet if done for Him

Give me within the work which calls to-day,
To see Thy finger gently beckoning on,
So struggle grows to freedom, work to play,
And toils begun from Thee to Thee are done
J F CLARKE

Thus bravely live heroic men,
A consecrated band,
Life is to them a battle-field,
Their hearts a holy land

HENRY T TUCKERMAN

MAY NINETEENTH

LET us not expect a blessing until we have asked for it Let us begin the day with a prayer, and take for our passport three little words that will appeal to God as nothing else can — *In His Name* !

What powerful gate-openers to Heaven these little words are ! Let us write them on the tablets of our heart and carry them with us forever Methinks in the royal courts of the Celestial Kingdom, this motto must be emblazoned on the coat of arms in letters of gold

The duty nearest, whatsoe'er it be —

So He appoint it ! Let this be our aim,
To give our best endeavor, full and free,
Forgetting self — to glory in His Name !

A word of cheer, when hearts are tired and faint,
The lifting of a burden daily borne,
A sweet remembrance of a soul's complaint,
A turning heavenward weary ones who mourn ,

The lending of a sympathy to reach
Unspoken sorrow, grief, or mute distress,
A smile, that oftentimes transcendeth speech,
A tear of pity, sweet with tenderness

A kindly feeling for the world at large,
A touch, that makes of strangers kith and kin,
A true fulfilment of the Master's charge,
To keep His kingdom ev'ry heart within ,

A looking earthward through the Saviour's eyes, —
Each heart with gentle charity to read ,
A reaching outward where His Vineyard lies —
Oh, let this constitute our Christian creed !

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

MAY TWENTIETH

EVEN a May-day has its shadows Perhaps the early morning gave promise of calm and sunny skies, but clouds arose and hid all the brightness But can you not look on and see the results? New flowers will blossom, new streams be flowing, fresh grass be springing and twigs sprouting Will the earth look dark and gloomy always hereafter? Ah, no! she will be the better for it And are there clouds in your sky too? Do you feel as if it were December instead of May? It is only a passing storm, don't go about carrying gloom on your face and despair in your heart Doubtless you feel as if your world were all wrong and your whole life a mistake—not a bit of it! It will all come right, by and by

If we never saw the contrast that there is 'tween sun
and rain,
If we never knew the difference that there is 'tween joy
and pain,
How could we prize the beauty of a sunlit summer day,
Or know half the glowing pleasure of an hour that's
free and gay?

MABEL PERCY

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong,
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

MAY TWENTY-FIRST

AND is this your heart's ambition,—to obtain wealth, just for the sake of surrounding yourself with luxuries, and to be looked up to and honored and called rich? Do you imagine that with such an object in view you will ever be happy? Do you believe God's blessing will follow you, and that you will possess the inward peace and quietness that alone can bring content? If you have a love for the beautiful, and are able to gratify your tastes, make your home as attractive as you can, but don't build a mansion at the expense of your soul. Don't, let me entreat you, don't shut your heart against the cry of the poor and suffering, and sit down in selfish ease and pretend that you are enjoying life. You know better, and I know better—God knows better. What are riches but a gift from Him? He has prospered you, now reach out and help others, and thank Him for the sweet privilege

I know that we are not here
For our selfish ease,
The kindest One that the world has known
Lived not Himself to please
And they who have learned of Him
How a burden can give rest,
And joyfully share the great human care,—
They have learned life's secret best

LUCY LARCOM

Then keep your gold, but leave to me
The soul to feel, the eyes to see
I am content By right divine
The wealth of all the world is mine

HELEN G. HAWTHORNE

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

THE great world-clock of Time still keeps its beat
—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Do you realize how fast time is flying? We have buried our Winter, and now our Spring-tide is fast drifting out, and still time flies on. Look back over the days of the year. How much you have to be sorry for—how much to be glad for! When you walk out in the evening under the street lamps, what myriads of little insects you see flying around in the circle of the light! These are like the clustering little regrets that hover about you wherever you go, things that make you sorry, and fill you with longings for lost opportunities,—the sad “might have beens” of the year. Oh, for a chance to go back and redeem yourself!—this is your cry, yet why grieve over it now? Improve the present, lest it, too, rise up to haunt you in coming days

Who looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by,
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh,
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard

ANONYMOUS

Duty and To-day are ours results and futurity
belong to God — HORACE GREELEY

MAY TWENTY-THIRD

DON'T shift all the responsibility on to your neighbor, and when you are listening to a sermon or a lecture don't pick out some one you think it may fit, but take it to yourself. How full of faults we all are! Who are you, who am I, that we should think ourselves more deserving than our fellow-men? How do we know but some one else is suiting that same sermon to us, and thinking we need to follow its teachings? We forget that the faults we fail to see in ourselves are so glaring to others. Therefore, let us examine our own hearts and see that they are right, before we criticise or condemn our neighbors.

Then who am I, that I should judge
My erring brother man?
Oh, should I seek in Self alone —
Though measuring all life's span —
I could not number all my faults
Nor be a perfect guide,
Why see the flaws in others, that
In Self I cannot hide?

I S T

It is never easy to grow better. We have the impression that a few petitions breathed up to God, asking Him to make us pure, lovely, and gentle, will bring the answer in some mysterious way, working the change in us without any effort or struggle of our own. But it is not thus that such prayers are answered. Every day is, in a certain sense, a crucifixion, a nailing of self on the cross. But this very hardness is a means of grace.

—J R MILLER

MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

IT is much easier to toil, though we grow weak and weary, than to patiently wait, and yet there are times in every life when there is nothing to do but wait. Times when we can almost hear our heart beat, and when the ticking of the clock, and the tolling of the hours seem an Eternity. It may be through sorrow, or illness, or blindness, or old age, but in some way the lesson of patience must be learned, and it is through waiting oftener than through working.

'Twas the grain of patient waiting
That was wafted to my ears,
In a song sublime and distant
As the music of the spheres,

And o'er all the anthem floated —
"Patient waiting is no loss!"
And it seemed to cast a halo
O'er each dark and heavy cross,
And methought there came an answer
To each question that perplexed
"Ye shall know it all hereafter,
Not in this world — but the next "

Then I traced the mystic letters
Carved upon life's iron gate,
At whose stern command we murmur
When we find there written, *Wait!*
'Tis alone the patient waiters
Who the blessing will receive,
They who through all doubt and trial,
Calmly, trustingly, *believe!*

KATE B W BARNES

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

“TAKE heed how ye hear” Inattention causes a great deal of trouble in the world, and perhaps this text was given to us that we might be better listeners. There is much to be heard, and there are many ways in which to hear it, therefore we should study to find out what is best to appropriate to ourselves. In listening to a lecture or a sermon, we often take away with us the remembrance of a pleasing incident related, rather than the lesson it was meant to teach. When a musical discord is made, we allow it to mar the sweetness of the whole composition, and yet perhaps there was but one false chord in the entire selection. A man may use eloquent language, and delight us with his pleasing manners, but let him make a grammatical error, and how ready we are to hear and remember it. Thus we are too attentive listeners to things which should be passed by and forgotten. On the other hand, we make many mistakes for the simple reason that we are not attentive enough. We think we have heard aright, and venture to repeat it to others, when in reality we are innocently making false statements, because we were careless listeners. Oh, let us take heed how we hear!

Listen well, — but not to idle whispers,
Not to slanderous words that bear a sting
Listen well, that only truthful utterance
Thou mayest give to every little thing
Hear the good alone, and then retain it,
Pass the evil, let the wrong go by,
Cherish only thoughts that make thee better,
Keep the truths that nevermore shall die

I S T

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

BELoved, is it well? the glorious morning
Rises in beauty o'er the Eastern skies,
And on wings of love in the still dawning,
My thoughts turn towards thee, and my prayers arise

MARY G CROCKER

Is it well with you to-day? Is there a sweet spirit of worship in your heart as you arise this morning refreshed from sleep? Is there a deep sense of gratitude in your whole being for past blessings and privileges, and the glorious opportunity of the present? Is it well with you as regards your household circle? Is your heart in tune with Heaven to-day? Or are you ready to be ruffled by a word, or to speak or act unkindly towards those you love best? If so, it is *not* well with you. My prayer for you to-day is, that you may be in touch with nature and in tune with God, and that your heart may be filled with the gladness of the morning, the brightness of the noon, and the peace of the evening. Then when your guardian angel shall question, "Is it well?" you shall hasten to reply, "Aye, it is well!"

Then, not to thee alone shall be the break
Of fairer dawns, — the peace that follows strife —
The breath of love and gratitude shall make
Such sweetness 'round thee in the aisles of life,

That, some bowed soul, low-pressed by grief and care,
Shall feel its deadened pulses wake and stir,
Lift its sad brow to greet the heavenly air,
And rise, a free and joyous worshipper!

MARY A P STANSBURY

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

HOW dark would the world be to our hearts this May morning without Hope! The grain-fields would be meaningless to us if we did not know that hidden away in their green blades God has secreted the little kernels that will ripen into golden grain, and feed a hungry world. The tiny plants that spring up in our path would be passed by unnoticed, did we not read in them a promise of scent and blossom by and by. How could we endure our losses and crosses, our disappointments and sorrows, if Hope did not point to a brighter to-morrow? Courage, Heart, the sunshine of Hope will drive away the clouds of despair — it is one of Heaven's dearest gifts to man.

Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering
promise,
Having naught else but Hope

HENRY W LONGFELLOW

Storms sometimes round me gather, and my fears
Break forth in mingled sighs and bitter tears,
But hope sweeps all my gloomy fears away
And turns my midnight darkness into day,
Its radiance calms and soothes my ruffled breast
Till through me spreads the quietness of rest

EDWIN H NEVIN

Through rift unseen some swift-winged
Ray of light the darkest cloud will pierce, and
When the soul its deepest anguish feels, there
Comes a blessed hope, we know not whence, to
Stay the tidal flow, and the tempest-tossed
From fatal wreck preserve

A A COLEMAN

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

THE world has many unknown heroes — those whose history will never be written on earth, and yet whose names are recorded in Heaven, and for whom the victor's palm and crown of recompense is waiting. You would never think the poor and sad-faced woman you met on the street yesterday could be one of these, would you? Nor the little boy who passes your window every day — he surely doesn't look like a hero, does he? Yet perhaps that woman is bearing sorrow that you would faint under, and that boy is battling bravely with such poverty and want as would drive you to despair. It is the heroic soul that stands out clear and bright in such dark surroundings as these. Christ was a hero — the greatest Conqueror that ever lived. Yet His kingly presence was not honored, save by the Star from Heaven which shone across the lowly town of Bethlehem.

The man who braves the world's neglect and scorn,
To lift the lowly, succor the forlorn,
Who conquers self — he is the hero born

FRANCES A. SHAW

Whate'er our prizes, or how fair our crown,
How deep our losses, only this is blest,
The soul's great peace. Nor sneer, nor smile, nor frown
Can shake it from its rest
Exalt thy calling! on its spotless shield
Write truth, write honor, valor, first and last
Cravens may clutch their stars, and thou not yield,
Love them and hold them fast!

MARY CLEMMER AMES

MAY TWENTY-NINTH

IS life worth living?

Yes, I answer, if you have learned *how* to live it To the coward who shrinks from duty, the weak who cowers before temptation, the doubter who will not wear shields of faith, the despairing who cries out against hope, and the hypocrite who calls truth a mockery,—to all of these, life is not worth living But to him who has learned the true secret of life, its very trials are sweetened, and he accounts it a blessing to live for God and his fellow-men An unselfish man in his right mind will not take his own life It is only he who is overwhelmed with his own burdens and perplexities and miseries who will commit such a crime if he were truly unselfish, he would think of the sorrow it would bring to those who love him, and of the influence it will have over mankind

“Is Life worth living?” asks the cynic grim,
Yes, Life is Heaven, the ardent youth replies
And Heaven is Life, responds the Christian wise,
Who sees in all things but the love of Him
Whose goodness hath created earth and skies,—
Life,—Death, Eternity,—and given us power
To make some worthy record every hour,
Some humble word, some deed of high emprise,
Like rich man’s offering, or widow’s mite,—
Made by pure motive equal in His sight
These make our life worth living, and our death
Merely a ceasing of the mortal breath,
Life’s treasure-chest iron-bound by grief may be
Yet holds of Immortality the key

JULIA A F CARNEY

MAY THIRTIETH

DECORATION DAY

In loving remembrance of "the brave and true"

WHAT patriotic heart will not be stirred by the sound of drum and fife to-day? How gladly the American people observe this day as a sacred holiday year by year, taking time from business and pleasure to strew with loyal, loving hands the graves of our nation's heroes. Scattered from north to south they lie, some bearing no name to tell us who they are, but the Recording Angel knows them all, and not one is missing from the Book of Heaven. The broken ranks shall once more bend above their comrades' graves and all lay their precious offerings there, but sweeter than the flowers they bring will be the heart-felt, silent tear that springs unbidden to the eye. Sleep well, O brave and noble ones!

From garden, field and dell,
Bring sweetest flowers of May,
With prayer and solemn anthem swell,
A nation speaks to-day

BELLE G MCAULEY

Come we then to-day, O brothers!
Treading softly on the sod,
In the presence of the fallen,
In the sunshine of our God,
Come with tributes of affection
For the heroes sleeping here,
Sweetly lay the fragrant flower,
Kindly drop a brother's tear

J H MCCARTY, D D.

MAY THIRTY-FIRST

AH, soon it will be Spring no longer, and the sweet-voiced May, with her crown of flowers, will have vanished into the silent past Let us wander into the fields, with Fancy for our guide how glad the earth is' It is delicious to breathe the pure, free air, and ramble carelessly at will

The City's great heart has a thousand full veins,
And it throbs with a strength all unknown,
But the Fields with their harpers full-feathered in
gold,
Have a thousand full hearts of their own

W F W BARBE

The green trees arch their branches overhead,
Idly I gaze up thro' their rustling leaves
And watch the golden sunlight shifting through
I and this strange old world are best of friends
I have forgotten all her cruel wrongs,
The blows that she has dealt, and will again
All that life holds, I have Who can have more?
To-day is mine — one royal, golden day,
Filled full of restfulness and sweet content
I will forget to-morrow and its care,
I have to-day What more has any one?

FLORENCE AUGUSTA JONES

Well, I will live to-day
As though it were my last
And meet, without complaint, what comes,
Let it be balm or blast

ANONYMOUS



BAYARD TAYLOR

1825-1878



OR THE MONTH OF JUNE——



JUNE FIRST

“JUNE, lovely June, now beautifies the ground,” and smiles on earth and sky There is no nook so deeply hidden but feels the warmth of her welcome presence, and no brook or stream too small to reflect her image O rare sweet June, our hearts grow lighter because of thy coming! and lift grateful hearts to Heaven that earth is made so wondrous fair for us It is the time of strawberries Every day they are ripening and sweetening under their sheltering green leaves, getting ready for fruition by and by We cannot see how it is done it is silent, hidden work, one of God’s beautiful mysteries Oh, you who are still wrapping your hearts in the snows of doubt that belong to a buried past, awake and stand forth arrayed in the warmth and newness of June to-day

Now it is June, and the secret is told
Flashed from the buttercup’s glory of gold,
Hummed from the bumblebee’s gladness, and sung
New from each bough where a bird’s-nest is swung,
Breathed from the clover-beds when the winds pass,
Chirped in small psalms through the aisles of the grass

ADELINE D T WHITNEY

Let your heart take on new color, — the rosy hue of hope and love, and begin to sweeten and ripen and grow better every day, so that the real June may blossom in you and give out roses of rare fragrance

JUNE SECOND

THIS is called the "month of roses,"—red and white, and pink and yellow, how they blossom everywhere!

Oh, roses, roses! Who shall sing
The beauty of the flowers of God!
Or thank the angel from whose wing
The seeds are scattered on the sod
From which such bloom and perfume spring!

J G HOLLAND

And roses, roses everywhere,
Perfume the paths we tread,
And June is smiling sweet and fair
In beauty overhead

I S T

I am the one rich thing that morn
Leaves for the ardent noon to win,
Grasp me not, I have a thorn,
But bend and take my fragrance in

The dew-drop on my bosom gives
The whole of Heaven to searching eyes
Only he who sees it, lives,
And only he who slights it, dies

Petal on petal opening wide,
My being into beauty flows—
Hundred-leaved and damask-dyed—
Yet nothing, nothing but a rose

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

JUNE THIRD

TO those that believe, there is always something
beautiful beyond!

Upon the shoulders of the past we stand,
And to the future turn our questioning eyes
What doth she hold in store, what precious prize,
That we may wrest from out her close-shut hand?

No fear of failure past hath power to sway
The hope that springs eternal in the breast,
But towards fresh heights whose limits are un-
guessed
We press, undaunted still, our upward way

Faith from her watch-tower sees the distant peaks
Already scaled, sees every outpost fall
Who will may conquer God is over all,
And gives good gifts to every one who seeks

ELIZABETH FLINT WADE

Hope sings a sweet song in our hearts to-day, whose
tender refrain is, *something beyond* can you not hear
it, dear friend, as it goes ringing through the skies and
across the uplands, and down the valleys?

Something beyond! Though now, with joy unfound,
The life-task falleth from thy weary hand,
Be brave, be patient! in the fair Beyond
Thou'lt understand

Something beyond! the immortal morning stands
Above the night, clear shines her prescient brow,
The pendulous star in her transfigured hands
Brighten the Now

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

JUNE FOURTH

A MAN'S wisdom maketh his face to shine and the boldness of his face shall be changed — ECCLESIASTES 8 1

Thus a little change in our English translation brings out the better meaning of the text, which sets forth that the character of the face is decided by the character of the soul. The main features of our countenance were decided by the Almighty, and we cannot change them, but under God we decide whether we shall have countenances benignant or baleful, sour or sweet, wrathful or genial, benevolent or mean, honest or scoundrelly, imprudent or modest, courageous or cowardly — Religion says. Now let me go up to the windows and front gate of the face and set up some signal that I have taken possession of this castle. I have made this man happy, and now I will make him look happy — I will make his eyes flash and his cheeks glow at every mention of Christ and Heaven. I will make even the wrinkles of his face look like furrows ploughed for the harvests of joy — T. DE WITT TALMAGE

Thine are our souls! Our beings blend with Thine,
Upreaching toward Thee through these longings high,
Stamped with Thy seal, and bearing countersign
Of that One Life in us, that grows divine,
By Love illumined, as we to Thee draw nigh!

CAROLINE DANA HOWE

If wrinkles must be written on our brows, let them be not written on the heart. The spirit should never grow old — JAMES A. GARFIELD

JUNE FIFTH

IF we only had better control of Self, how much trouble we should save! As it is, we are continually saying and doing the very things that hurt ourselves and others. The human will is stubborn, it likes to govern rather than to be governed, and is not easily brought under subjection. We do not intend to get angry over a trifle, we do not intend to neglect our duty, we do not intend to make others unhappy, or to sow seeds of discord in some one's heart-garden. Then why do we do it? Just because we do not curb Self in us, and subdue it, just because Will likes to have its own way, and because we lack strength of character to master it.

And yet it was not in my heart to sow
 Ill seeds, nor yet to live a selfish life,
Only I lacked the stern resolve, to throw
 Man's fullest energy into the strife
Nor lacked alone the earnest will,
Perhaps as well the kindly thought,
Which leads some gentle souls unconsciously to fill
 Life with sweet charities and noble deeds
Now, like a garden full of barren weeds,
My heart lies desolate, I know
 That ill is wrought
By not intending good, through weakness of the will

ESTHER THORNE

Come, thou whole Self of Latter Man!
Come o'er thy realm of Good-and-Ill,
And do, thou Self that say'st *I can*,
And love, thou Self that say'st *I will*

SIDNEY LANIER

JUNE SIXTH

GRATITUDE is the fairest blossom which springs
from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth
none more fragrant — HOSEA BALLOU

Oh, let your heart overflow in praise to God to-day!
See what He has given you, — what glory of earth, and
sea and sky, and what opportunities for mind and
soul! Your whole being ought to be thrilling with
praise every moment, you have had enough joy in
your cup to keep you singing forever, you have had
uplifting opportunities in your life to carry you to the
very gate of Heaven. Climb nearer to God through
joy and gratitude

Just for to-day may I not sing
For gratitude alone,
Nor interrupt my praise to bring
Petitions to the throne?

Just for to-day may I not eat
From yesterday's full store?
While gathered manna still is sweet,
Shall I entreat for more,

Like a base mendicant who stands
Importunate to grasp,
Though God has poured within his hands
More than his palms can clasp?

Accept, O God, and Friend of friends,
My chalice, poor and rude,
Wherein one strong petition blends —
Grant me more gratitude!

MAY RILEY SMITH

JUNE SEVENTH

WE are safe in God's hands He holds us, and keeps us, and strengthens us, and if we trust Him at all times, we need not fear life's storms or shadows With Him it is always sunshine The Christian, God says, "shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in season, his leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper "

The wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants,
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest,
But any wind that blows is best

LILLIE E BARR

Whatever our position may be, let us not murmur or complain If our prayers are not answered as we want them, or even if not answered at all, let us feel that God's love was in the denial Sometimes we ask for the wrong thing He always knows best

If God sees best, I ask it not
By word of mouth My heart breathes out
Its wish to Him who knows it well
The longing is so full of bliss,
That if He granted it, I fear
'Twould make a heaven on earth for me,
And so I leave it all unsaid,
Just asking Him to give me still
What He thinks best of joy or grief

NELLIE G RICE

JUNE EIGHTH

JUNE is the dreamy time, one feels little like making an effort. It is so delightful to listen to the breezy murmurings through the tree-tops, and rippling along the grain-fields, or billowing the meadows sweet with scented clover. To get out of the city, and into the pure freedom of the open air, and breathe in draughts of freshness from country lanes and woodlands—ah, how restful it is! But do not be entirely idle, even amidst such innocent pleasures as these. There are Heaven-sent opportunities to do somebody good, no matter when, no matter where. You will enjoy your holiday all the more, if you know you are making some heart happy as you pass along, or giving only “a cup of cold water” for Christ’s sake.

Two butterflies of beauteous wing,
Above the flowers soft fluttering,
Questioned if any really knew
That in the blossoms honey grew

The while they raised their doubting word
There came a brilliant humming-bird,
And dipping in a flower-cup,
He drew the precious nectar up

O fools and slow of heart! to stay,
Quibbling the fleeting time away,
When earnest, wise research forsooth
Would soon reveal the blessed truth

F B GRISWOLD

JUNE NINTH

ALL round the year the trusting soul
May find the word of promise whole,
The flight of time, unknown above,
Breaks not our Father's boundless love
Unbroken be the tranquil light
That folds our lesser sphere,
As ever pure, and calm, and bright
All round the year

ANONYMOUS

Yes, "all round the year" runs the sweet promise of God's love, and His light encircles us through every changing season. How faithful He is, how steadfast! If we walk with Him to-day, we know that He will be just as ready to resume the journey to-morrow, earthly friends tire of us — we sometimes tire of them, but God never tires of His beloved. We find our earthly friends who are willing to devote the present to us, planning to do something else in the future and we must be set aside. But God never sets us aside, He never plans a day without us. It is comforting to know that the love of God reaches, not only "all round the year," but all round the endless measure of years — round Infinity itself.

Amid earth's changes, Lord,
Its shadows and its fears,
Its broken pledges, shattered plans,
Its sorrow and its tears,
Thy children trust Thy own sure word,
And wait the eternal years

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

JUNE TENTH

HE is a poet strong and true
Who loves wild thyme and honey-dew,
And like a brown bee works and sings,
With morning freshness on his wings,
And a gold burden on his thighs,—
The pollen-dust of centuries!

MAURICE THOMPSON

Oh, I hope you have the “morning freshness on your wings,” and that you are working and singing each day to some purpose. I hope you are making the earth glad with your music, and that your gift may be a precious inheritance to you. Suppose our Redeemer had only healed a chosen number, suppose He had only forgiven those He knew and loved best, suppose He had only ministered to the cultured and refined! Be not ashamed, and feel it no condescension to use the best you have for the hungry, thirsting, “common-place” throng. To such the Master came, with loving smile, with gentle touch, and kindly words

If humble men may pause, to heed
The transient fragrance of these flowers,
If those who toil may pause to read,
And find a rest in weary hours,
It is enough, no more I ask
Since Fancy's dream, or earnest thought,
Have cheered the toiler at his task,
I have attained the good I sought

JANE MARIA READ

JUNE ELEVENTH

RUGGED strength and radiant beauty —
These were one in nature's plan ,
Humble toil and heavenward duty —
These will form the perfect man

SARAH J HALE

Heavenward duty! God grant you may realize what this means Not the seeking of your own pleasure, and making it a duty to follow your own inclinations, but bending your will to God's, and doing each task in loving obedience to Him Do not falter or be discouraged, there is a glory in victory, press forward with renewed strength, and inscribe on your shield of faith the one word "Heavenward "

Stepping Heavenward, Lord, am I,
As the days go flitting by?
Daisied fields of youth are round me,
Cloudless is the blue o'erhead,
But I ponder as I wander,
Whither goes the path I tread?
It must lead me, lead me ever
Toward some goal, though distant far,
Onward, 'neath the sun of morning,
Onward, 'neath the evening star,
Wisely let me choose my way,
Stepping Heavenward, day by day

ANNA R HENDERSON

Ah, what a life is theirs who live in Christ,
How vast the mystery!
Reaching in height to Heaven, and in its depth
The unfathomed sea

ELIZABETH PRENTISS

JUNE TWELFTH

WE are like children in our poor unreason,
As we reach after joys
That at the best can please but for a season,
And then are broken toys

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

We are creatures of moods — one thing to day,
another to-morrow Circumstances change our opinions,
our own physical, mental, and spiritual state influences us to act differently at various times often we are full of fancies and give ourselves up to the indulgence of them Sometimes we are petulant and irritable, sometimes fitful as an April day, and oh, sometimes we grow heart-sick and discouraged over a trivial event, and lose the sweet music that God's love is singing in every trusting soul But this is all because of our humanity We are expected to master the evil in our natures, and to continually make the good better let us, therefore, not allow our moods to lead us into error, but if they are fitful and gusty, like April weather, let us calm their storms into sunny quietude, like unto a day in June

We are as God has made us Gladness, pain,
Delight and death, and moods of bliss or bane,
With love, and hate, or good, and evil — all,
At separate times, in separate accents call,
Yet 'tis the same heart-throb within the breast
That gives an impulse to our worst and best
I doubt not when our earthly cries are ended,
The Listener finds them in one music blended

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP

[170]

JUNE THIRTEENTH

O LITTLE clouds! how swift
Ye sail across the blue,
To let the sunshine thro'

FANNY H R POOLE

Let us spend a little season together with the clouds, these wonderful, beautiful airy wings that fly across the ocean of the sky. They often remind me of various people we meet in our every-day life. Some of them wander aimlessly about, at times almost touching the gossamer whiteness of their neighbors, and then drifting on and on alone so near they seem to ship with others, they meet on common ground, or rather in common air, yet they steadily sail on, aimlessly, selfishly alone. Oh, are there not human beings like these, who almost get into touch with humanity, and then turn and go on, without the loving word, and friendly smile that is born of tender sympathy? O selfish ones, O blind! it is the bond of fellowship that brings us nearer God, it is, first of all, the love of God that makes us love each other.

Kinship of souls, how sweet it is!
To live our little lives each day
That other lives may touch our own,
And be the better for it aye,
And more than this, we gain new strength,
New courage too, our souls are blest
And broadened out by fellowship,
Humanity and sympathy!

I S T

JUNE FOURTEENTH

GROWTH is the law in the world of grace as well as in the world of nature. God does not bring things into the world in full-fledged maturity. The seed dropped into the earth in springtime illustrates the usual way. It is first the blade, then the ear, and then the full, ripe corn in the ear. First the child, then the youth, then the man. The ancients claim that Minerva sprang full-grown, full-armed, from the head of Jove, but that isn't the history of either the intellectual, or the spiritual life of man. Here is Paul's way of putting it — "We beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more." "Let us go on unto perfection." Christian life is progress, growth, "addition" — J. C. McCLINTOCK, D. D.

I pray you, friendly ones, for room to grow,
Though small the beauty there may be for showing
And if no simple child or burdened soul
May find the floweret fair beyond my knowing,
Perchance the Lord who planted every seed
May smile to see the folded blossoms growing

MINNIE D. BATEHAM

Up and onward' toward the East,
Green oases thou shalt find, —
Streams that rise from higher sources
Than the pools thou leavest behind,
Life has import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth,
It has hopes as high as Heaven,
It has labor, it has truth

ANNE CHARLOTTE LYNCH

JUNE FIFTEENTH

WE learn many lessons through dear experience
No one can tell us what to do, or what not
to do, we will not listen, we must try for ourselves
How often we sigh and shed bitter tears because we have
refused the advice of those older and wiser than our-
selves The sins of omission and commission rise up
to haunt us, even in the perfect beauty of a June day
When too late, we look back and cry, "Alas' why was
I not more thoughtful, more helpful, more unselfish?"

What is so hard in all the bitter years,
As to look back and see the closed gate
That one dear day we might have opened Fate
Wrings from our eyes the saddest, saltiest tears,
O'er wisdom won too late

CARLOTTA PERRY

Ah' woe for the word that is never said
Till the ear is deaf to hear,
And woe for the lack to the fainting head
Of the ringing shout of cheer,
Ah' woe for the laggard feet that tread
In the mournful wake of the bier

For baffling most in this dreary world,
With its tangles small and great,
Its lonesome nights and its weary days,
And its struggles forlorn with fate,
Is that bitterest grief, too deep for tears,
Of the help that comes too late

MARGARET E SANGSTER

JUNE SIXTEENTH

THIS age is an age of progress we are moving forward in every line of thought and action Croakers may say what they please about the world, and that although it pushes ahead, its progression is not an advantage to it Perhaps there is too much hurry and worry we all admit this we all deplore it, but there are many grand improvements over the old times of our ancestors The coming man ought to be wiser and better than the man of to-day, and I believe that he will be Inheriting the zeal and enthusiasm of to-day, as well as the principles of truth and right, he should be fruitful in noble ideas and noble deeds — God grant he may'

'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun,
We cannot doubt Thy certain love,
A Man's true aim shall yet be won'

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Not knowledge only enters in the plan
And consummation of the Coming Man,
And not belief alone, however true
The best is not to rest, it is *to do*,
The Coming Man shall be a man of deeds
Employing substance and supplying needs
His wisest word shall bear a fitting act,
And all his speculation bloom to fact,
The goodness of his ethics he shall prove
By logical results of active love

WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE

JUNE SEVENTEENTH

A WIDE, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs
high A wide rough world is around you, and it
lies very low — DONALD G MITCHELL

Seek Truth at all times do not grovel with the false
things of the world Truth leads upward, untruth
downward Truth holds kinship with God, untruth
belongs to the Evil One Truth is open as the day,
and in its presence is light and joy, while falsity reigns
in darkness and dishonor Battle against error and
wrong, be not turned aside by every wind that blows,
but be strong in purpose, and keep fast hold of the
hand of Truth she will prove a faithful guide

Oh strong eagle-hearted, turn upward thy gaze
And meet there, unflinching, the wonderful blaze
Of the pure light of Truth, which, from its high source
Up above the dark earth and the gloom and the haze
Of the present, makes glorious thine eternal course

Let weariness never thy broad pinions stay,
But upward, still cleaving all error away,
Let them bear thee, as time slips behind, with a sure
And a widening stroke, and each shimmering ray
From thy sun shall grow clearer to thee and more pure

Push up through the billowing ages and fly
Swiftly on toward thy goal, ever keeping thine eye
Sunward turned, and let nothing thy splendid course
stay

From its noble aim, thine inheritance high;
Mount up, eagle-hearted, to eternal day

D E PIERSON

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

OPEN your Bible this June morning, and begin the day with some helpful text get a good start, perhaps there will be special perplexities or trials to disturb you put on your Heavenly armor, and then the darts from the hand of the enemy will glance off

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried,
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy,
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die

GEORGE P MORRIS

What a wonderful book the Bible is! The marvel of literature, the text-book of the world! Where is there anything like it in all the writings of men?— This tree of wisdom, beneath whose shadow we gather to learn lessons beyond all that was taught in Platonic groves, is a tree of God's planting It is rooted in the soil of the distant centuries It spreads its fibres beneath Sinai and Calvary The spirit of God breathes through its whispering leaves, and the songs of prophets, and apostles, and martyrs yet wake living echoes beneath its branches The leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations, and its fruit is the fruit of the Tree of Life Humanity itself pants for a place beneath its shade — E H GILLETT

JUNE NINETEENTH

IT is the man who lays a brick at a time who succeeds in building a wall, the woman who keeps at her work, stitch by stitch, who sews a seam. Take it out and do it over, if it is wrong. Keep steadily on, and let no past failures prevent you from trying again.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour,
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again

Over and over again,
The brook through the meadow flows.
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes,
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing, failing once or twice,
May come if we try again

JOSEPHINE POLLARD

JUNE TWENTIETH

HE who loses faith in God and man must indeed be miserable what attractions can the present life or the life hereafter have for him? What desperate things a state of mind like this has driven men to do! It has made hermits of them, they have sought to hide from all humanity and live in selfish seclusion rather than be among those in whom they have lost faith and confidence It has caused men to become mentally deranged, to be melancholy and morose, and to turn away from all that is true and good Oh, I beseech you, do not lose your faith Cling to God, no matter what befalls you believe in man, for he is your brother, and the child of God

What need we more than He has taught is right?
What need we more than He has given of light?
Thy neighbor love, be simple, pure and just,
Have faith in Me and in My wisdom trust

WILLIAM ADOLPHUS CLARK

So though we faint on life's dark hill,
And thought grow weak, and knowledge flee,
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
And Love shall guide us on to Thee

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

'Tis Faith that cheers my pilgrim way,
When shadows o'er me fall,
That bids me look above the storm,
And trust the Lord for all

FANNY J CROSBY

JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

TO live a life whose influence shall whiten the souls of all mankind, this should be the aim of every one of us. A little bunch of spring violets may be brought into a room and placed where they cannot be seen, but by and by they will breathe out sweet breaths of fragrance, until any one coming into the room will exclaim, "Ah, sweet violets! there is no mistaking the odor, they are in the room somewhere!" The fragrance of a pure, beautiful life is like the violets you cannot be associated with it without being sweetened and refreshed. There is an atmosphere that surrounds some souls that seems like a bit of Heaven, and whenever we are in it we feel as if we were treading on holy ground.

Oh! press on!

For the high ones and powerful shall come
To do you reverence, and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your soul,
And read it like a talisman of love
Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of Heaven

N P WILLIS

For none shall walk in perfect white
Till every soul be clean,
So close for sorrow and delight
These human spirits lean

KATHERINE LEE BATES

JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

SELF is only the casket God has given us to hold the jewel of the soul, and yet we set a very high value on it—much higher than He does. We think a great deal more of the casket, often, than of the jewel it enshrines. We seek to adorn and polish and beautify it, and spare no pains to make it as attractive as possible, while the precious gem that God has made immortal is neglected and forgotten. It is not only a pleasure, but a duty to be as lovely as we can in every way possible, but the cultivation of Self—our outer Self—should not lead us to neglect the more important work of beautifying the soul. That you may learn the secret of true living is my prayer to-day—the sweet joy of doing for others the little kindnesses that Christ has put in your power to do.

Let me not live for self, but tell
My anxious spirit how to cope
With doubt and weakness, blasted hope,
In souls where heavenly peace should dwell,
To help aright,
Where fails the sight,
On to the goal, eternal, sure,
With purpose strong and motive pure

ELIZABETH CHERRY HAIRE

Live not for self, but strive for others' good,
And if life's rue is dealt with hand unsparing,
Put not the cup in haste, or wrath away,
Nor droop beneath the cross that thou art bearing

EMILY STUART WEED

JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

WE are never half thankful enough for rain • we are ever singing the praises of the sunshine, and it is right that we should thank God for every ray from Heaven, but we do not appreciate the blessing of rain as we should Yet what grand results it brings! On a warm summer day how the fields droop, and the flowers faint beneath the parching beams of the sun, but when God pities the thirsty earth and sends the weeping clouds to drop their showers upon a parched and dusty world, how Nature rejoices, and how smiling and refreshed she looks, as she lifts her parched lips to drink of the tears of Heaven

“Bless God for rain!” The good man said,
And wiped away a grateful tear,
That we may have our daily bread,
He drops a shower upon us here
Our Father! Thou who dwellest in Heaven,
We thank Thee for the pearly shower!
The blessed present Thou hast given
To man, and beast, and bird and flower

The modest grass is fresh and green,
The brooklet swells its song again,
Methinks an angel’s wing is seen
In every cloud that brings us Rain
There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests trod,
God wrote it ere the world was dry —
It is the autograph of God

GEORGE W BUNGAY

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

THE growth of grasses, the shinings of stars,
The interchange of night and day,
All growth that struggles to burst the bars
Setting it hindrance and delay,
All storm, all tumult, that fills the breast,
Utters the secret as best it may,
Life seeks a beyond, a highest, a best

LEWIS J BLOCK

This is why we are never satisfied with ourselves, the restless life within us "seeks a beyond" The lessons of yesterday are not sufficient, we must go on learning to-day and to-morrow When we climb a mountain for the first time, we are astonished at the great distance we have made, as we look down into the valley from which we came When we look at children just beginning to distinguish the letters of the alphabet, we say, "What a long way they have to travel to reach the top" God has so planned that nothing worth having shall be attained without patient effort It is the hour-by-hour growth that in the end can look back on steady progress We forget all our toil at last in the glory of success Let us go on climbing,—go on seeking "the beyond" of a better, truer, nobler life, making daily preparation for the Life that is eternal

From out a life of work and care,
Of crosses heavy and burdens sore,
A soul may bloom to beauty rare
That shall not fade forevermore

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE

JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

DUTY, which seems irksome to us at first, often becomes pleasant while we are doing it. It depends very much on the spirit in which we take hold of it. If we resolve to put our hearts into it and do our best, it will lose its disagreeableness and, in a measure, grow attractive to us. All duty done, with a sense of honor, and with true nobility of purpose, becomes more and more interesting. If it is hard, and your strength is small, the Master is ever ready to help and comfort you, and labor for Him becomes beautiful and holy if His blessing falls upon it.

I held a flower in my hand,
'Twas night, I could not see,
And judging from the perfume, thought
The flower must ugly be
But when the morning came, and light
With its transforming power,
I did forget all else except
The beauty of the flower

God placed a duty in my hand,
Before mine eyes could see
Its rightful form, that duty seemed
A bitter thing to me
The Sun of glory rose and shone,
Then duty I forgot,
And thought with what a privilege
The Lord had blessed my lot

ANONYMOUS

JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

BRIGHTEN your intellect in every way you can — this is God's all-wise purpose for you Keep drinking in, like a thirsty spring, gaining new strength every day It is a fine thing to be intellectually generous, for while you are blessing some one else, you receive a blessing as well it is also desirable to be intellectually honest — to have the mind's vision clear that it may without exaggeration see the things that shall be for its own welfare

It is sure,
Stamped by the seal of nature, that the well
Of mind, where all its waters gather pure,
Shall with unquestioned spell all hearts allure
Wisdom enshrined in beauty — Oh' how high
The odor of that loveliness

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

Oh, be it mine to boast
The best gift to mankind,
The choicest boon of Heaven —
Integrity of mind,

To see things as they are,
Unappall'd by shadows vain,
To act a manly part
Despite of woe and pain ,

To strive while hope extends
A solitary ray,
To be resigned when fate
Shall close life's transient day'

ISAAC H JULIAN.

JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

HOW beautiful it is to be alive!
To make each morn as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing, "How happy is our case!"
How beautiful it is to be alive!"

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON

How beautiful it is to be alive such weather as this!
You cannot turn your eyes anywhere but proofs of
God's love are to be seen in leaf and bud and grass
Oh, get in tune with Nature's harmonies to-day If
anything troubles or discourages you, put it away from
you the grand old world is happy and bright, why
should not you be? There is no better time to be
glad than on a fresh, dewy June morning!

When breaks the morn in the clear, blue sky,
And the young larks wake and sing,
When the tall brown rushes still and shy
To the brooks are whispering,
I catch the refrain that charms me so
And my heart beats light and free, —
For I'm in love with the world, you know,
And the world's in love with me!

When hums the bee in the honey-flowers
Where the meads are sweet and gay,
When sparrows chirp thro' the rosy hours
Their twittering roundelay
My heart with all nature, wakes to hear
The music in bough and tree,
For I'm in love with the world, my dear,
And the world's in love with me!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

IN chaste and warm affections, humble wishes, and honest toil for some useful end, there is health for the mind, and quiet for the heart, the prospect of a happy life, and the fairest hope of Heaven — NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise

HENRY W LONGFELLOW

Cherish lofty ambitions Let thy good deeds begin
in thy heart, and grow out of it, let every duty be
done through a sense of right, and with a desire to
honor God and thyself Love thy fellow-men if they
stand above thee, reach up to them in love if they
are below thee, stoop down to them in love, and thou
canst lift them up Do every good deed in love to
God and man

The test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth ,
Lo, there be gentlest souls, sea blown,
That know not any harbor known ,
And it may be the reason is
They touch on fairer shores than this

JOAQUIN MILLER

I count this thing to be grandly true
That a noble deed is a step towards God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view

J G HOLLAND

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

DO not complain of your life because it is a commonplace one, that is just what God wants it to be, and He allows all the little every-day events to come into it to test your character. Nothing that God gives you is commonplace, it may seem simple and monotonous, but homely tasks, homely faces, homely living become beautiful to Him if you put a beautiful spirit behind them

A commonplace life, we say and we sigh,
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
The flower that blooms and the bird that sings,
But sad were the world, and dark our lot,
If flowers failed and the sun shone not,
And God, who sees each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Oh, that this one central thought
Still may fill our starving souls —
That whatever may be wrought,
The strong hand of God controls
Then we shall not despise
Any common work that lies
Nearest to our willing eyes

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD

The task that nearest lies
Perform, and wait devoutly
On God, who helps the wise

ANONYMOUS

JUNE THIRTIETH

THE generous heart is the happy heart If you have beautiful thoughts, why should you hoard them? If you have wonderful gifts, why should you hide them? If you have a warm, loving hand, why should you close it against your breast instead of open it in cordial greeting to your brother man? One little act of generosity is a small thing, yet you cannot perform the most trivial task which will be a blessing to some one else without being benefited by it yourself Some one has said, "Charity is never lost, it may meet with ingratitude, or be of no service to those on whom it was bestowed, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver "

A generous heart asks no reward,
It is, like conscience, clear,
A feast, where all best gifts are stored,
And guests have all good cheer,
And with glad song
In happy throng
The hours prolong,
With loving friends whose presence makes life dear

HENRY HAMILTON

Give' as the morning that flows out of Heaven,
Give' as the waves when their channel is riven,
Give' as the air and the sunshine are given,
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June Rose's blowing,
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live

ROSE TERRY COOKE



HELEN HUNT JACKSON

1831-1885



OR THE MONTH
OF JULY——



JULY FIRST

WHEN the heat like a mist-veil floats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat,
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July

When the hours are so still that Time
Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July

When each finger-post by the way
Says that Slumbertown is nigh,
When the grass is tall, and the roses fall,
And nobody wonders why,
It is July

ANONYMOUS

The year is half gone, and we stand to-day looking into the face of July, wondering what she has in store for us. The passing days have had their bitter and sweet. Trials or sorrows are hardest while we live them, joys are sweetest when they are gone. But let us thank God for both, — life would not be worth much if it were all sunshine, or all shadow. Our mortality is but the shadow that will soon pass away, but the immortal part is the light that shall last forever

JULY SECOND

AMONG THE MEADOWS

THE buttercups, bright-eyed and bold,
Held up their chalices of gold
To catch the sunshine and the dew

JULIA C R DORR

The meadow-children are nodding brightly in each
dear little face is joy and gladness, in every silken
petal is the touch of God's Master-hand Oh, what lessons
they teach us! they preach silent sermons of
humility, contentment, simplicity, and praise So frail,
and yet so courageous, they stand bravely up and meet
the storm, their faces always upturned to Heaven

Who is this maiden with fringe on her cap?

Heigh-ho, bonny Daisy!

Just wide awake from a long, long nap —

Heigh-ho, bonny Daisy!

MRS M F BUTTS

Clear and simple in white and gold,

Meadow blossoms of sunlit spaces,

The field is full as it well can hold

And white with the drift of the ox-eye daisies!

DORA READ GOODALE

Welcome, a thousand times welcome, ye dear and delicate
neighbors —

Bird and bee and butterfly, and humming-bird fairy
fine!

Proud am I to offer you a field for your graceful labors,
All the honey and all the seeds are yours in this garden
of mine

CELIA THAXTER

JULY THIRD

EVERYTHING in Nature pushes on to completeness. Not the smallest blade of grass, or tiniest tuft of moss was ever known to stop growing and thriving, so long as it has no hindrances. While it has air, and sunshine, and shower, it never rests. There is a goal to be reached, something in the end worth striving for, — it is perfection. We too should be no less aspiring. While nourished by the sunshine of God's love, and watered with the dews of His grace, our own ambition should be to reach completeness, and let fall some good seed that shall take root and grow and spring into life everlasting.

Thou mayst not rest in any lovely thing,
Thou, who wert formed to seek and to aspire,
For no fulfilment of thy dreams can bring
The answer to thy measureless desire
The beauty of the round green world is not
Of the world's essence, far within the sky
The tints which make this bubble bright are wrought,
The bubble bursts, the light can never die

LUCY LARCOM

Christians are to be perfect even as their Father in Heaven is perfect. Our Saviour came to show us how we should act, just as truly as what actions we were to do. The completeness of His work is shown in the method as much as in the deed, and yet there is a deeper truth still. Nothing less than completeness, perfection, satisfies us. The constant charm of Christ is His perfection — *Christ for us, Christ in us, Christ before us*, makes us complete — CHARLES S. ALBERT

JULY FOURTH

THE birthday of American Independence' Let
every loyal heart rejoice'

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —
Of thee I sing'

SAMUEL F SMITH

The generations of men shall come and go, the
greatness of yesterday shall be forgotten to-day, and
the glories of this noon shall vanish before to-morrow's
sun, but America shall not perish, but endure while
the spirit of our fathers animates their sons — HENRY
ARMITT BROWN

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry,
Union and Liberty' One evermore'

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued
land

Praise the power that has made and preserved us a
nation'

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave'

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

JULY FIFTH

A RESTFUL day to you'

A little rest, Lord, midway of Life's hours,
A space of soft and summer-sweet repose,
Time to glance backward on bright morning's flowers,
On weary wanderings ere the noontide goes,
Give me one hour of rest'

CELESTE M WINSLOW

In your zeal to make the best of your time and opportunities, do not overwork. Take a little rest by the wayside of life, if you can. drop your cares, burdens, and anxieties, lay aside your business, and allow your brain and body to have a little much-needed rest. It will do you good. Get out into the country for a few days if you can. July in town is hot and dry and dusty, but in the country it is dreamy and peaceful. If there is a breeze stirring, you can find it, and it is like healing balm to your tired body and brain. Rest here on earth is only a little pause. we cannot entirely rid ourselves of the pressure of life's duties and responsibilities, but may push them aside for a little while. We shall never find our true rest until we find it with One whose gentle hand has power to smooth every furrow from the brow and lift every burden from the heart.

God keeps back rest alone, that the world-weary,
E'en though his cup high mantles to the brim,
Or though his fate be desolate and dreary,
May seek and find repose alone in Him'

ANONYMOUS

JULY SIXTH

HARD was his lot, and bitter words
Were often of him said,
Not that *he* did so bad a thing —
They misinterpreted

MARCUS BLAKELY ALLMOND

Oh, be careful how you judge Many a heart has ached, many a life been blighted, because of hasty opinions and misinterpretations Think of the times you have done or said things which must have looked strange to others You admit that you were placed in a false light, but you excuse yourself by saying, "No matter how it seemed to others, it was all right, but of course I could not explain the circumstances " Yet you are suspicious of some one else when appearances are against them, and misjudge them, when often they are no more to blame than you were The great difference is that you understand yourself, and that you misunderstood your neighbor You put the wrong construction upon his words and actions, and were shocked and surprised at an imaginary wrong Weigh carefully your words before you speak, lest you wound or hurt a sensitive soul There is nothing that crushes a human being like this — to be continually misunderstood

O souls that struggle to express
The truths ye cannot now repress,
Of inward life for outward good!
In this earth-language do ye own
A word of sadder, keener tone
Than this slow uttered word — misunderstood?

MARIA UPHAM DRAKE

JULY SEVENTH

MAY God give thee strength for the day'

Oh, God's love is like a well-spring in the desert
it will cool and refresh thee, and give thee new life and
hope If thou wouldst have strength for this day, go
to Him trustingly, simply, as a child to an earthly
parent, and make thy want known His ear is ever
open to the cry of His children

Not for some future years,
Within whose misty length
May lie a shadow of great woe and tears,
A burden sore of care and fears,
He stores His promised strength

But as the manna fell
Each day from Heaven,
And for the host of waiting Israel
Did the fierce hunger quell,
So, too, is freely given,

Strength for the daily life,
A blessèd store,
For the small worries, and the paltry strife,
With which each hour is rife,
Some less, or more

He hath His great supplies
For all our ways,
For tempest drear, or for the sunny skies,
Whether we weep, or songs of joy arise,
Strength for our days

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING
[195]

JULY EIGHTH

LET us remember that the still days will soon grow into months, and the months into years. May we not undervalue them, but make a noble record for Eternity!

Each coming year doth bring
Enough of the supremest, rarest joy,
To compensate for all its direst ills,
And leave enough besides to make God kind
And life a blessing

MRS S M I HENRY

They are slipping away, these sweet, swift years,
Like a leaf on the current cast,
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them, as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim-lighted stair,
We hear the sound of their heavy tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and fair

There are only a few years left to love,
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms rare and sweet,
By the dusky way of life?

There are only a few swift years — ah! let
No envious taunts be heard,
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word

ANONYMOUS

JULY NINTH

PRACTISE self-denial every day Lay a whole-some restraint upon your appetites Be not confounded by this world Let your dress, let your house, your furniture, be plain and simple, as becometh a Christian Avoid vain parade and show in everything Forgive and pray for your enemies Have little to do with party politics Carry on your business on sober, judicious principles Live peaceably with all men as much as in you lies Keep your heart with all diligence — ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER

The faith we hold is built on deeds we do,
As lofty temples rest on solid ground —
As through earth-roots the flower is glory-crowned,
And when our life is high our creed is too

For they who do the right have clearest view
And penetrate beyond the shadowy bound
Of phantom worlds to where God's truth is found,
And taste the joy which others but pursue

HENRY HAMILTON

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good,
Unto the one whose storehouse
Yieldeth the hungry food,
Unto the one who labors,
Fearless of foe or frown,
Unto the kindly-hearted,
Cometh a blessing down

MARY F TUCKER

JULY TENTH

WHEN in impatience led to oft complain,
When other's faults long in the memory live,
Come in my heart with loving peace to reign,
Teach me forgiveness, Lord, "my sins forgive"

So thoughtless we, our careless steps oft stray,
In hours of danger each resolve forgot,
Thou knowest all our weaknesses, we pray,
"Into temptation," Lord, oh, "lead us not"

NELLIE F CORNELL

Just one little word said in the morning, sometimes mars the peace of a whole day You need to send up a special prayer to God for forgiveness then, and also a cry for deliverance from temptation The worst of it all is, that those to whom you often speak unkindly are those you love best,—your nearest and dearest, whose very lives seem a part of your own, because your interests are one How sorry you will be sometime for this, if you are not now Be careful, oh, learn to speak tenderly and gently to your own

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn'

MARGARET E SANGSTER

[198]

JULY ELEVENTH

“THEY that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak ” There’s a test that wants no candle to show it, it shines by its own light Walk up and down this weary, suffering world, with eyes like Christ’s Let issue from your lives an influence so blessed, that, though you be not heralded as the great benefactors of the race, though your death produce no universal shock, though your funeral train be humble, though no splendid mausoleum mark your final resting-place, — there shall rise to God the silent testimony of sorrowing souls that you have comforted
— EDWARD ALLEN TANNER

Through time and space our influence runs,
Though small it seems to be,
And Time’s strange ways shall roll at last
To God’s eternity

It lies with you to give to God
This fair earth bright and strong
And pure as when the morning stars
Woke their exultant song ,

And when earth’s King, in clouds and fire,
Shall come to claim His throne,
The life whose touch was truest here,
Shall quickest touch His own

MRS J C FIELD

A firm faith is the best divinity, a good life, the best philosophy, a clear conscience, the best law, honesty, the best policy, and temperance the best physic, — living for both worlds is the wisest and best life — ANONYMOUS

JULY TWELFTH

IF not to fly, why has the robin wings,
While the green desert dares him to be free,
Why does he yearn to reach remotest things,
The mountain's rim — if it were not to be?

If not to wander by the willow trees,
Why wakes the torrent from its long repose,
If not to woo the butterflies — the bees,
Why sweet and beautiful the summer's rose?

ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON

Whatever resources are yours, take advantage of them God has not endowed you with a body, mind, and soul simply to exhibit His powers of creation You have a gold mine within you, if you only knew it Use the pick-axe and spade, turn up the surface-soil, and take a glimpse of your real inner self Perseverance and energy will reveal treasures you did not know you possessed Make the best of your chances don't wait for to-morrow God's time is to-day your time is to-day

What use for the rope if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What help in a comrade's bugle blast
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need the spurring pæan roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth is eulogy's blandest breath,
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?

MARGARET J PRESTON

JULY THIRTEENTH.

PERHAPS there is some special thing for which you have worked and planned all your life Is it fame, or social position, or gold? Is it knowledge? Is it a chance to improve your talents, that you may glorify the Giver of all good gifts? God sees a great deal deeper down in your heart than you do He knows why you are striving, and whether your motive is honorable or not Whatever your ambition may be, let it be noble—not the seeking of Self's interests, but the uplifting of humanity

I have my own ambition It is not
To mount on eagle's wings and soar away
Beyond the palings of the common lot,
Scorning the griefs and joys of every day,
I would be human — toiling, like the rest,
With tender human heart-beats in my breast

Humanity is much the same If I
Can give my neighbor's pent-up thought a tongue,
And can give voice to his unspoken cry
Of bitter pain, when my own heart is wrung,—
Then we too meet upon a common land,
And henceforth stand together, hand in hand

I send my thought its kindred thought to greet,
Out to the far frontier, through crowded town
Friendship is precious, sympathy is sweet,
So these be mine, I ask no laurel crown
Such my ambition, which I here unfold,
So be it granted — mine is wealth untold

ELLEN P ALLERTON

JULY FOURTEENTH

YOUR motto for to-day — all's for the best'

All's for the best, if we only did know it,
Sorrow and suffering, anguish and loss,
Tenderly, kindly, God's hand doth bestow it,
Bridging with love the deep chasm across
Dark are the shadows foretelling the dawning,
Bringing the chariot wheels of the day,
It is always the night-time before it is morning —
Always the winter before it is May
Joy walketh close in the footsteps of sorrow —
We find not the thorn till the rose we have pressed,
But let it be grief or joy on the morrow,
God's way is the way that is always the best

HELEN A MANVILLE

We cannot see why our plan should have failed, or why our castle so carefully builded should be all ruins, nor why our roses should die and leave nothing but thorns. We cannot see why we should have bitter instead of sweet in our cup, nor why we should have gray shadows instead of dancing sunbeams in the pathway that we tread. No, with our mortal eyes we cannot see these things, but the eye of Faith can discern much that is hidden from common view. It sees God in all our lives, and reads His will, His guidance, and His love in every wise plan.

But God is God, my darling,
Of the night as well as the day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way

REMBRANDT PEALE

JULY FIFTEENTH

“INASMUCH as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me ”

I have no frankincense, no myrrh,
I have no spice, no oil,
But here are snowy roses, Christ,
Without a stain or soil
O fairest Lord, for Thy dear sake
My roses take

I have no silver, and no gem,
No virgin gold for Thee,
But here are lilies white as light
And sweet with purity
O fairest Lord, for Thy dear sake,
My lilies take

LILLIE E BARR

It is the spirit behind the gift, that God looks at
No matter how lowly, or how poor an offering may be,
it will find acceptance with Him, if you give it with the
right motive Flowers carry sweet messages for Christ,
if you cannot do more than this, you can allow flowers
to speak for you in sympathy, kindness, and love God
speaks through Nature, and Nature's sweetest children
are flowers

I often wonder whether those to whom our Heavenly
Father grants this blessed ministry of sending flowers
into the darkened rooms of the suffering, fully realize
the beautiful mission of their gifts'—a mission which
touches so many different chords in the heart of the
receiver — ROSE PORTER

JULY SIXTEENTH

THE soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men — As cloud on cloud, as snow on snow, as the bird rests on the air, and the planet rests on space in its flight, — so do nations of men and their institutions rest on thoughts — RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The loving thoughts we shelter in the heart,
Upspringing there, the blades of good shall grow,
Which kept by watchful care from weeds apart,
The evil thoughts which we too often sow,

Shall flourish, grow in strength, and soon increase,
And we in Life's last days the fruit shall see,
Reward of life well spent, — eternal peace, —
For "as our sowing, shall our reaping be "

LUCIE A. HAGER

May God fill you with beautiful thoughts to-day!
Let them spring up within you and blossom for all
Eternity let them issue from your lips in gentle, pure
words that shall uplift a drooping soul, and comfort a
sorrowing heart Let the thoughts born within you
this July day bear kinship to Heaven if the inner life
is pure and beautiful, the thoughts that proceed out of
it will soar upward into a congenial clime

All thoughts that mould the age, begin
Deep down within the primitive soul

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

JULY SEVENTEENTH

LOSE not a day, for thou mightst look a lifetime but
never find it'

Press onward! Soul, thou shalt not rest,
For thou shalt never say
That one glad moment lost to thee
Awaits the judgment day

Arm, arm thyself with God's own might!
The day speeds on apace,
And somewhere night is rolling up
The opal walls of space

WILLIS MARSHALL

Didst thou ever think what a sorrowful thing a lost
day was? Didst thou ever think how thou shouldst ac-
count to God for it? Let no day slip away from thee but
see to it that thou dost treasure up its glad hours, and
make them still gladder, by adding to them some beau-
tiful memento that God and the angels shall inscribe
with thy name

Up, up, my soul, ere yet the shadow falleth,
Some good return in latter seasons wrought
Forget thyself, when duty's angel calleth —
The time is short

By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,
To others teach the sympathies of Heaven —
The time is short

ELIZABETH PRENTISS

JULY EIGHTEENTH

THOUGHT makes character "As a man thinketh
in his heart, so is he " And in character is
wrapped up eternal destiny —EDWARD A TANNER

To the sea-shell's spiral round
'Tis the heart that brings the sound
The soft sea-murmurs that you hear
Within, are captured from your ear

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

To the responsive heart all beautiful things speak,
all good things appeal If we carry within us a love
for truth and right, all that is true and right finds an
echo in our being So if we are evil by nature, and
cherish evil thoughts, we are incapable of seeing the
good in others, or if we may in a degree recognize it,
we are unable fully to appreciate it So with the soul
if it has no love for God in it, it is impossible for it to
comprehend or appreciate His goodness If we are
pulsing and thrilling with the love of God, all His
works are lovely to us, and the grand old world which
He has made is a magnificent picture from the skilful
hand of the Divine Artist

Then find no fault with the sunshine,
God made the world bright to be,
He hath made a leaf-shelter for every bird
And a song-bird for every tree
But into the human heart the law
Cometh for bitter or sweet,
The measure which thou to the world doth give
Such measure the world will mete

JULIA A F CARNEY

JULY NINETEENTH

O H, never yet upon the scroll
Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,
Hath Heaven inscribed "Despair "

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Ah, what thoughtful, loving provision God hath
made for us in the gift of the angel of Hope! There is
no path so dark but we may see the glimmer of her
shining wings, no misfortune so heavy but her helpful
hand is outstretched to us, and her smile still ready to
cheer and encourage us

There's hope for me, and hope for you!
Behind the cloud the sky's still blue,
Behind our crosses, we are told,
Awaits our crown of glittering gold;
O Heart be glad, and Heart, be true,
There's hope, sweet hope for me and you!

I S T

Life hath its hopes fulfilled,
Its glad fruitions, its best answered prayer,
Sweeter for waiting long, whose holy air
Indrawn to silent souls breathes forth in rare
Grand speech, by joy distilled

ISADORE G. JEFFERY

Hold up your head, then, child of grief,
Nor longer to the tempest bend
For soon or late must come relief—
The coldest, darkest night will end
Within my heart hope never dies,
Trust on! your day-star yet shall rise!

ANONYMOUS

JULY TWENTIETH

THERE is always something to be thankful for
While you are planning a jaunt to the country,
don't forget that you are not the only one who is
longing for the sight of a cool, green spot What are
you doing towards the "Fresh Air Mission"? This is
one of God's opportunities

But what of those children, poor and sad,
 (Fatherless, motherless, may be too,)
Shadowed by poverty, sickness and pain,
 Crowded and stifled the summer through!
What of the little and longing hearts
 Which wait so patiently day by day
For a glimpse of the happy and wonderful things
 That rarely, if ever, can pass their way!
They too must long for the beautiful place
 Where everything grows so sweet and fair!
They too must wish for a little space
 In the broad green meadows, a whiff of air

All flower-scented and fresh and cool,
 And the wealth of clover and daisies white,
The sound of birds in the grand old trees,
 And a frolic with all the sunbeams bright!
Let us give them a chance to share with us
 The sweet, glad charms of the summer-time!
As the joy-bells ring in our happy hearts
 Let theirs catch the echo of each sweet chime,
For them as for us God's gifts were meant,
 (May He help us remember that, day by day,)
And the "Helping Hand" outstretched in His name
 He will fill o'erflowing, dear friends, always

MARY D BRINE

JULY TWENTY-FIRST

WHEN you awake, resolve that it shall be to some faithful purpose, and that your renovated powers shall be obedient to Him who has renewed them Let the day's work be done as its hours are passing Let it have something of completeness in it — N L. FROTHINGHAM

Labor is man's great function He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, he can fulfil nothing, without working — ORVILLE DEWEY

Lord, we would work while life shall last,
Would toil while life is given,
Nor let us faint when hardships press,
True service fits for Heaven
With holy zeal we would go on,
Nor ask for crown or palm,
Enough for us, if at the last
We chant the victor's psalm

EVA MUNSON SMITH

There is no spirituality at all without use Spirituality begins, continues, and culminates in use To be genuinely useful, in any way, is to be so far spiritual To be nobly, comprehensively, humanly useful, is to be spiritual in a grand way — O B FROTHINGHAM

Is there no action worth my mood,
No deed of daring, high and pure,
That shall, when I am dead, endure,
A well-spring of perpetual good?

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

[209]

JULY TWENTY-SECOND

I TELL you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve
If he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, *resolve*!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

"What can't be cured, must be endured," is a good old maxim, and teaches a lesson worth remembering. If, instead of worrying because our plans have failed, and because we have made mistakes, and our neighbor has misjudged and ill-treated us, we would only resolve to go forward, manfully, cheerfully, making the best of it all, how much happier we should be! The man who will hold up his head in the face of troubles and discouragements, and take life as it comes, carries a brave spirit and a light heart!

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant, and a heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear,
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God, that somehow, true and just
His plans work out for mortals, not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp, better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor, envies not,
Nor loses faith in man, but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humble lot,
But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler, he alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate

SARAH K. BOLTON

JULY TWENTY-THIRD

GRANT MEMORIAL DAY

HIS mantle, fold about him — none can wear it
His sword, lay by his side — there's none to
wield it

Who fought for Union's life triumphantly,
Now shorn of strength, lies at his Maker's feet
A world bowed o'er a grave, is wrapped in grief,
A Hero's dead! A Chieftain's fallen!

EMILY HAWTHORN

From the genius of our government, the pathway to
honorable distinction lies open to all No post of
honor so high but the poorest boy may hope to reach
it It is the pride of every American that many
cherished names, at whose mention our hearts beat
with a quicker bound, were worn by the sons of poverty,
who conquered obscurity and became fixed stars in
our firmament — JAMES A GARFIELD

“Let us have peace ”
Great heart, that peace has come to thee,
Thy sword for freedom wrought,
And now thy sword is free ,

The huge world holds to-day
No fame so great, so wide,
As his whose steady eyes grew dim
On Mount McGregor's side

Moan sullen guns, and sigh
For the greatest who could die

FRANCES E WILLARD

JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

MOWING-TIME'

MIDSUMMER hours are coming and going,
Midsummer breezes are dreamily blowing,
Midsummer meadows the reapers are mowing

I S T

Sweet day of doom in the meadow
Most redolent day abroad,
When grasses, daises and clover
All die like the Saints of God,
And fragrance floats in the sunshine
And eloquence fills the sod

BENJAMIN F TAYLOR

July is just in the nick of time'
(Hay-weather, hay-weather,)
The midsummer month is the golden prime
For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme, —
(Swing all together!)

July is just in the nick of time'

MYRON W BENTON

If you can only learn a lesson from drowsy old July to-day, midsummer will not come in vain take the little motto for your own, and keep it through life, and let everything you do be based upon it — "*just in the nick of time*" If you want to be successful in life, if you want to do a good deed, or make headway in any direction, carry it about with you, and act upon it When it is mowing-time in the fields of your heart, go to work "*just in the nick of time*," so that the good seed that has ripened will be ready for another year's growth

JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

MAY this be a day of loving self-sacrifice'

Why are some loved in life, and missed in death,
while others are not? There must be some good reason
for this Is it beauty? Is it wealth? Is it natural
ability? Is it position? What is the true secret of
being loved? We desire the good-will and affection
of our fellows None of us wish to depart this life
"unwept, unhonored and unsung "

"It is self-sacrifice " "S S "are the mystic letters
Self-sacrifice is the "open sesame " to the world's heart
Love and you will be loved Give and you will receive
Lose your life and you will gain it No one loves a
selfish person but himself When he dies there is little
sorrow, for he leaves no sense of loss in other lives
—WILLIAM E BRYCE

So live that others in thy memory
May find a solace in their sore distress,
Some gleam of hope in their deep wretchedness;
So shalt thou live in ages yet to be

HENRY HAMILTON

For others' sake! O strong! O sweet!
O common tie! that binds our way
To God's great throne, when we repeat
In such small measure as we may
The earth-life of his own dear Son,
Who lived and died for others' sake,
For others' sake God's heaven won
By cross and curse none else could take

MARIA W JONES

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

THE eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are
the everlasting arms — DEUTERONOMY 33 27

Oh, how sweet it is to feel that there is a refuge near
when we are weary and heart-sick and distressed' To
know that the Everlasting Arms are strong and true
and willing To be assured though we are so weak
and helpless, that there is One who can supply all
needful strength and bear us up through every trial

To Thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, Thine erring children, in,
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin

Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be,
Oh, leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without Thee

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

"The Everlasting Arms" I think of that whenever
rest is sweet How the whole earth and the strength
of it, that is almightiness, is beneath every tired creat-
ure to give it rest, *holding* us, always' No thought of
God is closer than that — MRS A D T WHITNEY.

Within Thy circling arms we lie,
O God' in Thy infinity
Our souls in quiet shall abide,
Blest with love on every side

ANONYMOUS

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

BRING I this day to Thee,
Humbly and gratefully,
My offering

MRS S M I HENRY

What possibilities lie in a single day! And yet it is often accounted of so little value, just because it is so short. On one day have hinged the hopes of a state, on one day have hung the affairs of a nation, on one day have the events of the world been turned. In the little town of Bethlehem, many years ago, there dawned One Day, which has been memorable for centuries, for on it was born the Christ, the Saviour of mankind. On One Day, thirty-three years after, the light of the sun was hidden, because it was the most sorrowful day ever known, and Nature's heart seemed to grieve over the crucifixion of the Lord. But lo, in three days what a change! then indeed came a time of rejoicing — a Day of days which dawned in Peace, Light, and Victory to all the world. Oh, when you talk of a day as if it were insignificant, remember these things. Make this day an epoch in your life, give it, as a precious offering, to God.

A cup of water given
This day, for love of Him,
A word of cheer to some faint heart,
Whose sky of hope is dim,
Though thine own heart be sad,
Still, still, to trust, to pray —
These, these, may thus be thine to do,
For His dear sake, this day

MRS A M TOMLINSON.

JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

SOME one has said, "Justice is truth in action", justice must certainly have a kinship with truth, for to be perfectly just one must be true—true to his convictions of right and wrong, and honest in his opinions. May your reason and conscience teach you to be just in all things!

Ay, justice, who evades her?
Her scales reach every heart,
The action and the motive,
She weigheth each apart,
And none, who swerve from right and truth
Can 'scape her penalty!

SARAH J. HALE

Law is not law, if it violates the principles of eternal justice — LYDIA MARIA CHILD

We know not what a day may bring forth, but we know that Eternity will bring everlasting peace. High in the heavens, the pole-star of the world, shines Justice, placed within, as our guide thereto, is Conscience. Let us be faithful to that

"Which, though it trembles as it lowly dies,
Points to the light that changes not in Heaven."

THEODORE PARKER

We may be personally defeated, but our principles never! Truth, Justice, Reason, Humanity, must and will gloriously triumph — WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

Nothing will suffice as a rule of judgment in the treatment of others but a reverence for clear *principles*, as a higher law than personal tastes or wishes — SAMUEL JOHNSON

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

WHEN I behold what pleasure is pursuit,
What life, what glorious eagerness it is,
Then mark how full Possession falls from this,
How fairer seems the blossom than the fruit —
I am perplexed

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

It makes a vast difference what we pursue, whether we are disappointed or not. If it were mere worldly pleasure, the greatest enjoyment lies in the pursuit, if it is riches, few who have massed great wealth would say the possession brought as much real pleasure as the steady, day-by-day accumulation of it, energy, enthusiasm, and hope doubtless brought more happiness than the attainment of the fortune itself

My boyhood chased the butterfly,
O! when the shower was gone,
Sought treasures at the rainbow's end,
That lured me, wandering on
I caught no bow nor butterfly,
Though eagerly I ran,
But in the chase *I found myself*
And grew to be a man

In later years I've chased the good,
The beautiful and true,
Mirage-like forms which take no shape.
They flit as I pursue
But, while the endless chase I run,
I grow in life divine
I miss the ideals that I seek,
But *God himself is mine*

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE

JULY THIRTIETH

CAREFULNESS is very essential in whatever we do in this life. We must not only work, but *watch*. We cannot afford to be half-way in anything. The whole-hearted man is the one who succeeds in this world — he who puts energy and enthusiasm, perseverance and concentration into his task, and who is constantly on the alert lest some slight thing should interfere with its progress. So it should be with our character: let us take care then that the threads of untruth or discontent shall not creep in and spoil the fabric we are weaving for Eternity.

With wondrous skill, in the crowded mill,
The spinner her shuttle plies,
And watches the web with fear and dread,
As it forms beneath her eyes,
For well she knows that one rotten thread,
Inwove in these even bands,
Will be traced through the fabric far and near
As the work of her careless hands

In the mill of life, full of noise and strife,
We each have a weaver's part,
And the web of each day, by the passion's play,
Is wove with a curious art,
But if, false to ourselves and our Master's name,
We fashion the fabric thin,
And with its tissue blend the sable threads
Of slothfulness and sin,
To our own account will the mischief come,
And take from each joy its hoarded sum

MARY E MIXER

JULY THIRTY-FIRST

“NO shining hours without their shade,”
True Wisdom cries,
“And shadows into light shall fade,”
True Faith replies,
For God hath made both light and shade
A pathway to the skies
Had earth no shade, thou sorrowing one,
Oh, then, in Heaven, there were no sun

EDWARD R CAMPBELL

July has nearly passed away, freighted with a multitude of joys and sorrows, and over the hills of Time she will bear the record of her brief, departed days. Look backward and be thankful. If you have had trouble and perplexities and cares and grief, remember Who allowed you to bear them, and reflect on how much worse they might have been. There was never a time so dark that you could not find a ray of light somewhere, there was always sure to be a little chink left for it to shine through. This was a special blessing God had in reserve for you, though perhaps you did not realize it until afterwards. Thank God for life every day you live!

But yet, my Father, life is dear to me,
As through its mazy paths I pass along;
The beauty and the harmony I see
Inspire my spirit with a gush of song
My heart is swelling with a wild delight,
Its chords are touched to many a thrilling strain,
As all earth's beauty bursts upon my sight,—
To try to sing the half I feel were vain

MRS A H BINGHAM



OR THE MONTH OF AUGUST—



AUGUST FIRST

GREAT waves of plenty rolling up
Their golden billows to our feet,
Fields where the ungathered rye is white,
Or heavy with the yellow wheat,

Wealth surging inward from the sea,
And plenty through our land abroad,
With sunshine resting over all
That everlasting smile of God'

PHŒBE CARY

All silent she steals in among us,—quiet, dreamy August, following close on the footsteps of daisy-crowned July The poppy blazes in the sunshine, the grain-fields are ripening into golden splendor, and the butterflies and humming-birds seemed to have gathered the gorgeousness of Nature's loveliest hues and imprisoned them within their folded wings It is a time of silent, steady progress, of almost imperceptible growth, rather than the vigorous activity which comes with dawning Spring and early Summer Thou, too, O Human Heart, remember that in the quiet work and silent realm of Thought, thou canst still go on to perfection Do thy best, and wait, the Master will make ready thy corn and wine, and thou shalt receive thy just reward



LOUISA M ALCOTT

1832-1888

AUGUST SECOND

AUGUST brings the snowy lilies,
Clad in robes of spotless white,
Walking like a queen among them —
As she flings them left and right
Lilies pure and lovely crown her,
And her dress in ev'ry fold
Wears the semblance of a lily,
In its dream of white and gold

I S T

May peace and purity possess your heart to-day'
The gardens, fields, and highways are aflame with
bright, rich Summer flowers, but among them in stately
silence bloom the fair white lilies, shedding rare per-
fume around them, and holding up their waxen cups
for the sunshine and the dews of Heaven

"Unto the pure all things are pure," and so
The lily's cup is pure as unsullied snow
Its heart's sweet innocence, its home of love,
Its likeness here below to Heaven above,
Safe from rude winds, its sweetness folded up,
Best of all dwellings is a lily's cup

MAUDE MOORE

We read of thee in sacred story,
Reflections of God's face,
Not Solomon arrayed in glory
Could match thy peerless grace

White-robed and fair in purity,
With half-hid golden heart,
Enshrined in virgin sanctity,
Sweet emblems of God's art

MARIAN DALANA DANIEL

AUGUST THIRD

NOT what we have done avails us,
But what we do and are ,
We turn from the deed that is setting,
And steer for the rising star

J T TROWBRIDGE

God's promises are not for yesterday, but for to-day and to-morrow Especially are they intended for the present, for we may have but this one day how many have been worried and anxious about the promises of to-morrow, not knowing that for them it would never come We often load ourselves with unnecessary burdens If we could only learn to bear the ills of to-day without imagining those of to-morrow, how much better it would be for us Emerson says,

"Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived "

Though faded joys shall nevermore return,
Neither shall faded griefs, the first or last,
And time's true heir is of the present born

JAMES BENJAMIN KENYON

Do not crouch to-day and worship
The old Past whose life is fled
Hush your voice with tender reverence ,
Crowned he lies, but cold and dead
For the Present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours
Honor her, for she is mighty'
Honor her, for she is ours'

ANONYMOUS

AUGUST FOURTH

IF it were only in my power to brighten and make beautiful this day for you, how gladly would I do so! To speak a comforting word, to inspire you with renewed strength and courage — ah, this would indeed give me inexpressible pleasure. But I can, at least, point you to some of God's bright little messengers that He has sent into the world to speak for Him, and pour the balm of heart's-ease into tired, discouraged, aching hearts. Therefore, I commission the pansies to carry you a heavenly message to-day. Can any one be sad who looks into their faces? Learn from them the sweet lesson of happiness and content, and go out into the world to comfort others, forgetting self, to be a heavenly heart's-ease of all mankind.

O Pansies, lovely Pansies,
That bloom with sweetest grace,
Ye carry hope and gladness
In ev'ry witching face,
And speak a silent language,
With pleading undertone —
Whose tender, hidden meaning
No other flower has known

Bloom on, O velvet Pansies!
Your silent peace impart,
Outpour the balm of healing —
The heart's-ease of the heart —
Outbreathe your dewy incense,
Draw sweetness from the sod,
Ye are the smiles of Heaven,
Ye are the thoughts of God!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

AUGUST FIFTH

JUST in proportion as a man becomes good, divine, Christ-like, he passes out of the region of theorizing into the region of benevolent activities. It is good to think well, it is divine to act well — HORACE MANN

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined,
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose —

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know, —
Shalt bless the earth, while, in the world above,
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow,
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearyed sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in Heaven's immortal
bowers

CARLOS WILCOX

When we read of a beautiful life ended, and hear the kind words said concerning it, we think it would be a grand thing to leave such a record, and such an influence behind us. A diamond might lie forever in darkness, and no one would know of its lustre if it were not polished. So if we would shine in the hearts of men forever, we must come into the Light of God's love and be refined and polished. A soul that catches the lustre of Heaven cannot be darkened.

AUGUST SIXTH

BROOD not on words or slights, their biting force
Is measured by their housing — mischief-seeds
Which, nursed and tended, bring forth poison-weeds
Whose bitter crop is hatred and remorse

W W MARTIN

Cherish no ill-will against any one The Master said, "Be kindly affectioned one to another," and while you are harboring unkind thoughts, it is impossible for you to be "kindly affectioned" People have been known to belong to the same church, the same society, or—I grieve to say it—the same family, who meet each other day after day, year after year, and do not speak, because of a word or act which their unforgiving heart treasures up and broods over as if it were a precious thing And yet these same people call themselves followers of Christ, and profess to belong to the Household of Faith Oh, if we are all to be one family in Heaven, how shall such as these stand before the Throne together with the sin of unforgiveness between them? Bear a grudge against no man We have much to be forgiven, then let us be ready to forgive others

Mortals mourn over losses —
Pleasures long perished while sorrows remain,
Here are no shoulders unburdened by crosses,
Eyelids untear-stained or hearts without pain!
But when the angel calls all souls before Him
Who is the brightness and glory of Heaven,
Then shall we know as we bow and adore Him,
All things are sure to the spirit forgiven!

SIMEON TUCKER CLARK

AUGUST SEVENTH

YOU can never be half grateful enough for the influence of a good mother. Whatever success you may achieve in life, whatever good you may have in you, is due to her gentle teachings, for a good mother is the guiding star of her child. With what tenderness, patience, and loving solicitude she has watched over and guarded you during your childhood, shared the sweet secrets of your youth, and with quiet sympathy and deep concern, has comforted and counselled you in your later years. America's noblest sons owe their nobility to the influence of a good mother, America's loveliest daughters can attribute their graces of mind and heart to her development and cultivation. All honor to the true-souled Christian mother! — she has made our country what it is to-day!

Thus shall a mother's love refine
Thy heart's best gold, till it will shine
Like roses with bright dew weighed down,
Like jewels burnished for a crown!
And selfishness shall melt away,
And truer, grander thoughts bear sway,
Devotion's incense shall arise
From thy heart's altar to the skies,
And thou wilt prove how great and good
Is God's sweet gift of motherhood

EMILY P. WILLIAMS

'Tis something great to be a queen,
And bend a kingdom to a woman's will,
To be a mother such as mine, I ween,
Is something better and more noble still

MAY RILEY SMITH

AUGUST EIGHTH

FOR each soul has one inner room
Where all alone it seeks the grace
To struggle with the sharpest woe,
Its hardest destiny to face,
To lift the duty that it fears,
To love, to trust, through every doom,
And not the nearest, dearest heart
Goes with it to that inner room

ANONYMOUS.

How fares it with us? — O my Friend?

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Let us go to the inner room of our soul to-day and hold a little communion season. How fares it with you, and with me? Has the season been a good one with us? will it yield an abundant harvest? Perhaps there was too much drouth perhaps we did not drink deep enough from the Living Fountain to keep the inner soil moist. Or maybe it was the other way perhaps we did not get enough heavenly sunshine, and this may have retarded the growth of our soul's harvest. "How fares it with us?" God knows. I only trust that as we sit in silence within this inner room to-day, we may find out why we are not progressing as we ought, and may not come empty-handed to the Master when the Summer is past and over.

Ye toilers in the Master's field,
Where others labored long,
The sturdy arm of effort wield,
Still steadfast be, and strong

MARY C WEBSTER

AUGUST NINTH

WE could not help but sing,
There was such beauty in the Earth and
Heaven,

Such music in our hearts, such joy in everything

WILLIAM DAVIS GALLAGHER

How can people help seeing beauty when it is all around them? We cannot turn our eyes in any direction but we behold wondrous and beautiful things. The writer was once entertained by a family of Swiss people, who had come over to America, and, after a few years of good management and economy, had amassed a fortune and erected an elegant residence. The mansion stood on the top of a beautiful knoll overlooking a broad strip of country, as picturesque and lovely a landscape as one could wish to see. One could not help exclaiming over the view from the windows, looking across the handsome lawns, down the hedge-bordered lanes, and beyond to the sloping uplands, and clustering groves, but the hostess only said laughingly, "Is it beautiful, do you think? I never have time to look at it. The cares of the house require my constant attention, and I never think about outdoor attractions." Ah, it is pitiful to be so hampered that we may not see what a magnificent world God has made for us!

The fountain of Beauty is the heart, and every generous thought illustrates the walls of its chambers —
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

To cultivate the sense of the beautiful is one of the most effectual ways of cultivating an appreciation of the divine goodness — BOVEE

AUGUST TENTH

IT is not what we *take* up, but what we *give* up, that makes us rich It is the heart that makes the man rich He is rich or poor according to what he *is*, not according to what he *has* — HENRY WARD BEECHER

What are your riches? Have you the gold of a true heart, an unselfish nature, a sweet forgiving disposition, a kindly charity, a spirit of contentment? Then you are rich beyond measure Have you the wealth of a sound mind, a strong body, and a pure soul? What great possessions are yours! May the gold within you be a blessing to all the world—you cannot be too lavish with it keep giving it away put it out at interest and it will double its value in a short time

Be worthy of thyself, O Gold!
By brain outwrought,
By soft heart taught,
Call Charity to work with thee,
And so be better than thy mould

ETHEL LYNN BEERS

Better than all that is born of gold,
Better is health by a thousand fold,
Better is virtue, and hope, and rest,
Better is love, as a faithful guest
To have a heart that's warm within,
To have a life unstained by sin,
To dare the right with courage bold,
Is better far than hoarding gold

VIRGIL A. PINKLEY

AUGUST ELEVENTH

SWEET souls around us' watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

We are ever enfolded in the hallowed influence of our departed ones. Memory keeps fresh and fair the record of a beautiful life, and engraves it upon the tablets of our heart. How often some little association brings back a well-remembered characteristic so vividly, that we feel comforted through the reminder it is somewhat akin to the real presence. We cannot forget, if we would. Memory guards with tender care her own, nothing can shut out the pure, sweet influence of lives that were beautiful, good, and true.

We may leave the garden, and bar the gate,
Put an angel there, with a sword, to wait,
But what can the bars or the angel do
To keep the fragrance from stealing thro'?

MARIA LOUISA EVE.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day,
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb

MAY RILEY SMITH

AUGUST TWELFTH

PATIENCE accomplishes wonders Content with being slow and plodding, she steadily keeps at a task, step by step, progressing a little at a time, until her work is done Through patience, the astronomer has traversed the celestial world, and traced the course of the heavenly bodies through patience the navigator has sailed the stormy seas and made discoveries that have broadened the kingdoms and enriched the treasures of the nations through patience the geologist has penetrated the crust of the earth and brought to light hidden wealth, and through patience the inventor has wrought out marvellous things for the good of mankind There is little done in this world worth doing, without patience Let us cultivate it, it will help us through many difficulties, trials, and temptations it will make us better fitted for Heaven

Learn patience from the lesson'

Though the night be drear and long,
To the darkest sorrow there comes a morrow,
A right to every wrong

J T TROWBRIDGE

O Nature' bare thy loving breast,
And give thy child one hour of rest,—
One little hour to lie unseen
Beneath thy scarf of leafy green'

So, curtained by a singing pine,
Its murmuring voice shall blend with mine,
Till lost in dreams, my faltering lay
In sweeter music dies away

HOLMES

AUGUST THIRTEENTH

LET this day bear witness that you were faithful in
duties small and great

Oh' slow of heart to learn this simple truth –
Thy loyalty and love thou may'st attest
By little deeds within a narrow sphere,
Nor vainly roam of broader fields in quest

MARY P ROBERTS

Little whispered words can strike
Cruel blows at heart of friends,
Little signs be auguries
Of great changes in the state

Little habits grow to chains
Which can fetter man's strong will,
Little kindnesses may heal,
Little helps may save a soul,
Little hands for woe or weal
Can the sternest lives control,
Fortunes start from petty gains,
Every river has a rill

"Small," we say, "of little worth,"
Heedless what the end shall be,
But the angels sadly sigh
Over what we so despise,
And the small faults we decry
Bring a cloud to heavenly eyes,
And the petty deeds of earth
Mould the long eternity

SUSAN COOLIDGE

AUGUST FOURTEENTH

FOR the beautiful theme of my thrilling song
Is that Right shall be victor at last o'er Wrong!

A A HOPKINS

We all have more or less pride in us, and if it is not selfish, foolish pride, it is right that we should have it. Self-respect might perhaps be called pride, and yet if we make ourselves worthy of respect, why should we not, in a modest way, realize the fact? If a man has no respect for himself, he need not expect it of others. Appreciation of our own talents might also be looked upon as pride, by some, but if God has endowed us with a special gift, are we honoring Him if we fail to recognize it, cultivate it, and be thankful for it? Let us be careful not to take the glory to ourselves. The right will always prevail, if we obey the monitions of conscience, and keep ourselves free from vanity and self-righteousness. Temptations come to us in so many forms, a soldier on the lookout for the enemy has not more need of vigilance than we, and if we sometimes fail, it is because we are not watchful, and lose sight of God and the Right.

Keep holy watch with silence, prayer and fasting,
Ere morning break and all the bugles play,
Unto the One aware from everlasting
Dear are the winners thou art more than they

Forth from this peace on manhood's way thou goest,
Flushed with desire, and glorious with mail,
Blessing supreme for men unborn thou sowest
O knight elect! O soul ordained to fail!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

AUGUST FIFTEENTH

ON the wild rose-tree
Many buds there be,
Yet each sunny hour
Hath one perfect flower
Thou who would'st be wise,
Open wide thine eyes —
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Direct your energies in the pursuit of the most perfect things Aim high if you would be uplifted Seek the best if you would become better Allow nothing that is good to pass you by without getting a share of it Always find the best side in your neighbor's character do not look for the evil A man usually finds what he looks for, if he is only diligent in seeking Share your wealth with others, enrich other lives, and uplift other souls

Streams from a sweet fountain must sweetness distil,
Lives, lovely and pure, have a mission to fill,
And thoughts that are helpful and holy and true,
Have a mission as well, have a work they may do
In manifold clusters, o'er woodland and lea,
Sweet blossoms of thought wait for you and for me
What wreaths we might fashion for young brows to
wear,

Did we gather the garlands of truth everywhere'
Did we from our bright path cull brightness and bloom
For those who walk only in shadow and gloom,
What rare buds of blessing, what joy we might bear,
To those overburdened with sorrow and care

MARY A LEAVITT

AUGUST SIXTEENTH

SEEK your life's nourishment in your life's work
Do not think that after you have bought or sold,
or studied or taught, you will go into your closet and
open your Bible and repair the damage of the loss
which your daily life has left you Do those things,
certainly, but also insist that your buying, or selling,
or studying, or teaching shall itself make you brave,
patient, pure, and holy Do not let your occupation
pass you by and only leave you the basest and poorest
of its benefits, the money with which it fills your purse
This is the life that, indeed, "catches the quality of the
life of God," and still is a life possible to every one of
us — PHILLIPS BROOKS

Work! work! though wealth may surround you
Think not thy labor on that account done,
Work though the chaplet of honor has crowned you,
Thy mission, it may be, is only begun,
Strive to attain the true end of your being,
Find to do good both a way and a will,
Walk in uprightness before the All-Seeing,
And while the day lingers keep laboring still

HENRY H SAUNDERSON

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will,
Never does the streamlet glide
Unless by the mill
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way,
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy To-day

ANONYMOUS

AUGUST FIFTEENTH

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Many buds there be,
Yet each sunny hour
Hath one perfect flower
Thou who would'st be wise,
Open wide thine eyes —
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Unless by the mill
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Beams upon the way,
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy To-day

ANONYMOUS

AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

JOIN with Nature's voice in praise to-day' Thank
God for sunshine, blue sky, and blossoming flowers,
and for the beautiful world which He has made for
you

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing'
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming'

Sing loud, O bird in the tree'
O bird, sing loud in the sky'
And honey-bees, blacken the clover-bed,
There are none of you glad as I

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low, with the wind at play,
And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away'

For oh, but the world is fair, is fair —
And oh, but the world is sweet'
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
And sit at the Master's feet

And the love my heart would speak
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossoms, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him

Then sing in the hedge-row green, O thrush'
O skylark, sing in the blue'
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you'

INA D COOLBRITH

AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

TO "cease to do evil" is not enough, even if it were easily accomplished "Learn to do well" is infinitely more important, and that means to learn Christ The only way to get sin out of your life is to get the root of sin out of your heart, and the only sure process is to give Jesus the heart and enthrone Him there As Mark Hopkins well said, "The beauty on the surface of daily life is from the central principle within, as the beauty on the cheek of health is from the central force at the heart " — THEODORE L CUYLER

Do not weary in well-doing,
Take this motto for your own ,
Know a word in kindness spoken
Oft doth melt a heart of stone

If a cup of water even
In My Name, says Christ the Lord,
To a thirsty soul be given,
It shall reap a rich reward

Do not weary in well-doing,
And, if faithful you should prove,
You will hear that welcome given,
"Enter thou into My love "

MRS V A GIBSON

'Tis not to great and mighty deeds,
God's smile is always given ,
And those who lowliest walk on earth,
May brightest shine in Heaven

EMILY P WILLIAMS

AUGUST NINETEENTH

SET your face Zionward to-day Let not the cares
and vexations of your earthly life lead you away
from Christ Temptations will come to you in many
ways sometimes, in such a guise that you will scarcely
recognize them as temptations at all Yet, it is these
very things that deceive you, and tend to keep you
down If you are filled with faith, it will be a shield
against temptation Strengthen your will and stand
firm

Be firm' whatever tempts thy soul
To loiter ere it reach its goal,
Whatever siren voice would draw
Thy heart from duty and its law,
Oh' that distrust Go bravely on,
And, till the victor-crown be won,
Be firm'

SARAH C E MAYO

Life's a trial till it closes,
Grace descends to crown each hour,
And he who on Heaven reposes
Triumphs over evil's power

WILLIAM FORD

Brave all temptations, they I know but make
More resolute thy will, thy soul more fair
When thou hast searched the universe all through,
And failed alone to find the central thought,
Watch where the needle points, — 'twill lead thee true
Gain thou this knowledge howe'er dearly bought,
That thou, the whole art powerless to construe,
Until by thine own centre thou art taught

ELLA DIETZ CLYMER

AUGUST TWENTIETH

DO not forget that He who says, "Come, learn of Me," has a little text-book to put into your hands
—L K MCLEAN

Not a day should be allowed to pass without your learning something Your mind should broaden and expand like a flower in the sunlight, unfolding day by day and hour by hour This is why God has given you so many avenues of improvement, and surrounded you by innumerable advantages He says, "Learn of Me," and has put into your hands His Word, filled with loving promises and helpful counsels He has also given into your keeping a volume of poems, which we call the Book of Nature, and through this we may read the beautiful thoughts of the Divine Teacher. Get as near Him as you can through these two books learn all you can here, and it will help to fit you for the Life hereafter

Learn to live, and live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,
Little tasks make large returns

BAYARD TAYLOR

Divine knowledge is not as the light of the moon, to sleep by, but as the light of the sun, to work by —
WILLIAM SECKER

Wisdom sits alone,
Topmost in Heaven — she is its light — its God,
And in the heart of man she sits as high —
Though grovelling eyes forget her oftentimes,
Seeing but the world's idols

N P WILLIS

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

FAILURES come to all of us No matter how hard we try sometimes, things will go wrong Success is oftenest gained through long striving, though occasionally it is reached with less difficulty After all, the harder we have to work for the attainment of an object, the more we appreciate it when it is in our possession Do not be discouraged because of failures begin over Throughout the entire world people are beginning over there is not a household but has learned the lesson There is rebuilding done at all times of the year — a pulling down of half-finished plans, a ripping out of false stitches and a new start being made Take fresh courage, and try again, no matter how hard it may be Break a spider's web, and she will set to work immediately to repair the damage, rob a bee-hive, and the little occupants will go on making cells and gathering fresh stores of honey brush down an ant-hill, and the busy little ants will go to cleaning out the rubbish and rebuilding the demolished house at once It is always creditable to be willing to begin over

Have you missed in your aim? well, the mark is still shining

Did you faint in the race? well, take breath for the next

Did the clouds drive you back? but see yonder their lining

Were you tempted and fell? let it serve for a text

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

NOTHING makes you so gentle, so kind, so human, as love nothing else will so round out and perfect your character, and fit you for a good influence over your fellow-men But, you say, "I cannot love everybody, for some people are not lovable at all " Of course we have not the same kind of love towards all men You have a different love for every member of your own family, and yet each has, perhaps, an equal place in your heart Why should you not also love the whole human family — the universal family of God? Even if you do find some among them whom you pronounce "unlovely," you can have a feeling of kindness and sympathy for them, and an interest in their welfare In one way, this is love Because you love God, you should love your fellow-men, do good to them, and help them to grow more lovable There is no surer way of reaching a man's heart, than by showing him the humanity in your own Love is very closely akin to humanity, in fact, one cannot be genuinely human without love

Love's reign is eternal,
The heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons
Of life for his own

GEORGE P MORRIS

Oh, he's accurst from all that's good,
Who never knew Love's healing power,
Such sinner on his sins must brood,
And wait alone his hour
If stranger to earth's beauty — human love,
There is no rest below, nor hope above

RICHARD H DANA

AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

BATTLE as you may alone, you cannot overcome
Self without God's help There is no human being,
I care not how strong he is, who is able to grow
to the stature of perfect manhood without he has Divine
assistance Dependent on God, as we are, for breath,
for health, for light and food, and for all the comforts
and blessings of this life, we are also dependent on
Him for strength to resist temptation, and for help to
grow daily better and more like Him Let us then
draw near to Him, and hold sweet communion with
Him apart from all the outer world

In the secret of His presence,
I am kept from strife of tongues,
His pavilion is around me,
And within are ceaseless songs'
Stormy winds, His word fulfilling,
Beat without, but cannot harm,
For the Master's voice is stilling
Storm and tempest to a calm

. . .

In the secret of His presence
Is a sweet unbroken rest
Pleasures, joys, in glorious fulness,
Making earth like Eden blest,
So my peace grows deep and deeper
Widening as it nears the sea,
For my Saviour is my keeper,
Keeping mine, and keeping me

HENRY BURTON

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

PRAYER is the ladder upon which the soul climbs to Heaven To get into fellowship with God we must approach Him through prayer, and make known our wants to Him Prayer is the soul's incense, the offering up to God of our dearest wishes and sweetest hopes, in the spirit of pure, trusting faith What returns our Father makes, we may not even guess sometimes He answers us speedily, sometimes it is best that we should wait, and ask again and again before our request is granted sometimes our plea is denied — and we often live to thank Him that many of our prayers were not answered Rest assured, that when or how the answer comes, God's love is always the same

Not only should our prayers arise
To God, in Whom our souls rejoice,
But we should hearken for His voice,
And own His answers to our cries

SIMEON TUCKER CLARK

Full often lips that never part
Hold deeper prayers within the heart

MARTHA EILEEN HOLAHAN

There are God and peace above thee
Wilt thou languish in despair?
Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet,
Scale the walls of Heaven with prayer —
'Tis the key of the apostle,
That opens Heaven from below,
'Tis the ladder of the patriarch,
Whereon angels come and go

ANNE C LYNCH

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

HARVEST-TIME! Ah, how much depends upon this season of the year. Wheat-fields have been ripening day by day through the warm, drowsy summer-tide, the bearded barley has been taking on a golden color, and the corn is rustling in the ear. It seems to me, one cannot fully appreciate God's goodness who has never seen a harvest-field, ripe and mellow, waiting for the reapers. In our great, busy, bustling cities, puffing with steam and humming with machinery, are many of God's poor children who have never been into the free, open, country air. And yet, I think, Heaven will be all the sweeter to those who have missed such beauty here. What have you sown for your harvest — wheat or tares? Begin to bind your sheaves. God grant that you may garner in much that will be immortal in coming years, and that shall feed hungry minds and souls with satisfying food.

Thought hath wondrous germination
In the soil of mind, and Time
Shields with joy each new creation —
Harvest miracle sublime

Listen! hear the Lord of harvest
Calling, calling for thy sheaves!
Not alone *thy* soul thou starvest,
'Tis thy friend, thy child, who grieves --

Thy soul's kin who should inherit
Bread and wine thy lands have grown
Ah! how desolate the spirit
Seeking but its own alone!

ISADORE GILBERT JEFFERY

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

SOMETHING beautiful is always in store for those who hopefully wait. God's recompense is sure, O faithful one, His hand will bestow a reward if thou art worthy of it. Did the brightness ever fail to come after the long, dark night had worn away? Did His promise ever disappoint thee, or His strength fall short of thy needs? Perhaps thy heart is sore oppressed, and thy faith dim to-day this should not be. Say to the cloud that darkens thy sky, "Roll back, harbinger of doubt and despair, behind thee shines the sunlight still. God's light will never fail. He is faithful and mindful of His own." To-morrow will be the dawn of a better, brighter day.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
The sunrise never failed us yet

CELIA THAXTER

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning

MRS M A KIDDER

May hope's bright star illumine thy way, —
To-morrow bring the better day!

ANONYMOUS

AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

REMEMBER, we cannot entertain love, sympathy, and kindness in a cold heart Would you put an honored guest into a cold, cheerless room? These beautiful virtues are guests which should be royally received and welcomed in the warmest, most hospitable recesses of the heart, therefore let us ask our Heavenly Father to make us ready to receive them The more, too, that we have of love for humanity, the more we are capable of loving God Love expands the heart — hatred contracts it the same law which applies to heat and cold will apply to love The more beauty we see in our fellow-men, the more glorious God becomes to us — *love expands the heart*

Pour out thy soul like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver
Silent or songful thou nearest the sea
Scatter thy life as the summer showers pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom look upward adoring?
Look to the Life that was lavished for thee!

ROSE TERRY COOKE

Dear fellow Christian, has a ray from above,
Or a wave from the fountain of Infinite love,
Transfused with its current your heart's hidden spring?
Then its outflow to others will some blessing bring
Streams from a sweet fountain will sweetness distil,
Lives lovely and pure must work out His will
And then, for each work, in each field of the Lord,
How sweet is the recompense, rich the reward

MARY A LEAVITT.

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

GOD secretes in places lone and still
The rarest products of His will

THOMAS BREWER PEACOCK

Often the quietest lives are the most beautiful Underneath an outward reserve of manner, lies the hidden treasure of the soul Born, perhaps, in the humble walks of life, and yet taking high rank with God and the angels, such as these touch, as it were, the outskirts of Heaven and have not far to go to complete the journey thither These silent lives will measure their brief span, and you and I will never know, perhaps, of the beautiful hidden treasures they possess O my Friend, what of your soul? Is there pure gold hidden away, or is it all dross?

Not only in cavernous homes of the sea
Are the quenchless stores of things divine,
Nor does only the willing stars' heraldry
With the light of their wonderful birthright shine,
For there are in the heart such things as come
Not over the sea, nor out of the night,
And the unknown speech of the Soul is a tongue
They may listen and wait for in fear and delight

ISAAC R. BAXLEY.

The depth
Of glory in the attributes of God,
Will measure the capacities of mind,
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify Him more

N. P. WILLIS

AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

WE could be saved a great deal of trouble if we only *knew*, but so much is hidden from us by a kind Providence, which, if we but understood, would prevent us from making mistakes and wounding sensitive hearts. Our impulsive nature often leads us into error we do not stop to think, but speak and act like children, heedless of what the result may be. Oh, how many times we are left to repent our rashness! Be watchful the sins of omission are often worse than the sins of commission. Oh, the good you might have done! Oh, the evil you might have left undone!

Could we but know of cruel wounds
That throb and beat in many a heart,
How would we strive, by tenderest touch,
Some balm of healing to impart

Could we but know of thorny paths
Full many weary pilgrims tread,
Would we not count it blessed boon
Sweet flowers on such dark paths to shed!
EMMELINE SHERMAN SMITH

If we knew what lives are darken'd
By some thoughtless word of ours,
Which had ever lain upon them,
Like the frost upon the flowers,
Oh! with what sincere repentings,
With what anguish of regret,
While our eyes are overflowing,
Would we cry, "forgive," "forget"
ELLEN H GATES

AUGUST THIRTIETH

“**Y**E shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free ” There is no countenance so open and clear as that of the truthful man or woman The eyes can look you squarely in the face without flinching, and the voice is honest in its tone and expression the truthful man or woman is at ease anywhere, and carries a passport into any place If you would have a clear conscience, be truthful, if you would be trusted by your fellow-men, be truthful, if you would be at peace with God, be truthful There are always two sides to everything—the true and the false—your judgment will tell you which is right, search out the truth, and it shall “make you free ” Ah, the liberty of the truth is a grand thing

If we have whispered truth,
Whisper no longer,
Speak as the tempest does,
Stern and stronger

JOHN G WHITTIER

Men call him crazed whose eyes are raised
To look beyond his times,
And they are learned, who too fast
Are anchored in the changeless past,
To seek Truth's newer climes'
Yet act thy part, heroic heart!
For only by the strong
Are great and noble deeds achieved,—
No truth was ever yet believed
That had not struggled long

J T TROWBRIDGE.

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

LET August go out in a song If you have no music in your voice, surely you have it in your *heart* Silent praise is always music to the ear of God, every chord tuned to His praise is a hallelujah to Him I have heard a poor trembling voice trying to catch the melody of a hymn, that went quavering and faltering through the verses in a most unmusical manner, according to the correct style of a true musician, and yet the rapture on that face, and the spirit of worship behind the voice, made of it a sacred symphony Not all the trained choirs of Europe and America could pour sweeter music into the courts of Heaven than swells from the soul of one of God's aged saints whose feet are almost on the Border-land

If you cannot set to metre all the music of your soul,
Then let its heavenly harmony your daily life control,
Until from out the discord of life's bitterness and pain
Sweet symphonies shall rise—nor your life-song be in
vain

ALICE F DUNLAP

Go sing to others all the songs
The angels sing to you—
The unused voice will lose its power,
Its tones will not be true
Transposed for weak, unskilful hands,
In all the easy keys,
The cheering strains, the soothing calm
Of heavenly melodies

JULIA H THAYER



PHILLIPS BROOKS

1835-1893



OR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.



SEPTEMBER FIRST

SEPTEMBER strews the woodlands o'er
With many a brilliant color,
The world is brighter than before,—
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather!
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

Like an oriental princess comes the beautiful maid
September All silently she buries her shapely feet
among the grasses, and trails her stately garments
down the wooded aisles, and the woodland echoes
whisper to each other, "Behold, September is here!"
Our fair, sweet Summer has flown, but lo, in her stead
September walks among us clothed in all the regal
splendor of autumnal colors

Now the sweet September's here,
And the plover pipeth clear,
And each sheltered sheath of satin
Holds a guerdon of good cheer,
And the corn all ripe and high,
Taller far than you or I,
Standeth spear-like to the sky,
In the sunset of the year

KATE MCPHELIN CLEARY

SEPTEMBER SECOND

AND now you walk among the glories of a dying Summer and a dawning Autumn Amid the heat and dust steals a little faint breeze, dew-laden in the morning, and at evening quickening as twilight deepens, and growing cooler as the night wears on The Golden-rod is waving his yellow plumes as if he were monarch of all creation the wheat and corn are golden too O Heart, hast thou not thy gold to bring this glad September day? I can wish for thee nothing better than that thy year's harvest is ripening to fruition, and that the Master Reaper is turning the fruits of thy hands and lips into gold to-day

Within each beating, human heart,
Lie buried out of sight
The thoughts that throb like things apart
And wait to find the light —
From depths unseen, the heart's own sod
Sends forth its flowers, like Goldenrod

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

Asters, purple and blue and white,
Yellow and orange goldenrod,
Ah, ye are preachers, prophets of God,
Writing your message in rainbow light,
A revelation in all men's sight

The humblest creature of mortal mould
May shine, a spirit of godlike worth
Whose blooming at last shall illumine the earth
With achievement's purple, or virtue's gold,
When short-lived glories are dead and cold

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR

SEPTEMBER THIRD

WE all have our heart-angels — ministering spirits that come stealing into the sanctuary of our inner life so silently that we cannot even hear the rustle of their wings. Though we may be vexed and irritated, grieved and distressed, the presence of one of our heart-angels drives away all disturbances, and fills us with restfulness and peace. Do you feel hurt or resentful or angry? God forbid that you should bear ill-will towards any one, least of all towards one who is dear to you. Open the doors of your heart let out the evil spirit, that the good may come in and minister to you, and put a smile into your eyes and a song into your lips. May this gentle messenger of peace and good-will abide with you and beautify your life within, until it shall breathe forth an incense which shall sweeten other lives and help to fit them for immortality!

.
There often comes to meet me, from the land where
fancies start,
A sweet and blessed presence — the Angel of my heart

Then whatever is the fairest, in this poor heart of
mine —
As bees extract the honey from the roses' gathered
wine,
She draws with gentle glances, that lead me like a
prayer,
To follow in her footsteps through the pathway of the
air

“BIRCH ARNOLD ”

SEPTEMBER FOURTH

I CARE not where you may be, nor how surrounded, you may cultivate the spirit of silence. If you have learned how to turn your thoughts inward, without allowing outward things to disturb and annoy you, you can find much food for quiet meditation. A man is never lonely who has large resources within himself. If possible, get away from the busy world for a time, and walk out into the sunshine and gladness with Nature. The September woods are beautiful now, and an hour's solitude amid the stirring leaves and whispering breezes would do you good. Oh, I wish every tired, overworked man, woman, and child could spend a restful hour in the woodlands to-day, — where the heart of Nature beats high among the branches, and echoes its music in the babbling streams. Find some time for meditation, even in the midst of busy scenes, and may a quiet peace possess you!

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears

HENRY W LONGFELLOW

Nature is man's best teacher. She unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart,
An influence breathes from all the sights and sounds
Of her existence, she is wisdom's self

ALFRED B STREET

SEPTEMBER FIFTH

THE necessary basis of culture is not money, but content, content with outward things just as they are, content with what must be, with what you so plaintively call a "subordinate social position." Let us learn to have the grace to stand still and receive what is given us, instead of struggling after the fashions of the day. It is this selfish and unlovely strife to be first — to be popular among our fellow-men — which leaves no time for thought, no room for beauty, and no breath for song, and that unfits us for companions in the home and for the life work we are intended for —

ANONYMOUS

I think he conquers all who wins content
Take what you may
Of proffered good, accept life as it stands
And make the most of its swift-fleeting days
The sweet, glad smile in a loved one's eyes,
The tender cadence of household tones
Are better than the crowns of the great and high,
For to live on pride is to feed on stones
In counting off our life
By harvest moons, the checkered, toilsome years
Show in their record more of peace than strife,
More joy than sorrow, more of smiles than tears

ELLEN P. ALLERTON

My life at last has rounded out
Into the fulness of content,
No more I grasp beyond my reach,
I mourn no more the days long spent

FLORENCE A. JONES

SEPTEMBER SIXTH

ANOTHER day! We see the dawning light, we breathe the dewy air, and looking from our windows watch the glory of the glad new day climb up the sunrise hills of morn. This day is ours — both yours and mine — fresh given from the hand of God to keep or waste it as we will. How sweet it is, how pure and new, as if just fashioned by the Lord! Let us receive it with His love, and crown it with the best we have, in thought, and deed and earnest word

How beautiful is morn, when glad and new
All nature wakes to greet another day!
The sweet, mysterious chrism of the dew
Has washed all signs of weariness away,
The flow'rs that drooped at yestere'en, now lift
Once more their sparkling faces up. We too,
With heart and brain refreshed, receive the gift
Of a new day, on whose fair page, as yet,
No character of good or ill is set
So, joyously and eagerly, with hope and courage high,
We seek to trace a record grand before the day goes by

MARY K. BUCK

A new day stretches before me,
A day unlive and untried,
I know not what it will bring me,
What sorrows or joys may betide

How shall I plan for these hours,
One by one, as they come through the day?
How fill them with actions the wisest?
How think of the best things to say?

EDITH J. STODDARD

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

JOYS of this life are fleeting, do not cling to them too closely They last but for a season, and then leave us, like summer birds, with nothing but their empty nests of remembrance to tell they have been If you would make life worth living, do not sit idly grieving over your failures and disappointments, nor sigh for the unsatisfying things of earth, but rest your heart and soul upon the promises of God, and fix your affections upon the treasures that shall not pass away nor perish with the using

Pleasure weaves a subtle thread,
Cunning as the spider,
Drawing us within her snare,
If we but confide her,
Then with peace and rest destroyed,
We but find an aching void

But for all who earnest seek,
There's a better treasure,
Full and free it comes to all,
Without stint or measure
Heav'n to such will sure impart
Full fruition to each heart

ACHSA MILLS BROWN

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give,
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live

HARRIET W SEWALL

SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

THAT love is stronger than hate, kindness than selfishness, forgiveness than vindictiveness, need not be questioned. But the love must be genuine, not a counterfeit, the kindness must be unfeigned, the forgiveness must be from the heart and with the regenerate only can this be. To acquire more and more of this power should be the serious aim of good people, and to help us in the acquisition of it, we read and ponder the Sermon on the Mount. It tells men what they must aim at, what they must try to become —
O B FROTHINGHAM

Dear Lord, could I but have to me
The Spirit's fulness given,
I'd haste to tell Thy love to men
And point the way to Heaven

Divine Redeemer, could I speak
Thy love so full and free,
Unto each heart that needs Thy grace,
I'd bring this world to Thee

FRANCIS P GRIFFITH

For the purest hope that's human,
For the good of man and woman,
For the upright soulhood holy,
For the great heart strong, yet lowly,
For the best good of thy brother,
As I've loved you, love each other

FANNIE BOLTON.

SEPTEMBER NINTH

AS the birds sing, sing thou! Rise with joy on thy
lips, for the time of corn and wine is at hand and
the earth is giving her best Give thou a glad praise-
offering to-day, and hearts that are tempted and tried
shall be lifted up from doubt and darkness, and hu-
manity rejoice because of thee

Grow, sing and bloom undaunted!
A world so shadow-haunted
Needs all your bursting splendor,
Soft lights, and murmurs tender
The human want is pressing,
O'ershadow it with blessing!
Your triumph sure believing,
Till hearts shall hush their grieving

LUCY LARCOM

'Tis true, "there's ever a song somewhere,"
Yes, somewhere beneath the skies,
But what does it matter and who will care
If none in the heart arise?

JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS

Oh, let me die singing, though feeble my breath,
For singing will sweeten the anguish of death,
Though lonely the valley and gloomy the way,
Heart-music can turn the deep gloom into day

EDWIN H. NEVIN

Sing on! till some glad day of days
Eternal glories on you shine,
And every plaint be turned to praise
In song Immortal as Divine!

ANONYMOUS

SEPTEMBER TENTH

A GREAT man is always willing to be little While
he sits on the cushion of advantages he goes to
sleep When he is pushed and disappointed, tor-
mented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something
He has been put on his wits, but he has learned facts
—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Grasp with a will whatever needs doing,
Still stand ready, when one work is done,
Another to seize, then still pursuing
In duty your course, find the victory won

Do your best for to-day, trust God for to-morrow,
Don't be afraid of a jest or a sneer,
Be cheerful and hopeful, and no trouble borrow,
Keep the heart true, and the head cool and clear

If you can climb to the top without falling,
Do it If not, go as high as you can
Man is not honored by business or calling,
Business and calling are honored by man

MRS GAGE

The heights of great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night

HENRY W LONGFELLOW

Having a purpose in life is essential to right living
Unless a man is now living to a purpose, he has
either not yet begun to live, or he has got through
living, and in either case he is out of place in the
world —ANONYMOUS

SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

ENDURANCE is a very essential thing in this life we need a great deal of it, from childhood to old age. If you are naturally sensitive and shrinking, you should have an extra supply, if you are easily tempted to do wrong, you should pray for more endurance to enable you to stand up bravely to your principles. Do not allow yourself weakly to say, "I would overcome it if I could," but quietly resolve that you will do so, come what may.

If is a word born of sad human doubt,
There is no *If*, with the great God above,
"I Will!" is His mandate of pow'r and love,
And Heaven and Earth obey with glad shout,
For Divine Will and Pow'r all chances rout,
When we are sheltered in Infinite Love
Our wills attuned to the *Great Will* above

LYDIA HOYT FARMER

Then again, we need not only endurance and strength to go forward and do our duty, but the patient, quiet endurance to sit still and wait to bear reproaches, pain, trials, and grief, that we may be sweetened under them, and made better. The brave spirit can bear all things without murmuring or repining.

Behold, we live through all things, famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow, life inflicts its worst
On soul and body, — but we cannot die
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,
Lo, all things can be borne

ELIZABETH AKERS

SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

IT is very easy to be bright and pleasant when there is nothing to try our temper and ruffle us. It is very easy to do our duty when we can have things all our own way, but the test is when we have to undo all that we have done to please some one else, when we must bear criticism and reproof in silence, when we must do our best for those who care nothing personally for us, but who have a right to demand perfect work at our hands

It is not hard to toil when friends are ready
To smile upon the humble work you do,
For sympathy will make a weak hand steady,
A wavering purpose true

But it is hard to toil with none to love you,
With none whose help you wish or care to ask —
No faces bent with kindly looks above you,
To glorify your task

Ah, then, when work has lost its robe of beauty,
And none about you care for what you do,
It is most noble then to do the duty
That God has given you

JESSIE H BROWN

In life — not death,
Hearts need fond words to help them on their way,
Need tender thoughts and gentle sympathy,
Caresses, pleasant looks to cheer each passing day
Then hoard them not until they useless be,
In life — not death,
Speak kindly Living hearts need sympathy

SOPHIE L SCHENCK

SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

PERHAPS thou hast special need of God's blessing to-day Dear friend, "every heart knoweth its own bitterness," as well as its own sweetness, and whatever be thy condition to-day, I ask for thee God's blessing May it gladden and comfort thee and rest upon thee wherever thou art'

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day,
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him,
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb,
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim,
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear,
Poor, human words of blessing, will I pray,
O true, brave heart, God bless thee wheresoe'er
In His great universe thou art to-day

JULIA C R DORR

May the all-wise Father bless thee—
Thee, beloved, for whom I pray!
Bless thee in the silent night-time,
Bless thee through the busy day!

Bless thee through all joy— all sorrow,
Bless thee always— everywhere!
When for thee I crave His blessing,
Surely He will hear my prayer!

ANONYMOUS

SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

A PEACEFUL day to you! Come out of all your gusts and storms of heart and mind, breathe the sweet September air and be at peace with yourself and all the world. Is there any cause for inward strife? Is not God's love the same as of old? Are not His promises restful and comforting? Do not His works whisper a Song of Peace in your heart? Be not disturbed by any doubts as to the future, but tranquil and serene, rest within the shelter of His loving arms, and thank Him for the present with its sunshine and its shadow

Master divine, unseal our ears, —
Master divine, anoint our eyes, —
That we may hear those voices plead,
And see the work that round us lies, —

And know, when strife and turmoil come,
And deadly shafts are fiercest hurled,
We may not stand in God's great peace
And look out on a troubled world, —

But, bearing peace *within our souls*,
Take open ways, and brave the strife,
Dare even mockery and the scourge,
And wear the thorny crown of life!

Nor may we rest in God's great light,
On summits of eternal bloom,
But with the lamp of His sure Word
Walk through the shadow and the gloom

GRACE GREENWOOD

SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

THE discovery of thought is one of the mysteries
of life — J G HOLLAND

The fragrance of a thought may rise
To nobler life and subtler guise
As still as violets by the brooks —
A thing too rare to set in books,
Or cage in song

RICHARD EDWIN DAY

Our nearest and dearest ones cannot enter our silent realm of Thought, it is sacred to ourselves alone. The best and worst of our nature is gathered there, and none but the eye of God can see the secret workings that lie in the human heart. True earnest words breathe forth from the garden of Thought and blossom into sweetness and fragrance and from thence issue many rank weeds that choke out the beautiful flowers, and leave behind only sorrow and regret. Our good thoughts come to us like sweet messengers from Heaven, uplifting and purifying us. cultivate only the best thoughts, and they will make your life beautiful

Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,
Bearing like them your sacrifice
Of music unto God'

JOHN G WHITTIER

All thought begins in feeling — JAMES R LOWELL

SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

THIS is a world of sweets and sour
EDGAR ALLAN POE

Yes, and a very good world it is too! We look on the shadowed side of it, and it appears very gloomy and forbidding, but when we find its bright side, we exclaim, "What a grand old world this is!" I think most things in this life are what we make them after all. No one ever declares life to be a failure who is not in some way a failure himself. There are crosses to bear and things to grieve us, but if we will it so, life will look brighter to us every year.

Life is a count of losses,
Every year,
For the weak are heavier crosses
Every year,
Lost Springs with sobs replying
Unto weary Autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying
Every year

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And its Morning-star climbs higher
Every year,
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burthen lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year

ALBERT PIKE

SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

PAUL, "an ambassador of Jesus Christ," left behind him a beautiful record. He was an example well worthy of imitation, because he took for his pattern Christ Himself. Oh, you who are discouraged and perplexed, and yet say you love God, hear what Paul says, "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

*

Give me his earnestness, give me his will,
Give me his tenderness, give me his skill,
Give me his steadfastness o'erreaching all,
Give me the prayerfulness God gave to Paul!

Give me his watchfulness, give me his grace,
Give me the peacefulness found on his face,
Give me his strengthfulness thro' grief and shame,
Give me his truthfulness — always the same!

Give me his guilelessness, pity and love,
Give me his modesty, pure as a dove,
Give me his trustfulness, simple and sweet,
Give me his sympathy, full and complete!

Give me his faithfulness — even to death,
Give me his zealousness with ev'ry breath,
Give me his character, whate'er befall,
Give me the *righteousness* God gave to Paul!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

FORGIVENESS of injuries is a God-given grace
It is the most reluctant act that human nature
ever performs to forgive a great wrong In the deepest
condition of moral degradation there is no such thing
as forgiveness of injuries thought about — So destitute
is mankind of the spirit of forgiveness of injuries, that
heathen religions taught the right of revenging an
injury, but not of forgiving one In view of this we
say, the spirit of forgiving injuries is God-given The
Bible is the one book which from beginning to end
advocates forgiveness — J L WITHROW

Blest Master, how exceeding broad,
How deep Thy pure command,
That lays upon earth's fevered pulse
A calm, restraining hand

It turns the tide of passion back,
It bids revenge be still,
For e'en the wrath of man restrained
Shall execute Thy will

Though mocked and pierced Thou bidst us pray,
Forgive, and bless, and love,
As children of Eternal Day
Whose life is hid above

KATE R ODEN

For still in mutual suffrance lies
The secret of true living,
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving

JOHN G WHITTIER

SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

IN MEMORIAM — JAMES A GARFIELD

LIFE'S race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest

E H PARKER

Was James A Garfield great? Ask those early years, when adverse winds always assailed his bark, ask the battle-fields where he led soldiers, ask the magnificent capitol where he was crowned as Republicans crown their chieftains, ask the cottage where he died. If out of the answers to these questions there comes not the witness of greatness, the human heart must henceforth toil and long in vain — DAVID SWING

We called him Statesman, in the Senate halls,
And Orator when setting hearts athrill,
We named him Hero on the battle-field,
And Chieftain by a sovereign people's will
But now we learn, through days of sore distress,
That pain has made him grander than success

MARY T LATHROP

Wrapt in eternal peace,
He rests apart, his life fulfilled in love,
And guided by a Wisdom from above,
Nor does his influence cease, —
Mankind is nobler made Ah' not for fame
He lived, though ages shall record his name!
Rest, Hero, rest in peace

FANNIE HUNTINGTON RUNNELS

SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

DO not make yourself miserable because you cannot have everything you want. God may prosper you yet, but even if He does not see best to do so here, think of the riches He has in store for you "up yonder"! These are your inheritance—the crown, the harp, the rest, the peace, and oh, best of all, the presence of Christ, and the company of His redeemed, surrounded by such glories as the mind of man cannot picture. Besides these Christ left us a beautiful earthly inheritance to enjoy in this life.

What did Christ leave to His Beloved?
His Word, the surest, plainest guide,
His certain Promise to provide
For every want that can betide—

The sweetness of His love untold,
That nothing good can e'er withhold,
And in His heart our griefs doth fold—

His Peace, an angel unconfessed,
That broodeth o'er the troubled breast
Till all is tranquil, calm, and rest—

The Comforter, who stills our sighs,
And wipes the tears from weeping eyes,
And whispers hopes of Paradise—

O sweetest Christ! Hear Thou my prayer,
Of Legacy so grand and fair
Make me inheritor and heir

LILLIE E. BARR

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

WOVEN gold is life's *Now*! Work is worship
to-day! — MARY A LEAVITT

Your *to-day* is precious, learn how to value it The
man who squanders the present, has allowed a pearl
to slip through his fingers, which, though he search
for forever, he shall never find again

There is no Morrow Though before our face
The shadow named so stretches, we alway
Fail to o'ertake it, hasten as we may,
God only gives one island-niche of space
Betwixt the Eternities, as standing place
Where each may work — the inexorable To-day
MARGARET J PRESTON

Oh, life is sad and strange,
And love is deaf and blind,
And the shapes of sorrow and change
Are always pressing behind!
If the tender impulse stay,
It is nipped by the frost of fate —
So make haste to be kind to-day,
For to-morrow may be too late!

SUSAN COOLIDGE

We cannot put a girdle about eternity, but you may
take in so much thereof, that this little life which is
"rounded with a sleep," shall seem very petty, yea,
utterly contemptible, except *as the deeds done therein,*
settle your destiny forever Oh, redeem the time,
redeem the time! — E A TANNER

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

JUST this one day's burden is to be borne, therefore let not your heart grieve itself over to-morrow's. Do you not know that there has been food and shelter and raiment in days gone by, that He will not forget the days to come? Can you not take the blessed gift — God's token of remembrance for you — *To-day*, and use it without worrying over to-morrow?

Because in a day of my days to come
There waiteth a grief to be,
Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be dumb
In this day that is bright for me?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,
Like a pulse-beat threaded through
The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain
From delight in the pure and true?

Nay, phantom ill with the warning hand,
Nay, ghosts of the weary past,
Serene, as in armor of faith I stand,
You may not hold me fast

Your shadows across my sun may fall,
But as bright the sun may shine,
For I walk in the light ye cannot pall,
The light of the King Divine

And whatever the shades from day to day,
I am sure that His name is Love,
And He never will let me lose my way
To my rest in His home above

MARGARET E SANGSTER

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

WE mount to Heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes — A B ALCOIT

We fail so often when we have honestly tried to do our best, this is because we are so frail and human, and rely on our own strength too much. It is often when we are heart-sick and discouraged that God whispers the comfort and cheer we need, and saves us from turning against the world, and all mankind. He knows just how much we can bear, and what discipline is best for us, and upon the very wrecks of our sweetest hopes He bids us, "Be of good cheer," and take heart to begin again.

He knows how weak we are, how broad, how high,
The powers He lends which all our natures hem
He knows what stress and strain may wrench and try,
And we the stronger tides of being stem

And what He asks is, that when sorely pressed,
We reach our hands, and trustfully place them where
His own may grasp them. Here alone is rest,
And comfort and emergence from despair

ANNIE TURNER

God never leaves thee in relentless dark
Slowly the dawn on unbelieving eyes
Breaketh at last. Day brightens, — and, oh, hark!
A flood of birdsong from the tender skies!
From storm and darkness thou hast found an ark,
Shut in with this great marvel of surprise!

JULIA C R DORR.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

GET into the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and, when you have found it, continue to look at it, rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hard places —
WILLITTS

Although the day is dark and drear,
And rain and wind are sighing loud,
Above it all is bright and clear —
There's silver lining in the cloud

Let no vain sorrow or regret
Life's inner harmonies enshroud,
They see not — those who pine and fret —
There's silver lining in the cloud

ANONYMOUS

Bear thy cross cheerfully,
Whate'er it be,
Dream not so fearfully,
Waiting to see
How the dark waves of life
Their mission bring,
Conquest comes but through strife,
Conquer and sing

BELLE G MCAULEY

The light heart is the happy heart. Cheerfulness wins friends wherever it goes. A smile will move the sternest nature. Do not give up on account of adversities and misfortunes, soar with Hope above them. Be just as persistent in being cheerful as you are in having your own way — L M CHILD

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

LITTLE cares, little vexations, little duties make up a life. You cannot escape them in this world. But though they weigh you down for a time, through them are wrought patience, gentleness, and unselfishness. No one is naturally patient, gentle, or unselfish, under all circumstances. Some inherit these qualities in a measure, but under the storm of peculiar trials the sunshine and sweetness flies away. It is only through daily discipline, through continued vigilance and prayer that one can learn to face life with calmness and submission. "Despise not the day of small things," they make you greater by and by.

As tiny streamlets, adding to the river,
Mingle their waters wending to the sea,
So the small things of time fill up the measure
That swells the chorus of eternity,
And oft we find the path of common duty
The royal road that leads to God and Heaven,
And, as we cherish and improve the little,
We find the greater things to us are given

How oft we've stopped to lift the simple burden,
And sighed in sorrow at the common toil,
But found that as our feet trod duty's pathway,
The flowers of peace and joy bedecked the soil,
For duty is a bright and glorious sunbeam,
That gilds the humblest lot with light divine,
For Jesus walked amid its narrow windings,
And made the lowliest aspects most sublime

MRS S C CLARKE

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

IT is only by renewed effort, that we can conquer
Self You think perhaps you have completely mastered some evil tendency, when, lo, another, even greater, manifests itself In the sweetness of doing for others selfhood is forgotten This was the secret of Christ's beautiful life it was a continual sacrifice, as His death was a sacrifice

At noon within the market-place He stood,
The people gathered round Him at His word,
And there He spake to them of what was good,
Waking the better thought of all that heard

Of Love and Faith and Hope — the great Triune
That uplifts Life — He spake as one inspired,
And as He taught all hearts seemed in attune,
All hearts with nobler, higher aims were fired

Night came, the people went unto their rest,
Stirred by desires more precious than new gold,
But all alone, with head bent on His breast,
The Teacher sat, hungry and tired and cold

But one, whom Doubt still held, returned to ask
A question that the Teacher might explain,
He found the good man, and forgot his task
In seeking to relieve the mortal pain

Warmed, fed, and sheltered, then the Doubter said
"Dost Thou teach truly, and yet find Thy lot
Is misery?" The Teacher raised His head,
"In doing good, Self ever is forgot"

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

BUT woe to the man who quails before that which
makes him man — JULIAN HAWTHORNE

To be strong, noble, and true is what God expects man to be But this is not enough He must use his strength, his nobility, and his truth, he must be progressive, not for himself alone, but for the good of others He must not shrink from going forward and doing his duty, let that duty be ever so hard So long as you sit dreading and brooding over a thing it will never be done God's command centuries ago was "Go forward!" and it is the same to-day The longer you stand back, the harder it is Have a purpose let your manhood or womanhood assert itself Press on

Press on! Surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch,
He fails alone who feebly creeps,
He wins who dares the hero's march
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day

PARK BENJAMIN

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost,
Every good deed nobly done
Will repay the cost

SARAH T BOLTON

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

EVERY heart looks forward to a "Sometime" It floats beyond us like a golden cloud afar off, whose radiance we may see, but whose borders we cannot touch What great things are to come to pass in that wonderful Sometime! The world is to take a grand stride forward the nation, the state, and humanity in general, are to be uplifted and ennobled, and all in that beautiful, beautiful Sometime

Sometime in the future, I cannot tell when,
We'll win in the battle for God and the right
True wisdom and virtue will reign among men,
And earth will be radiant with love and with light

The vices that torment and burden the heart,
Will flee as the new world of beauty appears,
And sorrow and anguish will swiftly depart,
And life be no longer embittered in tears

EDWIN H. NEVIN, D D

Sometime, not far away,
Life's battles will be won,
And then will dawn a day,
Where never-setting sun
Will gild the golden shore
Where night shall be no more

From toil, and care, and sin,
Sometime we hope to rest,
And have a home within
The mansions of the blest

AMOS BRYANT RUSSELL

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

DAY is a snow-white Dove of Heaven
That from the east glad message brings
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

God has sent you another day On the wings of
this new white Day, God sends you a sweet message
of peace and love

The Sun is up betimes,
And the dappled East is blushing,
And the merry matin chimes,
They are gushing, Christian, gushing!
They are tolling in the tower
For another day begun,
And to hail the rising hour
Of a brighter, brighter Sun!
Rise, Christian, rise!
For a sunshine brighter far
Is breaking o'er thine eyes,
Than the bonnie morning star!

The lark is in the sky,
And his morning note is pouring,
He hath a wing to fly,
So he's soaring, Christian, soaring!
His nest is on the ground,
But only in the night,
For he loves the matin sound
And the highest heaven's height
Hark, Christian, hark!
At heaven-door he sings!
And be thou like the lark,
With thy soaring spirit-wings!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

LET this be a day of kind words and helpful deeds
Resolve that this last day of September shall
live on through years to come, and that its fragrance
shall be like the lingering sweetness of the last rose of
summer, perfuming all the air around it

If you have a kind word — say it,
Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest;
If you owe a kindness — pay it,
Life's sun hurries to the west

Can you do a kind deed — do it,
From despair some soul to save,
Bless each day as you pass through it,
Marching onward to the grave

Days for deeds are few, my brother,
Then to-day fulfil your vow,
If you mean to help another,
Do not dream it — do it now

ANONYMOUS

O spirit, be no more content
To dream, aspire, and long!
Grasp thou the grand, the beautiful,
The proud, the free, the strong!
I rouse! no more for far-off good,
With folded hands, I pine
I seek, I yet *will find*, the springs
To quench this thirst divine!
And these, all these I covet now,
God helping, *shall* be mine!

GRACE GREENWOOD



CELIA THAXTER

1835-1894



OR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER—



OCTOBER FIRST

OCTOBER, the month of joy and fruitfulness her
stone, the opal

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves,
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves
JOHN G WHITTIER

Grand October, rich fulfilment
Of the daughters of the year —
How the woodland arches open
When they feel her presence near!
How the rushes by the river
Gleam amid the dying trees,
With their plumes of gold and russet
Bent beneath the chilling breeze!

Autumn leaves she makes her chaplet,
As she sweeps the glowing skies,
And the gown that clings about her
Seems a thing from Paradise, —
And we look in mute amazement
At her opaline delight,
While we cry, "O grand October,
God hath made you wondrous bright!"

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

OCTOBER SECOND

WE are nothing, only as we are lighted from within. There can be no outer radiance that is really beautiful, without it reflects the sunshine of the soul. If our spirits have caught the reflection of God's love, they will shine as does the opal, with bright rays from the Sun of Righteousness. But if we turn them always towards the world, they will be dull and colorless.

I had a gem — of priceless worth to me —

I wore it on my sleeve, the sky was lead
"What charm in that base Opal can you see?"

A comrade said, "so cold and gray and dead!"

Another day I wore that jewel strange

Upon my sleeve, the sky was bright and clear
"Ah," cried my friend, 'you've made a fitting change,
This Opal wears the light of God's own sphere"

And here I wear the Opal of my soul

Upon my sleeve, with all its dark and bright
Nor one hue is the Opal, but the whole,
And that whole nothing save as God gives light

HENRY PETERSON

There is an old saying regarding the opal, which runs thus —

"October's child is born of woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know,
But place an opal on her breast
And Hope will lull her cares to rest"

OCTOBER THIRD

HOW few there are who fully understand the art of giving gracefully that which their love or benevolence leads them to bestow

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," saith the Word of God, and the truth of this statement has been confirmed by those whose privilege it has been to act in the capacity of a giver. The kindly hand-clasp and expressive smile, which accompany the gift, are part of the charm which renders the giving a grace which few possess. The Giver of all good and perfect gifts, who giveth to all men richly, freely, and liberally, sets us a blessed example of the manner in which our good gifts should be bestowed — IDA H. WILSON

Lord, teach us the lesson of loving,
The very first lesson of all
Oh, Thou who dost love little children,
How tender and sweet is Thy call!
Now help us to hear it and give Thee
The love Thou art asking to-day,
Then help us to love one another,
For this we most earnestly pray

Lord, teach us this lesson of giving,
For this is the very next thing,
Our love ought always be showing
What offerings and fruit it can bring
There are many who know not Thy mercy,
There are millions in darkness and woe,
Our prayers and our gifts are all needed,
And all can do something, we know

ANONYMOUS

OCTOBER FOURTH

THE essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust — RALPH WALDO EMERSON

God bless the true-hearted friend, the one on whom we can lean, and in whom we can trust at all times! There is nothing that our hearts hold dearer than such a friendship. There is no friend like the old friend, the one who has stood the test of years, and is always staunch and true. To such as these our hearts cling with yearning tenderness and devoted love.

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared
our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his
praise,
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of
gold,
But *friendship* is the breathing rose, with sweets in
every fold.

ANONYMOUS

For, O friend, the oldest and dearest,
I have learned — have not you — in these years?
That the friends of our youth are the nearest,
Through all changes of laughter and tears

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD

Cherish friendship in your breast,
New is good, but old is best,
Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold

W B R

OCTOBER FIFTH

BURIED talent brings no income Withheld service hinders God's blessing — S E WISHARD

Are you burying your talent? Is there not some gift which you are keeping hidden away which has never yet been brought to light? O my Friend, this ought not to be Just think of the pleasure you might give,—of the good you might do, if you were not withholding this precious treasure from the world! Has God blessed you with the power of Song, and yet you refuse to sing for His glory? Has He given you the sweet, tender, winning way of soothing an aching heart, or of expressing your sympathy for the suffering? There is no gift more valuable than that of a gracious manner, it will win confidence any time, and yet many abuse it, or set no value on it at all Arouse to the knowledge that you have a talent, and make it your business to find out what it is, that some one may get the good of it

Have we but one talent? Its use He commands,
"Two mites" fill the measure of His equal demands
And one talent, improved, shall double its own,
While ten, which lie buried, are counted as none

MARY A LEAVITT

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck Luck is an *ignis fatuus* You may follow it to ruin, but never to success. — JAMES A GARFIELD

OCTOBER SIXTH

GOD loves you and cares for you always is this not a sweet comforting thought? Can you not read His beautiful message in earth and sky to-day? Can you not interpret His meaning in all this autumn glory? The leaves are flushed with color, the dahlias are richest cardinal, the fruit is glowing like a sunset sky everything is nearing perfection "But the year is dying!" you say Ah no, the year never dies, it is only the falling away of a few decayed leaves, the withering of a few flowers The year is only getting ready for its winter sleep Dear Heart, He who sends the frosts to mellow the fruit and add fresh color to the dying leaves, will never forget you When you are weary and faint, and your burdens are heavy, remember this Life's frosts will come to us all, but what will it matter? They will only rob us of a few roses, there will be the falling away of some dead leaves of ambition and hope, perhaps, but this will give us a better chance to get ready for our Long Sleep Go on your way bravely and patiently, remember, that above God's clouds of discipline, shines the rainbow of His love This life will soon be over, and then what a rest shall be yours!

A day of toil — what matters it?

So short this life of tears and pain

Lift up thy face! What dost thou fear?

Thou hast not given thine all in vain

Soon thou shalt walk with Him in white

Who knoweth? It may be to-night

ADELAIDE ALLISON

OCTOBER SEVENTH

HEART-CULTURE is a very essential thing As the heart is the centre of life, so it is also the centre of good and evil The heart should be daily nourished, and tenderly guarded, for from it will issue the things that make for our eternal peace or everlasting despair Remember, the body is short-lived, but the influence which flows from the heart is deathless

The flush of youth soon passes from the face,
The spells of fancy, from the mind depart,
The form may lose its symmetry, its grace,
But time can claim no victory o'er the heart

ANNA P DINNIES.

Guard well thy heart, lest passions sweep
The chords, and God's sweet melody
Be lost, lest from the ruins leap
The spirit of unrest set free,
And o'er thy life dark chaos fall

Guard well thy heart! Rest not content
With visions fair Unwearied seek
Till thou hast found the true love sent
By Him who watcheth o'er the weak,
Who heeds the suppliant's call

Guard well thy heart! Its throbbing life
Protect with jealous care Be not
Afraid, though bitter grow the strife,
And fierce contention mark thy lot
Courage! God ruleth over all!

THEODORE F MCMANUS.

OCTOBER EIGHTH

LOVE and sympathy are very closely akin. If you are truly sorry for any one in distress or adversity, so sorry that the chords of sympathy are touched and vibrate as if the suffering were your own, then you must love them. There are many mistaken ideas regarding sympathy. Some people, when brought face to face with poverty and misery, will say, "I feel very sorry indeed for you," and pass on without a single effort to relieve the distress. They imagine themselves very sympathetic, and yet *they fail to prove it*. God asks proofs of us. The Good Samaritan not only felt sympathy for his suffering brother, but showed it by ministering to him. What was behind the sympathy? ah, there lies the secret—it was love! Those who passed him by, looked on him, perhaps, with cold pity, but the Good Samaritan had compassion on him, it was something deeper than pity—it was sorrow and sympathy blended, it was brotherhood, it was love! Remember that cold pity is not enough, it never heals broken hearts, nor binds up wounds, nor clothes the hungry, nor feeds the poor. Sympathy and love demand service: they *work*, while careless pity looks on and passes by.

Love is the spirit of our sympathies

If sympathies are true, 'twill e'er endure,
And grow and strengthen through eternal years,
Till in a perfect unity secure,
It overcomes all weakness, doubts, and fears,
And one with love supreme, it wipes away all tears

E A WARRINER

OCTOBER NINTH

LIFE would not be worth living without faith Faith in God, faith in ourselves, faith in our fellow-men, we should omit none of the three Without faith in God, there is no hope for the soul, without faith in self, life is a miserable failure, without faith in each other, we should miss the sweet joys of friendship Keep your faith bright, let its lustre never grow dim'

Only by faith can you run the race which is set before you, as before those of old — M HOPKINS

So, if we cherish in the heart
The flowers of faith and love,
The world's dread frown can never blight,
Or cast a shadow o'er the light
That bids the wintry gloom depart,
The light from Heaven above

LUCIE C HAGER

Faith is the rock on which I stand,
The anchor of my soul,
The magnet drawing me above
Where life's pure waters roll
Come, trials, come, one beam of faith
Can pierce the darkest night,
'Twill guide me through the vale of death,
And there be lost in sight

FANNY CROSBY.

OCTOBER TENTH

THE world is full of unrecognized heroes Doubtless you have one in your own household, or in your own neighborhood and yet you are not aware of it Perhaps you are one yourself If you have a noble, generous heart that is overflowing with benevolence and kindness to all mankind, and you are living a life of self-sacrifice and devotion for them, if you are walking in thorny paths, bearing your cross with patience, if you are doing the very things you dislike to do, because it is your duty, if you are living among uncongenial people, and by your gentleness and sweetness are leading them nearer to Heaven—you are a hero

Earth's godlike ones!
Who would not rather wear the martyr's brow
Than all the baubles of her favored sons
Whose Wrong o'ermasters Right?

The suffering and the poor,
The lowly of the land,
The spirits that endure
With fainting heart and hand,

Who, tempted sorely, overmuch and long,
Still bravely choose the Right and spurn the Wrong,

They who serenely bear the false friend's frown,
Injustice, cruelty that wrings the soul,
Shall yet attain the glorious goal
Where gleams the Martyr's crown!

ISABELLA A SAXON

OCTOBER ELEVENTH

“A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine ”

Why not make the best of life? If this is what you are trying to do, you are sure to be happy You have only a little space to fill, God has given you a corner in the world to make bright and happy, so that when a neighbor or a stranger comes near you they can see the halo you are shedding about you, and catch a little of your sunshine Keep singing the earth will always welcome a blithe song

A little bird sat on a slender limb,
Upward swinging,
And though wind and rain were rough with him
Still kept singing
“O little bird, quick, seek out your nest!”
I could not keep from calling,
“The bleak winds tear your tender breast,
Your tiny feet are falling ”
“More need for song
When things go wrong,
I was not meant for crying,
No fear for me,”
He piped with glee,
“My wings were made for flying ”

I, too, will sing
Through everything,
It will each blessing double,
Nor yet forget,
When rude winds fret,
To fly above my trouble

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ

OCTOBER TWELFTH

COLUMBUS day! Every loyal American should hold sacred the twelfth of October, it should be kept as one of the sweetest memorials of the year. How our thoughts travel backward to-day! How, in fancy, we sail with the brave Admiral those unknown seas, and imagine ourselves inspired with his hope and courage, and, with his eager eyes, we behold afar off the beacon-light that leads us to the land, the golden promise-land, to which our loving hearts would offer praise to-day. Oh, may we, like Columbus, seek the Country of our better hopes, and keep our faith forever bright, our motto still — “press on, press on!”

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules,
Before him not a glimpse of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas
The good mate said, “Now must we pray,
For lo, the very stars are gone
Brave Admiral, speak — what shall I say?”
“Why say, ‘Sail on! sail on! sail on!’”

Then pale and worn he kept his deck
And peered through darkness — Ah, that Night
Of all dark nights! — And then — a speck! —
A light! a light! a light! a light! —
It grew a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be time’s burst of Dawn
He gained a world he gave that world
Its greatest lesson, — *on!* and *on!*

JOAQUIN MILLER

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

NOTHING so braces the soul for life's conflict,
nothing is so sure a prophecy of victory as a
heart filled with the "joy of the Lord"! But how may
I obtain this joy? The answer is very short, but very
comprehensive — be faithful! Happiness is a roadside
flower It grows beside the highway of obedience It
is a coy blessing, and oftenest comes by indirection
You are intent on duty and, lo, you find joy! — DR G
W BROWN

Upon a crutch — her girlish face
Alight with love and tender grace —
Laughing she limps from place to place
Upon a crutch

And you and I who journey through
A rose-leaf world of dawn and dew,
We cry to Heaven overmuch

We rail and frown at fate, while she
And many more in agony
Are brave and patient, strong and true,
Upon a crutch

ANONYMOUS

May your life be filled with a calm resignation and
happiness like the "blind spinner in the sun," who
said, —

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not The bond divine
I never doubt
I know He set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait His will

HELEN HUNT

OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

THE soul of the truly benevolent man does not seem to reside much in its own body Its life, to a great extent, is a mere reflex of the lives of other men It migrates into their bodies, and, identifying its existence with their existence, finds its own happiness in increasing and prolonging their pleasures, in distinguishing or solacing their pains — HORACE MANN

Benevolence, in some natures, means self-sacrifice I have in mind one man whose life has been spent in giving, and yet he is not rich in this world's goods There are more ways of being benevolent than one He is benevolent in kindness, helpfulness, and courtesy He is thoughtful of the wants and needs of others, and considers his own comfort and pleasure of small account He gives as if it were a pleasure, and not a sacrifice This is God's way of being benevolent He gave us His dearest and best treasure—His only Son—out of His great, warm, generous Heart, not grudgingly or sorrowfully, but willingly, because of His wonderful love for us Oh, it is the "cheerful giver" that God wants in His service,—one whose chief joy is in making others happy through a spirit of self-forgetfulness and kindness'

He who himself forgets, is worthiest love, —
His heart-strings tuned to God above —
His very act, his every thoughtful deed,
Expressing to the world his Christian creed
Although he boasts not, those who know him best
Can of his life's unselfishness attest

I S T

OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

MAY God keep you "beautiful within " to-day'

Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet-roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he himself is as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining. Such an one moves on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners, as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the south — HENRY WARD BEECHER

Seek not to walk by borrowed light,
But keep unto thine own
Do what thou doest with thy might,
And trust thyself alone'

Work for some good, nor idly lie
Within the human hive,
And though the outward man should die,
Keep thou the heart alive'

ALICE CARY

Inward turn
Each thought and every sense,
For sorrow lingers from without,
Thou canst not charm it thence,
But all attun'd the soul may be
Unto a deathless melody

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH

OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

BRIGHT days and dark days, pleasure and pain, rough paths and smooth ones, gains and losses, all go to make up our life Have you lived for a purpose? Have you made use of all the joys and sorrows, the prosperity and adversity which have fallen to your lot? If so, you have not lived in vain Do you know that the trial of temper yesterday, over which you are grieving to-day, ought to have made you better instead of worse? Do you know that the disappointment which you found so hard to bear, ought to have been a cause for victory to you, instead of defeat? These are God's tests you can make them stairs upon which to climb Heavenward, if you will Crosses have helped to make some of the world's noblest men and women

My days are stairs that lead to life's great end,
And one by one I steadily ascend,
Climbing with purpose true the upward road
That brings me to the city of my God

Sometimes it is a slippery step I tread,
And fierce temptation makes my soul afraid,
But held in Christ's dear hands, so tender, strong,
The next I mount with courage and a song

Each step in the long course a history has,
I make a mark as one by one I pass,
A gladsome record here, a tear-spot there,
A rescued soul, a struggle or a prayer

HELEN E BROWN

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

LET this be your petition for to-day "Dear Lord, lift me above the world, nearer to Thee!" The reason why we are so full of faults and are so imperfect, is that we are too far away from God. The closer we follow our Pattern, the more we shall imitate it, the further we remove from the world, with all its vexations and annoyances, the nearer we get to Him. Let us ask then, to have the sweet inward peace that possesses the soul of the true believer, so that in time of joy and grief, and at all seasons of the year, we may rise on wings of faith, above the things of earth, and hold fellowship with God.

Lift me higher, O my Saviour,
As I journey on my way,
Help me over life's deep pitfalls,
Draw me nearer day by day,
Lift me up from doubt and darkness,
Let me feel Thy loving care
While I hear Thy tender accents,
Like a whisper in the air

Lift me from unworthy self-hood,
Let me set my will aside
While I measure Thy forbearance,
While I count Thy mercies wide,
Every burden, every trial,
Every sorrow I may feel,
Every act of lowly service,—
May they lift me higher still!

MARTHA C OLIVER

OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

ZEAL is a grand thing, if directed in the right channel To be zealous in a good cause, with a proper motive, is very desirable It is well also, to have knowledge, as well as zeal people who allow their zeal to overbalance their knowledge often make very grievous blunders, and have many things to regret It is well to weigh a matter before acting upon your first decision — especially a matter of much importance Take time to consider, allow your judgment and reason to guide you, lest your zeal should lead you into serious error It may be that one zealous act — where your zeal is utterly devoid of knowledge — may cause you the regret of a life-time Use your zeal aright, if wisely directed, it will prove to you a great blessing

Press bravely onward! — not in vain
Your generous trust in human kind,
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find

J G WHITTIER

Spread out earth's holiest records here,
Of days and deeds to reverence dear,
A zeal like this what pious legends tell?

CHARLES SPRAGUE

How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be call'd
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off, and rest — in Heaven!

N P WILLIS

OCTOBER NINETEENTH

USUALLY, when you hear people condemning the world, and wishing they were out of it, you may depend upon it, they are not doing much good in it. The man who gets the most out of life, is the one who puts the most into it. We were put here to overcome the world, to combat with sin and evil, and to pass through the furnace of affliction, from which it was intended we should come forth refined, purified, and made better.

Yes, "Laugh, and the world laughs with thee,"
God made it a joyful world,
But if from the height of fortune
Thou hast been in a moment hurled,
When that same gay world hath heard thee
Cry out from the fire or the flood,
There were ever brave hearts to venture,
For thy rescue, their own life-blood

JULIA A F CARNEY

O world, so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!

HENRY W LONGFELLOW

God has placed us in the world that we might bear our part in it. And what, you ask, is our part? It is to be up and doing!

Our part is to be *doing*, with a gladness which shines in the countenance and makes the tongue musical. That is the spirit which should pervade every Christian psalm of life — E A TANNER

OCTOBER TWENTIETH

BEHOLD, I make all things new — REVELATION
21 5

Do not think, because the leaves are dying and the summer birds are beginning to make preparations for flight, that it is a dismal time, and a time in which to mourn and sigh for vanishing glories. The Year has faithfully done her best. the heart of Nature has been singing for joy in the birds and streams and whispering leaves, and now the resting-time has come. Dear Friend, this is another day, yesterday's opportunities are over, your dead leaves are all taken away — there are no hindrances that come with the sunrise. yesterday's scattered seed will not do for to-day, — you must drop more seed, and if more dead leaves of failures and hindrances appear, pick them off. God says, "Behold I make all things new", get rid of the old growth, that the new one may be the more perfect. It is well to begin a new day with a new heart.

In the world without and the world within
He maketh the old things new,
The touch of sorrow, the stain of sin,
Have fled from the gate where the King came in,
From the chill night's damp and dew

Anew in the heavens the sweet stars shine,
On earth new blossoms spring,
The old life lost in the Life divine,
"Thy will be mine, my will is Thine,"
Is the song which the new hearts sing

MARY LOWE DICKINSON

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

THIS may be a day when you feel a particular need of God. Then do not be afraid to tell Him so. Perhaps, on account of some heavy trial, some peculiar temptation, or some unexpected sorrow, God may seem to be very far off. Let your petition be, "Forsake me not!" and if you listen in faith for His reply, I doubt not it will be, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee!"

Forsake me not, dear God, though I forget Thee,
And trusting to myself go blindly on,
Oh! bring me back to Thee again! and let me
In meekness know my boasted strength is gone
And if I falter, waiting for the morning,
Then let Thy grace my every need supply,
What matter, if I have its rich adorning,
Though neither gold nor precious gems have I?

Forsake me not, breathe Thou into my being
The very breath of Heaven from above,
Unseal mine eyes, that I, Thy goodness seeing,
May know and feel Thy deep, Thy boundless love,
In storm or calm, be Thou, O God, beside me —
That I, Thy child, may never be forgot,
Thro' shade or sun, by day or night-time guide me —
Thro' all my journey, oh, forsake me not!

And when I reach death's dim o'ershadowed river,
When earth's poor gains and losses are forgot —
Divine Redeemer, Precious Heavenly Giver,
Be Thou still near me! oh, forsake me not!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

THE path of duty I clearly trace,
I stand with conscience face to face,
And all her pleas allow,
Calling and crying the while for grace, —
“Some other time, and some other place,
Oh, not to-day, not now!”

ALICE CARY

Procrastination usually results in sorrowful regret
To-day's duties put off until to-morrow give us a
double burden to bear, the best way is to do them at
their proper time “Never put off until to-morrow
what you can do to-day,” is a good old maxim you
will find it a reliable rule to follow, and by closely
adhering to it you will be saved a great deal of trouble,
sorrow, and regret

There's a little mischief maker
That is stealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a dreamland
That are never seen in this,
Dashing from our lips the pleasure
Of the present, while we sigh,
You may know this mischief maker
For his name is “By-and-by”

“By-and-by” the wind is singing,
“By-and-by” the heart replies,
But the phantom, just before us,
Ere we grasp it, ever flies

. . . .

JAMES W BARKER

OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

LAY new hold of Life and Time — JOHN HUGH
MCNAUGHTON

Silently the years glide by, leaving us always something sweet to remember One by one the little hours run into days, the days into months, and lo' another year has plumed itself for flight almost before we are aware Look back on the past to-day, see with what love and tenderness God has led you, and how you have been blessed through all the changing years True, your life has had its shadows, but they were always overbalanced by the sunshine May God give you many sweet, happy years full of gentle ministrations and faithful service for Him !

Every year is a pearl, dear,
Perfect and pure and fair,
That God lets grow within your life,
Trusting it to your care

So watch your precious pearls, dear,
And keep them ever bright,
That with the crown jewels they may glow,
At last, in the infinite light

ANONYMOUS

The years they come, and the years they go,
While Time, with a tide of ceaseless flow,
Is bearing us over life's changing hours,
Now under the shadows, now 'mid the flowers,
But ever anon, toward Eternity's shore,
Where Time, with his changes, shall come no more

LUCY H WASHINGTON

OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

VIEWS merely as a human or literary production, the Bible is a marvellous book, and without a rival. It uses all forms of literary composition, it rises to the highest heights and descends to the lowest depths of humanity, it measures all the states and conditions of life, it is acquainted with every grief and every woe, it touches every chord of sympathy, it contains the spiritual biography of every human heart. It is as universal as the race, and reaches beyond the limits of time into the boundless regions of eternity. Of all the books in the world, the Bible is the only one of which we never tire, but which we admire and love more and more in proportion as we use it. Like the diamond, it casts its lustre in every direction, like a torch, the more it is shaken, the more it shines, like a healing herb, the harder it is pressed, the sweeter is its fragrance — PHILIP SCHAFF

The Bible! how dear are its pages!
Resplendent with beauty and light,
It comes from the far distant ages
To banish the darkness of night
On earth there's but one such a treasure
Of riches so pure and so deep,
'Tis one that no mortal can measure,
Embracing all time in its sweep

G W CROFTS

Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, O Lord,
Thy Word is a light to my way,
It shines in my soul like a star by night,
And comforts and cheers me by day

GRACE J FRANCES

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

EVERY one may not be fair without, but they may be fair within. There is nothing nearer akin to Heaven and the angels, than purity. Pure thoughts and pure words proceed only from a pure heart, let us, therefore, see to it that our hearts are spotless, and then shall our influence be beautiful, and the lily of purity shall send forth daily sweetness from our souls.

Pure in heart, O God,
Help me to be,
May I devote my life
Wholly to Thee
Watch Thou my wayward feet,
Guide me with counsel sweet,
Pure in heart
Help me to be

MRS A L DAVISON

The angels said "God giveth you
His love — what more is ours?
And even as the gentle dew
Descends upon the flowers,

"His grace descends, and as of old,
He walks with men apart,
Keeping the promise as foretold,
With all the pure in heart

"Thou needst not ask the angels where
His habitation be,
Keep thou thy spirit clean and fair,
And He shall dwell with thee "

ALICE CARY

OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

GOD'S appointments are sometimes our disappointments, but His way is always best

Our faith often becomes very dim pride, selfishness, and daily cares rise up before us and obscure the light that is shining for us in God's beautiful sky We grow sick and discouraged over life's mysteries we try to fathom the whys and hows of our Father's plans, and even go so far as to feel impatient with Him because we cannot have our heart's desires fulfilled, and because He allows our path to be rough and uneven

Sometimes life's plans are thwarted — plans made with all sincerity of purpose — yet He blocks the way We stop to ask, Why? Did we not plan to do this to serve God? Hush, rebellious thought It is His appointment He has some other place for you to fill A place where you can do more and be happier His appointment is best — JUVENIS PASTOR

This thing on which thy heart was set, this thing that
cannot be,
This weary, disappointing day that dawns, my friend,
for thee
Be comforted, God knoweth best, the God whose
name is love,
Whose tender care is evermore our passing lives above
He sends the disappointments! Well, then, take them
from His hand,
Shall God's appointments seem less good than what
thyself had planned?

MARGARET E SANGSTER

OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

HUSKING-TIME'

AND now, in all the quiet fields the rustling corn lies low All day the busy laborers toil to stack their bladed wigwams high, and here and there, a tasselled husk is left to show where late the golden corn was hid all ripened in the rustling ear The orchards bend with fruited store, the vineyards droop with unmade wine, and everywhere the husker's song goes ringing through the autumn air O Friend, canst thou no lesson find? doth not the season teach thee this, that God will take thy corn and wine, and stripping off the outer husks, will gather in thy precious store, when life's brief Autumn-time is past, to keep through the Eternal Years? Then thank Him for the season's gifts, for fruit and corn and wine, and make thy heart's abundance yield as rich a harvest as them all'

Sing, heart of mine, the year is ripe,
Full harvests bless the fruitful land,
Life's royal fruitage waiteth too
The tender Master's garnering hand

Sing, heart of mine, for God is good,
Who fills the ear and bending sheaf
Who hides the clusters of the vine
Beneath the golden autumn leaf

SYLVIA BROWN

Grant, Lord, that we may ripened be,
With Thee to dwell eternally,
Great Source whence all our comforts flow,
May we Thy saving bounty know

EVA MUNSON SMITH

OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

IT is difficult to maintain a close walk with God because we are fond of our own way We are not willing to give it up, but to walk in our way is to lose God's company, and to fill our souls with darkness and trouble It is not that God ever parts company with us, but that we part company with Him It is not said that God walked with Enoch, but that Enoch walked with God —ANONYMOUS

There are just two paths, a right one and a wrong one One leads to God, and the other to the Evil One One is full of trials, it is not an easy road to travel, because it requires patience, perseverance, and daily conflict with temptation It requires the victory over self, the world, and sin, but the end is worth striving for

Ah' yes, it is the right path, though crooked be the
road,
Ah' yes, it is the right cross, though heavy be the
load
All crooked paths are straightened, for Jesus made the
way,
Each cross we feel gets lighter, when strengthened
day by day
By God, who is our refuge, our righteousness, our stay
Let us journey through the wilderness until our race be
run,
And sing as shadows lengthen, "Thy will, O God! be
done "

FANNY LONSDALE

OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

MAY this be to you a profitable day! Find time for something besides your own ease and enjoyment, something besides the things you want to do—your own comforts and pleasures, make a little sacrifice, if need be, to help some one along, and you will find a great deal more happiness in it than in serving merely your own interests

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
 And counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him that heard,
 One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent

But if, through all the livelong day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay,
 If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face,
 No act most small
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as more than lost

ELLA WHEELER

This morn thou didst promise God
 With earth in tune to keep,
Sweet music the earth has made,
 And thou—ah' go and weep

KATE Y SILL.

OCTOBER THIRTIETH

WE gain glimpses of the infinitude, the limitless character of God's power in the exhibitions of it in the elements. When the volcano, the earthquake, or the thunderbolt has done its work, we are led, in looking at the ruins, to exclaim, "This is but a *part* of what power lodged in the elements *might* have accomplished, had God so willed." No one will be rash enough to claim that in any exhibition of power, by the elements, since the world began, *all* was accomplished which might have been. We thus are clearly directed to that Being whose power is like all His other attributes — without bounds and limitations — W W HARSHA

If God's power and majesty are so great as this — that He holds in His hands the heavens and the earth, and manages the elements by His divine will, should we not be willing to trust ourselves and our all to Him? Let us lift our heart to Him in adoration to-day, and say, "I acknowledge Thee, O God, as my God henceforth and forever!"

The Infinite of infinities is He,
The God of gods, the All in all, the Whole
Of consciousness in being, One in three
Nature of natures, Love of loves, the Soul
Of souls, the Life of lives

E A WARRINER

God speaks, the suns flash into light,
God smiles, and flowers the fields adorn,
God breathes, and fragrance fills the air,
God loves, and human souls are born

LYDIA HOYT FARMER

OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

SORROW and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather,
Ah me! this gloom and this grief
Agree not well together!

T W PARSONS

The autumn leaves burn red and gold, as if enkindled one by one by Nature's warm and cheery fires to light the footsteps of the year. The season wings its onward flight, the year is running fast its course, but ere it dies, behold how bright, how beautiful, how glorious, its orient hues! "And *must* it die?" you grieving ask. We call it death, it only sleeps, aye, sleeps and rests, and in the dawning Spring shall wake, and bloom again, and tell once more to all mankind the story old — yet new — of immortality! So, too, our lives shall folded lie, within the darkness of the grave, but shortly rise in Heaven's Spring, and bloom to all Eternity. The soul was never born to die!

We too shall fade, as fades the leaf,
Be gathered like the golden sheaf,
And resting from our works begun,
Full soon shall find our race is run

What matter, if the soul shall rise
To find new glories in the skies!
What matter when the call is given,
So life's October ends in Heaven!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR



OR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER



NOVEMBER FIRST

NOVEMBER' her stone the topaz, her motto
fidelity The warm, rich colors of the topaz are
lighting the dawn of November, and all her sunsets
will wear their soft amber glow, with glints of rose and
flame that usher in the mellow, Indian-Summer days
The month's motto is *fidelity* Let us take it as our
own, and be faithful and true in all things—in attend-
ance to duty, in vigilance over self, and in our duty
to our Heavenly Father Oh, let us spend a happy,
useful November! Even though the year is dying,
let us not spend the time in idle grieving, but make
its hours as bright as we can

No wonder earth is sad for sweet things dying,
And grieves to think of bloom and beauty fled,
Though she may call, there will be no replying,
And so she mourns to-day uncomforted

Be patient, earth, you have your time of losses,
Of vanished brightness and of things to miss,
And as the souls of men bear on their crosses,
Forgetting what may be in that which is

But unto you another Spring returning
Will bring you gladness, and to souls of men
Will come the Spring for which each one is yearning,
And that which seemeth death will live again

EBEN E REXFORD



W D HOWELLS

1837

NOVEMBER SECOND

WITHIN the sombre realm of leafless trees,
The russet Year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare
THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Like sweet love late in life,
These flowers bloom most gay —
When autumn winds are rife,
And dead leaves strew the way
CERES KEENER TAYLOR

Still November, like a Quaker
In her garb of silver gray,
Glides along the silent reaches
Shadow-like, as dawn of day
Gay chrysanthemums she carries
From the garden-lands abloom,
And the bracing air is laden
With the spice of their perfume

She is full of tender fancies,
As she wanders here and there —
Standing underneath the branches
That are shadowy and bare,
And we feel a silent *something*
In our heart of hearts increase,
And I think the definition
Of its meaning might be, — *peace*
IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

May the peace of November fill your heart to-day!

NOVEMBER THIRD

BEAUTY is the mark God sets on virtue — RALPH
WALDO EMERSON

If either man or woman would realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble thoughts and hopes and purposes, by having something to do and something to live for that is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it — UPHAM

Beautiful faces are those that wear —
It matters little if dark or fair —
Whole-souled honesty printed there

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and with daily care

ELLEN P ALLERTON

NOVEMBER FOURTH

A SUCCESSFUL day to you! There is no nation under the sun, but has its ambition, no matter how ignorant nor how humble it is. The world strives for success. Success seldom comes easily, it is usually the patient toiler who achieves the grandest results. If you would be successful in your undertakings then, you must not give up and grow discouraged, because your object is not reached at once. Years of faithful, earnest application have made the celebrated artists, musicians, inventors, and scholars. The success that is worth anything is gained through courage and perseverance. Do not count the time you put into your work, count the success you get out of it.

The mountain of success is steep and rough,
Who gains the summit climbs a weary way,
And, though brave feet grow stronger with rebuff,
The rocky path a coward's steps may stay

A soft breeze steals athwart that height of bliss,
Bringing new life to many a fainting frame,
Cheeks burn and glow beneath its passioned kiss,
And hearts grow young, — it is the breath of Fame!

Climb on, ye toilers up the mountain side!
Climb on, through storm and sun, through dark
and light!

Who perseveres may stand at eventide
And view the landscape from Success's Height!

EMMA C DOWD

There is no success without you work for it. You cannot extemporize success — JAMES A. GARFIELD

NOVEMBER FIFTH

THROW down your burdens, and take up a song of praise, be glad for the daily mercies, and do not take them as a matter of course. Isn't it strange how little people think of their mercies? And yet God sets them apart for us every day, each day has its portion. Jeremiah says, "They are new every morning," and so they are fresh as the dew, they come to us from the hand of God, showered abundantly on all His creatures. Count them over, make a list of them, write them down in the tablets of your heart, and then when you sit and wonder at God's great goodness to you, in your unworthiness, look up to Him and be thankful.

I used to come with a burden of care,
Many times a day,
Kneel low at the feet of Jesus, and there
Would tearfully pray
But to come with a burden so often,
Is not the Lord's way

So now I come with a heart-felt praise,
And a soulful song
I have nothing else to bring, for the days
With mercies are strung

What have I done with my wearisome load?
Why, one blessed day,
I learned I had just to roll it on God,
Ere I went to pray,
And to carry thanks, the heart's best jewels
To crown Him alway

A C SCAMMEL.

NOVEMBER SIXTH

THE time is short! In such a little while life's race will be run the place you have filled in society, in business, in church, and in the household will be supplied by some one else The people may look from their windows and miss you from the street, but it will not be for long the wheel of Time will roll on just as quietly and relentlessly as ever, and nothing will speak for you but your words and deeds How important it is then, that they should be worth remembering

Race follows upon race,
Forgetting and forgotten, in their place
Sink tower and temple, nothing long may stay
We build on tombs, and live our day, and die,
From out our dust new towers and temples start,
Our very name becomes a mystery

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Up, up my soul, the long-spent time redeeming,
Sow thou the seeds of better deeds and thought,
Light other lamps while yet thy lamp is beaming—
The time is short

Think of the good thou might'st have done when
brightly
The suns to thee life's choicest season brought,
Hours lost to God in pleasure passing lightly—
The time is short

If thou hast friends give them thy best endeavor,
Thy warmest impulse and thy purest thought,
Keeping in mind and word and action ever—
The time is short

ELIZABETH PRENTISS

NOVEMBER SEVENTH

IN all the affairs of human life, social as well as political, I have remarked that courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones that strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart — HENRY CLAY

True courtesy is as beautiful as it is rare. We see plenty of people who have "company manners," and who imagine themselves to be very polite, but the true gentleman is the one to whom dress or society makes no difference. He is just as much a gentleman in homespun as he would be in broadcloth. He may climb from a lowly sphere to an exalted one, he may change his attire from a workingman's to a man of wealth and ease, but he will never change his manners. Courtesy is something which cannot be put on in the morning and taken off at night. Once in the possession of a man or woman, it reveals itself in every act and word. It always pays to be courteous, that is if it is *genuine* — a man cannot be a true gentleman without being courteous, and it must be, — not mere surface polish, but an outgrowth from the heart. This is what the "true gentleman" is like.

He has respect for other men,
Whate'er their clime or creed, —
He hails mankind as brothers when
They come to him in need
He measures all men by their worth,
And meets them on the sod
As brothers of a common birth,
All children of one God

FRANCIS S. SMITH

NOVEMBER EIGHTH

TAKE heed how you build That which you are doing, the work which you are performing, you do not leave behind you because you forget it Every stroke, every single element abides, and there is nothing that grows so fast as character — HENRY WARD BEECHER

Great Builder, from whose perfect thought
Burst like a flower creation's plan,
Whose mighty hand through ages wrought
To shape a dwelling-place for man

Not with Thy wisdom or Thy might
Can we, Thy children, build to-day,
Since Thou couldst poise the stars of light,
And hold them on their shining way

BUILDER divine' beside each rope
Let Thy bright angels stand to-day,
Angels of Patience, Faith, and Hope,
Unseen our corner-stone to lay

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

I'd rather my body a temple should be,
Where Jesus my Master would stay,
Than have all the wealth of the kingdoms, and see
Him driven forever away

AMELIA M STARKWEATHER

Yes, ye are temples, too, of Time,
Wherein as acolytes those dwellers be
Till called to highest worship in
The Temple of Eternity

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE

NOVEMBER NINTH

"IF" is a very little word, but a great deal depends upon it. We should accomplish wonders, were there no *ifs* to hinder us, we should reach the pinnacle of fame, achieve great success, be useful and happy, great and good, if this little word, and all that it implies, were not in our way. Then, too, we should have nothing to regret, because in looking back over our past we should not need to reproach ourselves. It seems to me, the best plan would be to live so that we would have very little use for this word. Faithfulness to duty will save regrets for lost opportunities, kindness to others will prevent many a heartache, right living and a personal recognition of our obligations to God would keep us from suffering pangs of sorrow and remorse. If we will only open our eyes to our duties and see what needs doing, this little word would not interfere so much with our happiness.

If we'd lingered a moment longer,
Or lingered not quite so long,
If we'd been but brave and stronger,
Or not quite so brave and strong,

If we'd been but a little wiser,
Been truer or not so true,
If we'd done this, that, or the other —
In short, what we did *not* do —
We'd have smiles in the place of weeping,
Have joy in the place of pain,
Our grief would be turned to pleasure,
Our loss be turned to gain.

CARLOTTA PERRY

NOVEMBER TENTH

AH, the fair land we call To-morrow, how we look forward to it, how we reach out for it, and long to grasp it before the sunset of To-day! But it is always just a little beyond us, and hasty as we will, we can never catch it and hold it fast. It is the silent mystery that is ever yet to be revealed, the time we hope and wait for, and which never comes, the time which when we greet it shall not be To-morrow, but To-day! God grant that all of your To-days may be worthy of His Better Day, the beautiful To-morrow of Immortality!

There's a beautiful land that still beckons me on,
With many a clustering flower,
Where the pale buds of hope doth ever expand,
And the nightingale's song is sweet in the land,
In the beautiful land of To-morrow

ELIZA SHERMAN

Oh, thou to-morrow! Mystery!
Oh, day that ever runs before!
What has thy hidden hand in store
For mine, to-morrow, and for me?
Oh, thou to-morrow! What hast thou
In store to make me bear the now?

JOAQUIN MILLER

What though to-day is dark and drear,
And sorrow now lies o'er us,
All will be well — we banish fear —
To-morrow's bright before us!

RICHARD H TITHERINGTON

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

NO life is all brightness, no season is all sunshine, would you have it so? You would soon weary of the dull monotony. If you never had a trial, never shed a tear, you would soon be ready to exclaim, "Life is not worth living!" If you had sunshine always, you would tire of the brilliant glare, and long for the restful shade. God knew this, and He has wisely ordered all things. Oh, thank God for the shadows, they help you to appreciate the light. Thank God for the discipline and trials, they make you nobler and better, if you accept them with sweet submission.

Bright shines the sun, but brighter after rain,
The clouds that darken make the sky more clear,
So rest is sweeter when it follows pain,
And the sad parting makes our friends more dear

'Tis well it should be thus our Father knows
The things that work together for our good,
We draw a sweetness from our bitter woes —
We would not have all sunshine if we could

Wait, then, my soul, and edge the darkening cloud
With the bright gold that Hope can always lend,
And if to-day thou art with sorrow bowed,
Wait till to-morrow and thy grief shall end!

And when we reach the limit of our days,
Beyond the reach of shadow and of night,
Then shall our every look and voice be praise
To Him who shines our everlasting Light

HENRY BURTON

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

LOVE is its own perennial fount of strength The strength of affection is a proof, not of the worthiness of the object, but of the largeness of the soul which loves Love descends, not ascends The might of a river depends not on the quality of the soil through which it passes, but on the inexhaustibleness and depth of the spring from which it proceeds The greater mind cleaves to the smaller with more force than the other to it A parent loves the child more than the child the parent, and partly because the parent's heart is larger, not because the child is worthier The Saviour loved His disciples infinitely more than His disciples loved Him, because His heart was infinitely larger Love trusts on—ever hopes and expects better things, and this is a trust springing from itself and out of its own deeps alone

It is this trusting love that makes men what they are trusted to be, so realizing itself Would you make men trustworthy? Trust them Would you make them true? Believe them — CORNELIA TALCOTT BUXTON

Rare gems and stately mansions
Are but the price of gold,
But love is aye God-given
And never bought or sold
It is the soul's glad sunshine,
It is the heart's sweet rest,
And, rich or poor, in loving
We are forever blest

ADELAIDE D REYNOLDS

NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

THE man or woman without a purpose is never happy. No matter how much wealth you may have, or how you may be situated in life, have something to live for. You may have ill-health, and be obliged to spend your days in a quiet room away from the busy world, but you can, even then, have a purpose. Some of the most wonderful inventions have been wrought by invalids; some of the sweetest lessons of patience have been learned in the sick-room, some of the most beautiful thoughts have blossomed into deeds that sprung from the hearts of those who were suffering physical pain, and yet who were wielding a powerful influence for good. Do not allow yourself to live without a purpose; it is a poor sort of living. God meant you for something better than that. Learn what your capabilities are, and make use of them.

Oh' how sadly do we need
Some grand purpose in our lives,
Some strong faith that gives no heed
To the doubt that in us strives,
But can see in all our days
Opportunities to raise
Needy souls to better ways

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD

Self-ease is pain, thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end,
A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace

JOHN G. WHITTIER

NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

WHAT possibilities are yours! Do not envy your neighbor his chances, yours, doubtless, are far better adapted to you than his would be, though perhaps you do not think so. Every new day that dawns is a fresh opportunity—it is like the marble in the quarry waiting for you to chisel out of it some beautiful thing—some lasting monument of purity and grace that shall stand for you when your earth-life is ended. Remember that God gives you the marble to make of it what you will.

The marble was pure and white,
Though only a block at best,
But the artist with inward sight
Looked further than all the rest,
And saw in the hard rough stone,
The loveliest statue the sun shone on

So he set to work with care
And chiselled a form of grace—
A figure divinely fair,
With a tender, beautiful face,
But the blows were hard and fast
That brought from the marble that work at last

So, I think that human lives
Must bear God's chisel keen,
If the spirit yearns and strives
For the better life unseen,
For men are only blocks at best,
Till the chiselling brings out all the rest

ANONYMOUS

NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

THE Indian Summer lingers with us still Our sky yet wears its rose and amber tints, half-screened in clouds of hazy autumn mists The season waits and rests midway between the blossom and the snow, and softly blends the Summer's gold and Winter's sombre hues, and throws her gray autumnal veil between Half glad are we, half sorry, and our hearts know scarcely if they joy or grieve the most The passing year with all its splendor dies, and yet before us happy Winter days draw nigh, and every season, whether bright or fair, must have its share of glory and of gloom We will not doubt, but thankful take the beauty of the Indian Summer home and wear its royal splendors in our heart When Winter frowns and lowers, when skies are grim and dark, we will not fear nor fret, if lighted with a gladness from within

A wave of Summer's overflow,
A fugitive which went astray,
That on its passage lost its way,
A prelude of an Autumn dirge,
An interlude on Winter's verge,
A narrow space 'twixt flower and snow,
An afterthought, an afterglow,
A smile upon the waning year,
A ray to shine through nature's tear,
When Sol sends down his mildest rays
Upon us on these Autumn days
It beams with hope, and clouds with fear
This Indian Summer of the year

AMOS BRYANT RUSSELL

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

IT is an excellent plan to have some place where we can go to be quiet when things vex or grieve us. There are a good many hard times in this life of ours, but we can always bear them if we ask help in the right way — LOUISA M. ALCOTT

It is a rest for us to hide our hearts from the world for a season and have Christ's sweet peace come down to us to refresh and comfort us while in the midst of our duties. Oh, when we are tired and distressed, why is it we will not go and unburden our hearts to God? We are sorry for others who are storm-tossed and driven, but refuse to find refuge ourselves. Let us trust God at all times, and in quiet confidence go to Him with everything.

And often the pity which we bestow
On the lot of the lowly here below,
Would be changed to pleasure could we but see
How calm and peaceful a life may be,
Wherein abideth content and trust,
And the deep assurance that God is just

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD

Oh, hearts that live without Him!
How lonely ye must be —
Who cannot read the message
He giveth you and me —
His comfort sweet and tender,
His words which soothe or plead,
Oh, not to feel His presence
'Twere sorrowful indeed!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

REMEMBER your influence be careful what you do and say, for somehow, or somewhere, and at some time it will come back to you Do not imagine any word or act of yours is valueless in years to come, perhaps, it will spring up and bear good or evil fruit, and help or hinder your hope for Eternal Life The idle word you may carelessly speak to-day will not be forgotten, the kind deed you may do will not be lost Oh, remember this! Each one of us is born to exert an influence over some one else Therefore, weigh your words, and measure your deeds, lest they should prove a stumbling-block to your neighbor Nothing is too small to escape the eye of God — nothing in His sight is ever lost

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost, that the characters of men are moulded and inspired by what their fathers have done, that, treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill — JAMES A GARFIELD

And naught than this is noble,
To hold what we possess,
As but divine ordaining,
The lives of men to bless
To make it light to mourners,
A help to those who fall,
A fragrance sweet to others,
And fuller life to all!

W W HALLOWAY, JR

NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

DID you ever think what a terrible thing false judgment is? Did you ever try to realize how much harm it has done? You could not calculate the amount if you were to try until the end of time. Friendships have been destroyed, hearts broken, and homes wrecked because of it. It has been the cause of a great deal of misery in the world. Let me urge you, this November day, to be careful how you judge. Be continually on the look-out, lest you should be tempted to misconstrue a word or action, find something to commend, rather than condemn, in those around you. Are you free from censure? Have you no faults? Do you make no mistakes? If you are so imperfect yourself, you cannot afford to judge others.

And you, who judge so harshly,
Are you sure the stumbling-stone
That tripped the feet of others
Might not have bruised your own?
Are you sure the sad-faced angel
Who writes your errors down,
Will ascribe to you more honor
Than him on whom you frown?

MAY RILEY SMITH

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart? that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife

JOAQUIN MILLER

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

GOD does not exact more of you than you are able to do. You may take it upon yourself to overwork your brain and body, but He does not require it of you. Dr L M Glover once said, "There is a tendency in these times to undertake too much, more than individuals are equal to, and hence there is a scattering of forces and the weakening of power for good." This is perfectly true. you cannot expect to do your best when you have exhausted either physical or mental strength. You are to simply do your part, and not attempt things beyond you. Persistent effort and calm patience will accomplish wonders.

Do not strive to fill an angel's part,
Without an angel's wing,
But, as it is, thy human heart
To God, thy Maker bring
His patience never doth abate
Howe'er we sin and fall,
Be patient with thyself, and wait
Till patience conquers all

Use thy powers unto the uttermost,
Let no talent dormant lie,
That thou hast not greater glory
Do not sorrow, do not sigh,
Not accomplishment, but striving
Is thy virtue, child of earth,
And thy striving, here, or elsewhere,
Into glory must have birth

ELIZABETH BAKER BOHAN

NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

WHATEVER you do, put your heart into it The heart is the centre of life, and if your motives and principles do not spring from your heart, they will have no life in them — they are dead and purposeless The Divine command is, "Do with thy might what thy hand findeth to do" May God give you a heart for your task, whether great or small, and keep you steadfast and true, even in the midst of failures'

When we have tried with all our best endeavor,
And spared our work no cost,
It is not well to sit us down for failure,
And count the battle lost

For God may have a surer way of reckoning,
And call our losses gain
Better to save our strength for untried conflicts,
Not waste in bootless pain

Our evening-time may be all light with glory
Our day's success has won,
Since God has counted all our faithful efforts
As finished work well done

A C SCAMMEL

Who strive, but fail to win, their scars will gain them
hearing,
Whose feet have early worn, nor loosed the pilgrim
shoon,
May still press on, unfaltering and unfearing;
Whose song is truly keyed, the King will catch the
tune.

MARTHA C OLIVER

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

LEARN to "make haste slowly " The man who is always in a hurry fumes and frets a great deal, and makes confusion wherever he goes, but as a usual thing, accomplishes very little It is well to use speed at the right time and in the right way, but don't sputter and bluster around and make a great fuss about nothing You will be just as useful, and a great deal happier, if you learn to take things in moderation God only expects you to do as much as you are able

The Rev Dr Deems is the author of these lines —

"The world is wide
In time and tide
And — God is guide
Then, *do not hurry*

"That man is blest
Who does his best
And — leaves the rest
Then, *do not worry* "

They are very good verses to remember, and act upon However, there are times when we need to use haste Be slow to speak, but quick to hear. Be quick in sympathy, kindness, and helpfulness

If you something pleasant hear
About someone you know, my dear,
Make haste — to make great haste 'twere well,
To him or her the same to tell,
For such news has a golden way,
Of lighting up a cloudy day

ANONYMOUS.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND.

WHAT glory lies around us! The Frost has been doing his work, and there are traces everywhere of his presence. A pearl-gray haze seems enveloping every object, a mistiness enshrouds the atmosphere, and roof, tree, and ground are overspread with a veil of delicate frost. The crisp brown leaves that still cling to their friendly branches are adorned with a fret-work of silver, and the gnarled old trunks are turned into exquisite works of art. All nature glitters and sparkles on a frosty Autumn morning.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The pane is etched with wondrous tracery,
Curve interlaced with curve and line with line,
Like subtle measures of sweet harmony,
Transformed to shapes of beauty crystalline

All these the genius of the Frost last night
Wrought through the still cold hours by charm and rune,
And now, like dreams dispelled before the light,
They float away in vapor on the noon

CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH

NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

THE secret of success of one of England's most learned men was bound up in four little words which he took as a motto — "I'll think of it " And although to-day we may think it a little thing to *think*, let us learn that it is the power that moves the world That it is the great drive-wheel of progress driving, with its propelling force, humanity from wrong to right, driving it from the dark shades of barbarity into the sunlit regions of civilization , lifting it higher, step by step, into that glorious realm, manhood And so surely as terrestrial power is drawn from the sun, so surely is the propelling power and influence over man drawn from that fountain ever rich and full, the mind
— ANONYMOUS

The mind is like the costly stone
Dark in its native bed,
Till Education's light hath shone
And Science' beam is shed
But when the diamonds of the mind
A kindling ray have caught,
Golconda's pride is dim beside
The flashing gems of thought'

JULIA WALLACE.

Learn something new every day, that your mind may reach greater heights and have deeper depths The only real exercise, the only true aid to the development of the mind, is thought Unless you learn to *think*, life's beautiful truths will be lost to you Take as your motto, "I'll think of it "

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

HOW many hearts have ached, how much sorrow has been caused through Pride and Distrust There is a certain kind of pride which is very stubborn and obstinate, and when once it is well rooted in our hearts, it is very hard to get rid of If you have that kind of pride, I beseech you to begin at once to uproot it, and do not rest until not a vestige is left of it It is unyielding, unforgiving, hard, and stern, it is un-Christ-like, and rejoices in saying, "I never apologize" It is the twin-brother to Distrust, and has no kinship whatever to Happiness It builds a wall between friends so high and wide that Love cannot see over it, and Sympathy cannot break it down Have you lost a dear friend in this way? Is your foolish pride building a thick wall between you? Then you are unhappy — no one can enjoy life who is the slave of such masters as these Put aside your pride, and if you have aught against a friend, forgive it, and let there be no barrier between you

Who built the wall? Distrust, my friend,
First laid the corner-stone,
While Pride cemented all the rest,
And so the wall has grown

Come, let us tear the barrier down
That keeps us two apart,
Let us again walk hand in hand,
Let heart respond to heart
Oh, let forgiveness sweet and full
Blot out the troubled past —
Sweet Love, who rights all human wrongs,
Break down the wall at last!

ALICE LINNETTE LEACH.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

“AND therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace
of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of
Plymouth, say
Thro' virtue vested power — ye shall gather with one
accord,
And hold in the month of November, thanksgiving
unto the Lord ”

MARY J PRESTON

(Poem on the first Thanksgiving Day, A D 1622)

The thankful heart is full of gratitude at all seasons
of the year, but joyfully sets apart one royal day in
which to be *especially thankful*. As the Sabbath is
the crown of the week, so is Thanksgiving Day the
crown of the year in which jewels of praise shine with
brightest lustre!

We thank Thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour,
The generous heart and the bountiful hand
And all the soul-help that sad souls understand

We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be,
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee, —
That all our eternity form, through Thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above

WILL CARLETON

For the year of peace and plenty,
And for blessings without end,
Let the voices of the people
In Thanksgiving praises blend

GEORGE C RHODERICK, JR

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

WHATEVER else we may or may not do, we can at least be faithful. Whatever doors of opportunity may be closed, this is always open. Whatever talents may be denied, ability for this is always given. Faithfulness—it is a path usually obscure, often unpleasant, not seldom painful—a path so plain that seldom can the weakest fail to find it, a path so difficult sometimes that the most heroic are tested to tread it. Faithful! how much is gathered within the compass of that single word, what a wealth it expresses of love and devotion and courage and fortitude and loyalty, what a wealth it suggests of noble deeds that the world holds in unforgetting memory. Be faithful. What higher need of friendship is there than a faithful friend, what stronger commendation of truth than a faithful witness, what stronger confirmation of covenant than “He is faithful that promised”? — ELA THOMAS

Earth is but a school for Heaven,
Youth and beauty fade away,
He who toileth, ever faithful,
Joyous is at close of day
God is watching all our life-work,
Early morning, noon, and night,
Whether it be honest, earnest,
Pure, unselfish in His sight

LUCY Y CULLER

Full of vows and full of labor,
All our days fresh duties bring,
First to God and then our neighbor,
Christian life is an earnest thing

ANONYMOUS

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

YOU are tempted even in your thoughts There is not a day that passes but temptations meet you in some form, but if you are able to overcome them, you are all the stronger and better for them It is not best to seek temptations that you may try your powers of resistance You are never safe without God you are always safe with Him Therefore, in every hour of temptation trust in Him, and His strong arm shall uphold you

And while in peace abiding
Within a shelter'd home,
We feel that sin and evil
Could never, never come,
But let the strong temptation rise,
As whirlwinds sweep the sea —
We find no strength to 'scape the wreck,
Save, pitying God, in Thee'

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE

Clothe me with Thy love,
And rescue me, and let me trample down
All evil thoughts, and from my baser self
Climb up to Thee

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

I hold
Those lives far nobler that contend and win
The close, hard fight with beautiful, fierce Sin,
Than those that go untempted to their graves,
Deeming the ignorance that haply saves
Their souls, some splendid wisdom of their own

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

NOW, believe me, God hides some ideal in every human soul At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best God is standing silently at the door all day long, — God whispering to the soul, that to be pure and true is to succeed in life, and whatever we get short of that will burn up like stubble, though the whole world try to save it — ROBERT COLLIER

The child looks over the cradle,
The youth frowns down the boy,
Ripe manhood, with girded armor,
Feels youthful pleasures cloy,
And age, from Wisdom's summit,
Deems all below alloy

So I fling abroad this maxim,
For all to digest who will
You may scale the heights of genius,
Your soul with nectar fill,
But you never can reach a station
But there's some place higher still

The home is more than the dwelling,
The heart, than the home, is more,
The loving outvies the living,
For *love* is Life's golden store,
And the halo o'er all is the spirit
Immortal, when life is o'er

LOUISE S UPHAM

Remember, that, no matter how high you climb in this world, there is some place higher still

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

HAVE you ever thought how solemn a thing it is to live? If you are grateful for your life, set a value on it find out how much it is worth, and if it falls below what you would have it, begin to increase its value Take as your motto, "For God and Humanity," and live up to it Be consistent and conscientious, live for a purpose, have faith in God and man, be full of hope and love, and resolve to make as much out of life as you can

Looking to conscience inquiringly,
Thoughtlessness seemeth a sin,
Working and striving untiringly,
So must the battle begin
Faith, hope, and love will inspiringly
Teach us how life we may win

May we do our duty darefully,
Strengthening careworn, oppressed,
Threading our way ever carefully
Through snares, to the Home of the blest,
Hopefully, cheerfully, prayerfully,
Finding in Heaven a rest

EMILY THORNTON CHARLES

Earth holds but one true good, but one true thing,
And this is it — to walk in honest ways
And patient, and with all one's heart belong
In love unto one's own! No death so strong
That life like this he ever conquers, slays,
The centuries do to it no hurt, no wrong
They are eternal resurrection days

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

THE last day of Autumn! Now is the Summer ended and the harvest past, and the brief year hastening to its close. How has the time fared with you? Have you laid up a goodly winter store? Has your mind and soul, as well as your body, enough to feed upon during the season of cold and snow? Not so much need to urge you to look after the physical wants, as for your mental and spiritual welfare. If you have been gleaning truths from Nature's fields and meadows, and drinking from the fountains of Wisdom all the year through, surely you will have a profitable Winter. If your soul has read new meanings in God's lessons for you, and you have, through them, been brought nearer to Him, this has indeed been to you a happy and profitable year. Oh, give of your gifts to others! that when the Autumn of life is ended, the good seed you have sown may have increased an hundred fold, yielding a glorious harvest for Eternity.

Then labor well, that in death you go
Not only with blossoms sweet, —
Not bent with doubt, and burdened with fears,
And dead, dry husks of the wasted years, —
But laden with golden wheat

ELIZA O. PIERSON

Ah, my soul! look well and see
How the record stands with thee
Of each swiftly passing day
Vanishing so soon away,
Leaving good or evil trace
Which no time can e'er efface

CORNELIA J. M. JORDAN



OR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER



DECEMBER FIRST

FAR down the sombre-tinted north,
Where Argol leads his train of suns,
Gray Winter's herald issues forth
And casts his mantle as he runs

M H COBB

And now, across the face of Time a shadow falls
We greet the Twelfth Month drawing near, and cry,
"You come too soon our year's good work is not half
done"

Dear December, white and hoary,
Half in sadness does he come,
For he tells us he will gather
All the Old Year's children home,
And he carries, as he greets us,
Wreaths of holly, — with a glow
That is red like winter firesides —
Twined with pearls of mistletoe,

'Cross the uplands, down the valleys
We can hear his gentle tread —
There is winter all around him
Over all the landscape spread,
Hark, he sings! "O earth, awaken!
See the dawn of peace appear!
Lo, I bring the Saviour's Birthday —
'Tis the glory of the year!"

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR



ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

1844

DECEMBER SECOND

LET this new month be a trustful season to you
Look up to God, and put your faith in Him
Allow no doubts to cloud your belief in Him and His
almighty power Do not be disturbed about the future
— He takes care of that, your part is only to be ready
for it when it comes Just remember that you could
not create a day if you were to spend a lifetime trying,
while with Him “a thousand years are but as a day,”
because He holds all worlds in the hollow of His hand

O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above
Is perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best

How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms!

JOSEPH ANSTICE

My God, I humbly come to Thee,
To shield me in temptation's hour,
From trust in self, oh! keep me free,
And free from trust in human power

MRS L H PHELPS

DECEMBER THIRD

ON wings a sweet deed flies'

MYRON B BENTON

Prove your life by your deeds Let each day bear witness that you have a heart and soul within you, and that they are not bound up within the narrow limits of your own breast Reach out in tenderness to others be generous, be charitable, be ready with your sympathy in time of need It is not the man with the greatest fame nor the largest purse whose name lives the longest It is he whose deeds have been like wayside blossoms — springing up into beauty and fragrance wherever he goes

There are lives that crowd
Actions pure, lofty, proud,
Into brief years —
Deeds that high-hearted men,
Counting three-score-and-ten,
Read through their tears

MARGARET J PRESTON

One kindly deed may turn
The fountain of thy soul
To love's sweet day-star, that shall o'er thee burn
Long as its currents roll'

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world, and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies — HENRY WARD BELCHER

DECEMBER FOURTH

A SUNSHINY disposition is a gift from God. There are many whose minds are filled with gloomy thoughts, and who look on the dark side of everything. Such people cannot radiate sunshine until they fill their minds with brighter, happier thoughts. This is not an easy matter, for when gloomy thoughts receive encouragement to remain, it is hard to displace them with more cheerful ones. If we go persistently to work to cultivate a sunshiny disposition our efforts will at length be rewarded, and we shall be the possessors of a brightness and cheeriness scarcely distinguishable from that bestowed as a natural gift.

— ALICE LORRAINE GRIGGS

There is a shady side of life,
And a sunny side as well,
And 'tis for every one to say
On which he'd choose to dwell,
For every one unto himself
Commits a grievous sin,
Who bars the blessed sunshine out,
And shuts the shadows in

.

Then wear a happy heart, my friend
And fix your faith above,
A Heavenly Father may afflict,
But does it all in love
And they who strive to do His will,
And read His word aright,
With songs of triumph on their lips,
Walk always in the light

JOSEPHINE POLLARD

DECEMBER FIFTH

IF we keep our eyes open, we shall behold many good and beautiful things as we pass through the world. Our most desirable possessions are those that last the longest, who would be willing to spend half a fortune for something "which perisheth with the using"? Some toil for a lifetime that they may leave behind them a famous record, some, that they may accumulate great wealth, others, that they may lay up vast stores of learning, and still others, that they may search out God's truths and lay hold on eternal life

Life hath its evil days,
Time hath its changeful ways,
But, purpose high,
Truth set in perfect thought
Great deeds in concert wrought,
(Thou may'st be counted naught),
These shall not die

MRS E E MARCY

Give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right,
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light
Give me the power to labor for mankind,
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind,
A conscience to the base, and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet, and to the foolish, mind
And lead still further on such that Thy kingdom seek

THEODORE PARKER

DECEMBER SIXTH

IS life monotonous, do you think? Do you weary of the daily routine of cares and duties? Are not we all restless, dissatisfied human beings, unless we have the peace within? Do you not know that it is the oft-repeated task that brings you the greatest happiness? It is hard, of course, to keep doing the same thing over and over again, but that is God's plan for us it is His plan for Nature too Suppose the sun should weary of shining, then we should have no beautiful sunlight, suppose the rain should grow tired of falling, our earth would soon be parched and dry Suppose you and I should refuse to do our duty, because it is monotonous, what kind of record would we have hereafter? Do not allow yourself to turn against your life-work take it up cheerfully and patiently, and if you make mistakes, do not mind take heart, and begin over Mistakes do not always mean failures, sometimes they prove to be doors to opportunities leading to a higher life

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Stumbling so oft and with weary pain,
Struggling to rise and to fall again,
Making resolves with the morning light,
Finding them naught with the shades of night,
Cumber'd with care for the days to come,
Where have I built for the Heav'nly home?

BELLE KELLOGG TOWNE

DECEMBER SEVENTH

BE loyal to your country! If you are an American, honor America and her stripes and stars, — no matter where you are, be true to your colors. Our flag stands for freedom, and every son and daughter of Columbia should know and understand its meaning and hold it sacred. What the Bible is to the Christian, the flag is to the patriot. One stands for God and Heaven, the other stands for Freedom and America. Every boy and girl in the country should revere the stripes and stars, for what they represent, it should be a part of the education in our schools, that, next to God and home, the true American should love the American flag.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in Heaven
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where bicathes the foe that falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRINK

"God bless our stars forever!"
It is Liberty's refrain,
From the snows of wild Nevada
To the sounding woods of Maine!
BENJAMIN F TAYLOR.

Higher, lift higher your banner unfurled,
Wave it unsullied, the pride of the world!
MARIA STRAUB.

DECEMBER EIGHTH

THERE is always something sweet to look back upon, and something bright to look forward to, present griefs and troubles will not last long Forget your worries, and remember your blessings

Oh, soul of mine! what makes you
Grieve and fret?
Why brood so o'er the shadow
We have met?
Why not recall the hours
Of sunshine, and the flowers?
And all the dreary showers
Of tears that have been ours
Just forget

What secret trouble stirs thy
Flutt'ring breast?
Why let it rob thee of Heaven's
Rich bequest?
Dost thou not know that calm
Content's the healing balm
That soothes each gnawing qualm
And makes our life a psalm
Of peaceful rest!

Then cheer up, soul of mine! Be
Not downcast
The troubles, worries, will not
Always last
Forget the things behind,
Press bravely on, you'll find
The future ne'er divined
By the past

M J MCLEOD

DECEMBER NINTH

WHAT a glorious thing human life is, and
how glorious man's destiny — HENRY W LONG-
FELLOW

We go into the very plan of God for us, and are led along in it by Him, consenting, co-operating, answering to Him we know not how, and working out with nicest exactness, that good end for which His unseen counsel girded us and sent us into the world In this manner, not neglecting other methods, but gathering in all their separate lights, to be interpreted in the higher light of the Spirit, we can never be greatly at a loss to find our way into God's counsel and plan The duties of the present moment we shall meet as they rise, and these will open a gate into the next, and we shall thus pass on, trustingly and securely, almost never in doubt as to what God calls us to do — HORACE BUSHNELL

The future works out great men's destinies,
The present is enough for common souls,
Who, never looking forward, are indeed
Mere clay wherein the footprints of this age
Are petrified forever

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

So was it destined and thus came I here
To walk the earth and wear the form of Man,
To suffer bravely as becomes my state,
One step, one grade, one cycle nearer God

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

No man or woman born,
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

DECEMBER TENTH

DID you ever lose your way on a dark night, though just within sight of your own door? Every step of the path was familiar, and yet you lost it. Ah, it was because the darkness enveloped you, and you had nothing to guide you. So it is, when your doubts overwhelm you, and shut out Heaven and God, and the pathway that has seemed so familiar to you when lighted by the lamp of Faith, grows suddenly dark and dreary, and you grope along blindly trying to touch the old landmarks, and endeavoring to find again the old beaten track. You may try your hardest, but you will never find the Light unless you lay aside your doubts, roll back the heavy clouds of darkness, and let God's glory stream into your soul. Look above you! Heaven is not far off to those who believe. You are not lost, but only blinded by doubts, ask the dear Heavenly Father, and He will show you the way Home.

Show me the way to that calm, perfect peace,
Which springs from inward consciousness of right,
To where these conflicts with the flesh shall cease,
And self shall radiate with the Spirit's light
Tho' hard the journey and the strife, Lord, pray,
Show me the way

ELLA WHEELER

Thou must lead me, and no other,
Truest Lover, Friend, and Brother,
Thou art my soul's shelter, whether
Stars gleam out or tempests gather,
In Thy presence night is day,
Show me Thy way

LUCY LARCOM

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

LEARN all you can, in every way you can, that is worth learning. The humblest friend you have may prove your greatest teacher, if you are willing to learn. The smallest events in your life may prove means to a great end, if you will make them so. Keep rising, let your intellectual wings grow and spread every day, never allow yourself to feel that your school-days are over, always be glad to count yourself a learner in Life's school. Bring out the hidden treasures of your mind, keep them buried no longer, but let them be brought into action — let them rise to seek the light of Truth and Wisdom.

Do you covet learning's prize?
Climb her heights and take it,
In ourselves our future lies,
Life is what we make it

ANONYMOUS

The stream from Wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible

BAYARD TAYLOR

What warmth, what radiance have our minds reflected?

What rich and rare materials have we brought
For deep investigation, earnest thought?

Concealed within the soul's unfathomed mine,
How many a sparkling gem remains unwrought,
That Industry might place on Learning's shrine,
Or lavish on the world to further God's design.

SARAH F. BOLTON

Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge
and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to
ignorance

W. E. CHANNING

DECEMBER TWELFTH

MY prayer to-day is for the homes of America — may they all be happy ones! Sheltered from the December blast, as you sit by your own warm firesides, my heart craves for you the blessing of a peaceful, happy home, a home where love reigns, and where the gentle word is spoken, and where there are sweet ministrations and kindly deeds of affection. There is nothing so desirable this side of Heaven as a home like this, and I trust you are doing your part toward making your home such an earthly paradise. Remember it requires patience, self-sacrifice and forbearance, as well as love, to make a truly happy home — such a home as our hearts will cling to with loyal tenderness through all the changing years.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that come at my call, —
Give me them! and the peace of mind dearer than all

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

The world moves on, its progress brings
Grand reforms, undreamed-of things,
But nothing modern can fill the place
Of the dear old home and mother's face

MRS C JEWETT

With the same letter Heaven and Home begin,
And the words dwell together in the mind
For they who would a home in Heaven win
Must first a Heaven in home begin to find

JOSEPH VERY

DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

HOW marvellously patient God is with us! While we are harsh and unjust with each other, so ready to criticise and condemn, He bears with all our shortcomings gently and calmly, yet oh! how His great tender heart must grieve for us. While we are cold, proud, and unforgiving toward our neighbor, God is still patient with us, when we are so unworthy of forgiveness ourselves. While we are walking our own worldly-wise ways, He watches our steps, has patience with us, and catches us when we fall. Oh, do you think God *ever* forgets us? No, never. Such love and such patience as His are proofs of His faithfulness to us.

We meet and mingle we mark men's speech,
We judge by a guess, by a fancied slight,
We give our fellows a mere glance each,
Then brand them forever black or white

Meanwhile God's patience is o'er us all,
He probes for motives, He waits for years,
To Him no moment is mean or small,
And His scales are turned by the weight of tears

RICHARD BURTON

God's wonderful patience endureth forever,
No matter how often we stumble and fall,
We grieve Him and hurt Him, and yet He forgives us —
His tender compassion is over us all
In word and in action we daily offend Him,
Refusing to follow the choice of His will,
Yet though we may wander away and forget Him,
He faithfully loves us and cares for us still

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

RELIGION is a spring in the soul, kept full by the word and love of God. It quickens unto all holy sympathy and activities, it refreshes the world's weariness, it gives foretaste of Heaven's joy — DAVID SCHAFF

There being in man a sense of right and wrong, religion becomes a most potent influence, because it announces a judgment-bar before which all must stand. It completes the theory of virtue and vice, by reminding the soul that it is daily approaching a final rendering of its accounts — DAVID SWING

A moral character is a splendid thing to have for this world. A religious character is an essential thing to possess for the next world. What the jewel is to its setting, or the keystone to the arch, that the soul in which the love of God dwells is to all else that constitutes a true man — If you have all but that, be ambitious to possess it also. With it you are gloriously equipped. Without it you miss your chief glory — ANONYMOUS

There is no joy like that of the Christian. Religion is a stronghold, a rock of defence where the storm-tossed soul may find refuge and peace. The surest way to be happy is to be a Christian.

God's angels hovering round about give comfort and relief—
Give faith, strength, courage to the soul to utter its belief—

I am a "Christian "

ELIZA ALLISON PARK

DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

GOD give you firmness and resolution! You need fresh courage and fortitude every day. It makes no difference what may be your position in life, you are still *human*, and to be human is to be frail—easily tempted, easily wearied, easily discouraged and easily disheartened. It takes a brave soul to stand up and face life and not be baffled by its overwhelming cares and perplexities. He must have strong powers of endurance, physical and mental, and a sunshiny disposition besides. We need more courage, and more endurance. We need courage, not only individually, but as a nation, that we may put down the evils that are confronting us, that we may become better and purer, and freer from intemperance, false doctrines, and party strife.

Courage is first and last of what we need
To mould a nation for triumphal sway
All else is empty air,
A promise vainly fair,
Like the bright beauty of the ocean spray
Tossed up toward Heaven, but never reaching there
Not in the past, but in the future, we
Must seek the mastery
Of fate and fortune, thought and word and deed
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone,
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs—press on! press on!
PARK BENJAMIN

DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

BECAUSE earthly friends are sometimes forgetful
of you, is no reason why your Heavenly Father
should be Ah, no, God never forgets

I do not and I will not
Believe that God forgets!
I know that life is weary,
And full of vain regrets, —
Is hard and sad and tearful
And holding endless pain,
But the tender Christ was pitiful
And for our griefs was slain

I do not and I will not
Believe He fails to hear, —
That the sighing and the crying
Will find unwilling ear
I know we cannot comprehend
His great, His wondrous plan,
But oh! the Christ was pitiful
And brought His love to man

AUGUSTA SCOTT CAMPBELL

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not!
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken,
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears

FANNIE STEWART

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

WE are not put into this world to live solely for ourselves. The man who does not love his brother and feel an interest in his welfare must live a miserable life. We are all one human family, children of one common Father. The poorest, lowliest man has as much right to the air, the light, and the freedom to live, as the richest king on his throne, God made man in His image with the rights and privileges to enjoy equally His blessings. Oh, remember this bond of brotherhood! love your fellow-man because he is the son of your Father. Where there is need for it, do not refuse to aid him, do not always stop to ask if he is worthy. Christ was kind and tender with every one.

My bosom owns the brotherhood of man,
From God and truth a renegade is he
Who scorns a poor man in his poverty,
Or on his fellow lays his supercilious ban

THOMAS MACKELLAR

And sneer not at the weakness
Which made a brother fall,
For the hand that lifts the fallen
God loves the best of all

MAY RILEY SMITH

How good
This universal bond of brotherhood,
And all this wide
Strong, equal-flowing tide
Of human love and human charity

MAURICE THOMPSON

DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

KEEP bravely on do your best, and leave the results with God Do you imagine your little kindnesses are unappreciated because you are not always thanked or rewarded for them? Do you think no one cares that you make sacrifices and do the very things you dislike to do? Good deeds are never lost Because the earth is desolate and bare now, and the fields are brown and dead, do you think the Summer will never smile again? Have you forgotten the scattered seed that is waiting its time to grow? Have you forgotten the living roots that are waiting their time to send forth life and beauty? Dear Friend, where are the tiny seeds you sowed a year ago? lost, think you? Ah, no, they are only waiting God's time to spring up in some heart and blossom for Eternity Oh! if you have only saved one soul you have done a grand work By and by you shall receive your reward

A cup of cold water, in the Master's name given,
Returns in a shower of blessings from Heaven
If service so poor meets so rich a reward,
Is warmly approved, is so blest of our Lord,
The joy-bells of Heaven with music shall ring
If one to the fold, only one we may bring,
But those who win many from error away
Shall shine as the stars — yea, forever and aye!

MARY A LEAVITT

Sweet recompense He gives for toil and tears,
Sweet balm on ev'ry wounded spirit pours,
You shall not labor vainly all your years —
The recompense and balm shall both be yours!

I S T

DECEMBER NINETEENTH

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and diving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight the whited air
Hides hills and woods, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

In the snow-time of the year! What is so beautiful and so surprising as to awaken in the morning of a crisp December day, and find the world has turned white in a single night? Without a sound, steadily and softly, the feathery flakes have fallen, until roofs, fences, and trees are tufted with eider-down, and the bare brown hills and valleys are carpeted with fleecy whiteness. The leafless trees and shrubs have blossomed anew into wonderful flowers, as white as June lilies, and the whole world looks as pure and clean as if it had just come down from Heaven. As verdure is the glory of Spring, so is snow the glory of Winter, the Wind-heralds usher in both, and the same trumpets that announced the coming of the Spring, blow across the wintry valleys to proclaim the advent of the silent snow

Under the snow lie sweet things out of sight,
Crouching like birds beneath a downy breast;
They cluster 'neath the coverlet warm and white
And bide the winter-time in hopeful rest

All undismayed, although the drifts are deep,
All sure of spring and strong of cheer they lie,
And we, who see but snows, we smile and keep
The self-same courage in the by-and-by

SUSAN COOLIDGE

DECEMBER TWENTIETH

TRUTH is the food of the human spirit which could not grow in its majestic proportions without clearer and more truthful views of God and His universe — JAMES A GARFIELD

Very few of us can look back over the past year and set a value on our influence. If we have tried to do right, and have been scattering the seeds of truth wherever we went, we have only to be patient for the rest. Even if we do not live to see our thoughts and deeds blossom into fruit, what matter, so the seed is sown? God will take care of it.

The seeds of Truth lie scattered o'er the land, —
Thou know'st, O Father, where they fell,
But breathe upon them that
They may spring up and bring forth fruit,
Watch o'er and water them for Thou
Can'st touch the smallest, feeblest seeds
And fairest, fertile fields of waving grain
Shall bud and bloom

EVA MUNSON SMITH

All truth is no less dear, or radically true,
Whether it dawns to-day on thoughts' frontiers,
Or has been named, belov'd, and had its work to do,
Been recognized, and anchored by, a thousand years

ISADORE G JEFFERY

To Truth's house there is a single door,
Which is Experience. He teaches best,
Who feels the hearts of all men in his breast,
And knows their strength or weakness through his
own

BAYARD TAYLOR

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

LONG live the memory of our Pilgrim Fathers!
Our hearts are filled with tenderness as we think
of that December day of 1620 when they landed on
our bleak New England shores, their brave hearts
ready to do and dare for God and truth

No herald announces their approach No pomp or
parade attends their advent "Shielded and helmed
and weapon'd with the truth," no visible guards are
around them either for honor or defence Bravely but
humbly, and almost unconsciously, they assume their
perilous posts, as pioneers of an advance which is to
honor no backward steps, until, throughout this West-
ern Hemisphere, it shall have prepared the way of the
Lord and of liberty — ROBERT C WINTHROP

Wild was the day, the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New England's strand,
When first the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers, trod the desert land

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

— The schoolboy at his lesson reads
Th' inspiring record of your deeds,
The public eye on canvas sees
Your conflicts fierce, and victories,
The monumental shaft is reared
To keep your names for aye revered

J HOOKER

Let the haughty smile, the low defame,
The heartless worldling mock,
I thank my God, my *fathers* came
Of the good old Pilgrim stock!

GRACE GREENWOOD

DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

WITH some people, discontent is a constitutional infirmity. Born under the malign star, they have never been able to travel beyond its influence. Change of condition fails to improve their disposition. Like sea-water, prosperity serves to increase rather than allay their thirst. The trouble is not in circumstances, but in themselves. If put back in paradise, they would be dissatisfied with their primitive furnishings. How such unfortunate persons would ever be able to get on in Heaven is more than we are able to tell. The very perfection of the place would be an annoyance to them, and the sight of perfect people would be sure to excite in them the most unheavenly feelings. The prime need of such persons is a constitutional regeneration — DAVID SHERMAN

True Contentment is not the stagnation of the soul without aspiration and without want. It is the repose of the soul which is doing its best and which, above all, trusts in the mercy of Heaven to cover faults, and the goodness of Heaven to heal wounds and satisfy hope — DAVID S. SCHAFF

I am content — The gay of earth
May revel on in heartless mirth,
The rich may idly spend their wealth,
But manly toil brings manly health
Let those who will from labor flee,
A life of usefulness for me!
True joy with toil is ever blent,
And earnest faith — I am content!

JULIA A. F. CARNEY

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

MAY this be a day of well-doing, — a day of loving ministrations and thoughtful deeds! As you sit alone for a few moments this morning, make your good resolves and round them up with a prayer. Resolve that this December day shall be a beautiful one to remember afterwards, with a shining record of your faithfulness and earnestness of purpose. Give some good thing into Time's keeping, — something that cannot be marred nor ruined through all the cycles to come, a memento that shall be immortal. Acquaint yourself with your friend's need, your neighbor's need, and do your best to supply it.

Of sweets we have garnered from life's golden cup
Shall not weary ones taste and little ones sup?
Why hoard up life's nectar our own cups to fill,
If one other heart we might comfort or thrill?

Give! give from Love's largess, and more shall be
poured!
Ah! we *keep* that we give we lose that we hoard!
To give is to grow, to withhold maketh poor,
To have but to hold, makes no treasure endure,
But our "cups of cold water," in gems crystallized,
Are set in the crown of "reward" in the skies!

MARY A. LEAVITT

The secret of life, — it is giving,
To minister and to serve,
Love's labor binds the man to the angel,
And ruin befalls, if we swerve

LUCY LARCOM

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

WISHING and longing are not enough, even praying is not enough "Faith without works is dead," we are told, and unless we *live* our creed, mere believing will do no good God wants earnest thoughts, words, and deeds First, think the good, then speak and act it Do not sit with folded hands idly wishing to lead a useful life wishing is very good as far as it goes, but the trouble is it often ends in wishing The wish is fruitless that is not followed by the deed

Give me a heart that is pure and true,
Free from all selfish thought,
Grant me a power in this world to do,
That I live not for naught

NELLIE G RICE

As all the thoughts of our heart
Are open to God's view,
How careful should we be
To have them pure and true

As all the words that are spoken
Are heard by the God above,
How careful we should be
To have them words of love

As all the deeds of our life
Are seen by the God of light,
How careful we should be
To have them just and right

PHCEBE CONOVER

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

'TIS Christmas morning Christmas mirth
And joyous voices fill the house

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

A happy greeting! Hail the Day of all glad days
that bless the year! Oh, may the peace of Christmas-
tide be yours in heart and home to-day, and may a
song of praise ascend from happy earth to Heaven
above, for this the sweetest gift of all — the gift of
Christ, the Son of God, the King and Saviour of the
world! Bright be your hearthstone, glad your heart,
and may the song the angels sang of "Peace on earth,
good-will to men!" find echo in your soul to-day A
merry Christmas-tide be yours!

O earth, O heart, be glad on this glad morn!
God is with man! Life, Life to us is born!

LUCY LARCOM

What does it mean, this Christmas,
Down from the ages sent?
Out of the lips of a little child,
What is the message meant?
Into one word it is prisoned
Struck into life and light,
Love is the Christmas-tide message
Of heavenly power and might

MARGARET SIDNEY

While Thanksgiving has its foundation on Plymouth
Rock, Christmas rests upon the Rock of Ages —
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

SO ever the curse falls void, the prayer wins the
heart of the world — EDITH M THOMAS

And now, while our hearts are warm and tender with thoughts of Christ, and while the Christmas chimes are still echoing sweetly across the snow, let us offer up the incense of prayer to God, and dedicate ourselves to Him anew this December day For pure, patient spirits, for warm, loving hearts, for trusting, obedient wills let us pray, and as the year drifts nearer and nearer to its close, may we be filled the more with longings for a better, a higher, and more consecrated life!

On the altar of love
Lit with fire from above,
I will offer the incense of prayer,
To Jesus my King
I'll my sacrifice bring,
Ever trusting His mercy and care

For gleaming afar
Is the bright Morning Star,
Through the cloud-rifts it ever shines fair
In reverence sweet
I fall at His feet
And offer the incense of prayer

In the darkness of grief
I will find sweet relief,
When I offer the incense of prayer,
With this blessing is given
A foretaste of Heaven,
To feel the sweet spirit of prayer

JENNIE F SNELL

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

THAT man is wisest who accepts his lot
Yet mends it where he can — Glad if there grows
Some lowly flower beside his lonely cot,
E'en while he plants and tends his Alpine rose

There are some thirsty souls, all sick and faint
With longing for the cup that is denied,
Would they but stoop and drink, without complaint,
From the near stream, and so be satisfied

There are some hungry hearts that well-nigh break
With the dull soreness of mere emptiness
To fill the void and soothe the weary ache,
Let them strive some other hearts to bless

There are some idle hands that reach afar
For wider mission, some great work of fame,
Would they but grapple in life's daily war,
Rewards await them nobler than a name

O thirsty souls! O hungry hearts, and hands,
Weary with idleness! take what you may
Of proffered good, accept life as it stands,
And make the most of its swift-fleeting day

ELLEN P. ALLERTON

Most people would succeed in small things if they
were not troubled with great ambitions — HENRY W
LONGFELLOW

Accept what God sends as your portion, willingly,
cheerfully

DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

CHRISTIANS' it is your duty not only to be good, but to shine, and, of all the lights which you kindle on the face, Joy will reach farthest out to sea, where troubled mariners are seeking the shore. Even in your deepest griefs, rejoice in God. If I had been made a firefly, it would not become me to say, "If God had only made me a star, to shine always, then I would shine." It is my duty, if I am a firefly, to fly and sparkle, and fly and sparkle, not to shut my wings down over my phosphorescent self, because God did not make me a sun or a star — HENRY WARD BEECHER

A beacon bright the Christian stands
Upon the shore of time,
A lighthouse built on solid rock,
That rears its head sublime

A tower high a Christian stands,
A clear and shining light,
To cast a gleam across the sea
Of earth's dark, gloomy night

Grand sentinel upon life's coast,
Be faithful, true, and brave,
And ever keep your light ablaze,
Benighted souls to save

MRS E W CHAPMAN

Children of light, like the stars of the midnight,
Guiding earth's weary ones home to their rest,
Shine for the heart that is burdened with anguish,
Cheer up the lonely, the sad, and oppressed

M E SERVOS

DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

THE joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more,
We look behind us for the Past,
But lo, 'tis all before'

ANONYMOUS

Hope never dies, no matter how cold the winter, how dark the sky, nor how despondent the heart You may think sometimes when you are tried and worried, or when grief almost overwhelms you, that the brightness has all gone out of your life, but lo, the sunshine of Hope breaks through before you are hardly aware of it Trials and discouragements are our common portion, but God sends His angel of Hope to smile upon us, and bid us take heart again

So, within the human heart,
Through the cheerless clouds of care,
Hope, with heavenly light looks down,
Beautiful and fair
Joy and gladness come again,
From the soul all sorrow flies,
And life's darkness disappears
As the winter dies.

EUGENE J HALL

Hope on, hope on! Though friends be few,
And dark the way before thee,
A God of love, from Heaven above,
Shall shed His radiance o'er thee.

ANONYMOUS

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

HAS this year been a disappointment to you? Have your achievements fallen short of your expectations? Ah, doubtless you wanted more than God thought was best for you. Perhaps you were too ambitious. You may have been ambitious in the wrong direction, and although you have prayed earnestly and labored faithfully to obtain your heart's desire, it may be He has withheld it from you in loving kindness, knowing just what was best for you. O Friend, be patient! Go on in the path of Duty, and may God watch over and bless you and crown you at last, among His chosen ones who are found worthy in His sight!

Oh! wait, impatient heart!
As Winter waits, her song-birds fled,
And every nestling blossom dead
Beyond the purple seas they sing,
Beneath soft snows they sleep,
They only sleep Sweet patience keep,
And wait, as Winter waits for Spring

MRS LUTHER KEENE

Is thy work still uncompleted?
Trust and wait
Are thy cherished hopes defeated?
Trust and wait
Fret not at the poor endeavor,
All to God commit forever,
He will disappoint thee never
Trust and wait

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

DEAR Heart, the Year's last day has dawned for you and me Oh, Memory walks with us We take a backward look, and ask ourselves in earnest quest, "How have I spent the Year—the Year that with the coming night must die?" How sweet our blessings all have been! Whatever grief, or pain, or tears have shadowed days that we have lived, above us God has set His bow of promise in the bending skies, and thankfully we review the past, exclaiming, "God is just and wise and good, His hand hath led us all the Year!" Oh, may your years flow sweetly on, and each be better than the last, until the Master gathers home to Heaven the Eternal Years! and may the New Year dawn in peace, and bring its blessings and good cheer, and in its dawn may brighter hopes and sweeter joys be stored away to gladden you the whole year through!

Let the New Year bring what it will, O friend,
Nothing have we to fear
The past it was good, let the good past lend
The future its glow and cheer

Patient to suffer or brave to do,
What can we have to fear?
Old years are His, and His the new—
He can make it a glad New Year

MARY L DICKINSON

I wish you not only a happy New Year, but a happy
Eternity!—W S PLUMER



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Acknowledgments are due to Charles Wells Moulton, editor of the "Magazine of American Poetry," and to Eva Munson Smith, author of "Woman in Sacred Song," for permission to cull from their publications, and also to a number of writers herein represented
— I S T

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